

The Illustrated
**LONDON
NEWS**

May 1980 65p



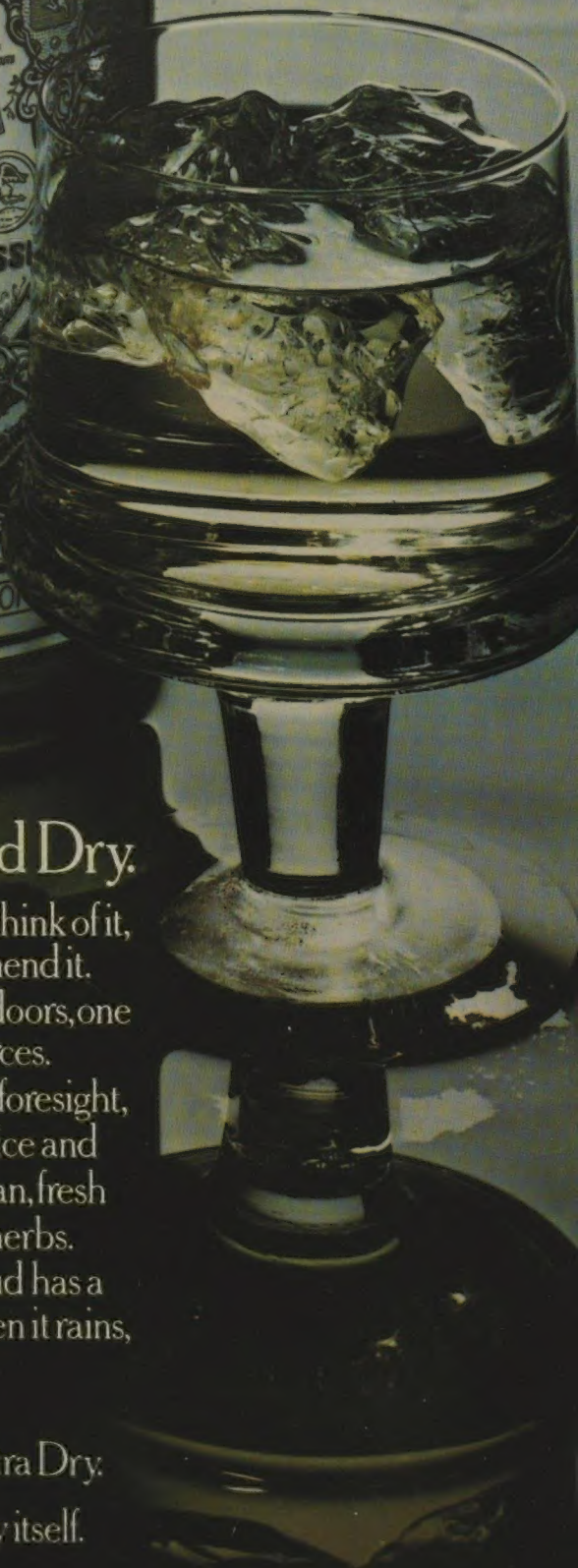
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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6982 Volume 268 May 1980

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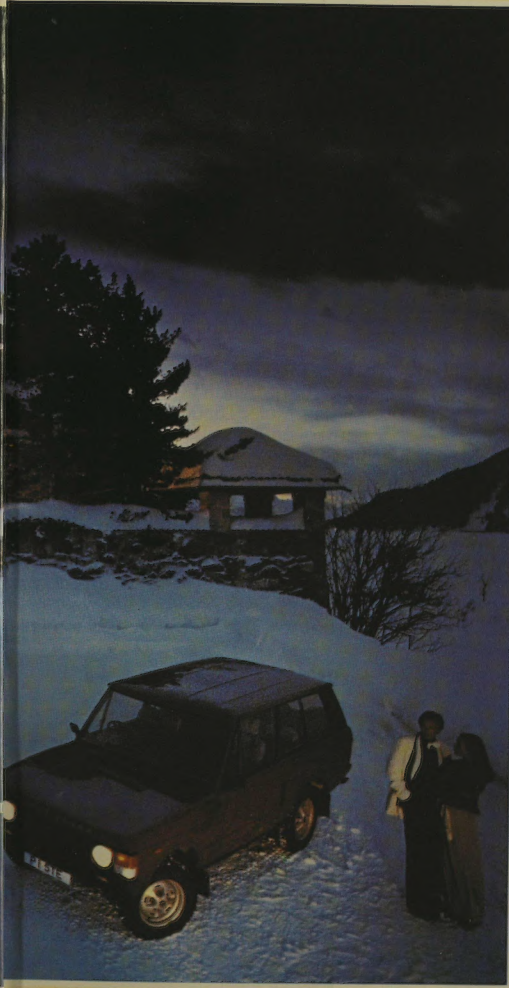


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ILN's GUIDE TO EVENTS

THEATRE

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. John Dexter lifts Arden from the bare boards of his stage in a production with Sara Kestelman's Rosalind as a conspicuous pleasure. *Olivier.* Until May 7.

As You Like It. First production in the Royal Shakespeare Company's Stratford season, directed by Terry Hands. With John Bowe, Sinead Cusack, Susan Fleetwood & Joe Melia. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

Before the Party. Rodney Ackland, away for too long, returns with a revival of his splendid adaptation & expansion of a Somerset Maugham story: one about a widowed daughter who shocks her conventional family, between the wars, by announcing that she murdered her husband. Understanding performances by Jane Asher & Michael Gough, in particular. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols's play about a curiously composed family may have a wider meaning. In the theatre it drifts along with one particularly apt performance by Barry Foster. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until May 1.

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist Ira Levin, with Gareth Hunt as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

The Devil Himself. Adaptation by Peter Barnes of Wedekind's play as an entertainment with songs, sketches & poems. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until May 10.

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty dialogue called "New-Found-Land". *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

Dr Faustus. Christopher Marlowe's play, directed by Christopher Fettes, transferred from the Lyric Studio, stars James Aubrey & Patrick Magee. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

The Dresser. Ronald Harwood's play about the relationship between an ageing actor/manager & his dresser. The Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre's production is directed by Michael Elliott & stars Tom Courtenay & Freddie Jones. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* From Apr 30.

Early Days. New play by David Storey, directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Ralph Richardson. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

Hamlet, directed by Richard Eyre. With Jonathan Pryce, Michael Elphick, Jill Bennett & Christopher Logue. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.*

Hamlet. The London Theatre Group, directed by Steven Berkoff, present a new version of the play, in modern dress with Berkoff in the title role. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Until May 31.

Hay Fever. Noël Coward's comedy directed by Michael Blakemore, with Polly Adams, Constance Cummings & John Le Mesurier. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Until May 31.

Ipi Tombi. A South African musical with music by Bertha Egnos, lyrics by Gale Lakier. *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; directed by Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers-&Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner and Virginia McKenna. *Palladium, Argyl St, W1.*

Last of the Red-Hot Lovers. In a New York apartment Neil Simon's middle-aged amoralist seeks extra-marital exploits. He has three, none fortunate but cheerfully contrasted in the theatre. Brian Moorehead is the adventurer. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Make & Break. Michael Frayn's inventive black comedy is primarily a study of an obsessed businessman played by Leonard Rossiter. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Ben Kingsley's frenzied Ford can light up this straight & serviceable production, transferred from Stratford. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* May 8-31.

Middle-Age Spread. An extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with such experts as Richard Briers & Paul Eddington to lead it. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flowergirl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Next Time I'll Sing to You. Revival of a play of the early 60s by James Saunders. Directed by Toby Robertson, with Judy Geeson & Nikolas Grace. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Until May 17.

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Olivier! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

On the Twentieth Century. The title refers to the once famous luxury train which ran between Chicago & New York. Among its passengers in a highly agreeable American musical—which manages to fit a show-business narrative into the journey—are Julia McKenzie, superbly in control, & Keith Michell. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman, directed now by Trevor Nunn. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

Othello. Paul Scofield's superbly spoken Othello & Michael Bryant's ever-smiling Iago form a memorable partnership in Peter Hall's revival. *Olivier.*

Pericles. A production transferred from Stratford's The Other Place, directed by Ron Daniels, with Peter McEnery in the title role. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* May 9-31.

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaire's acting. *Piccadilly.*

Private Lives. 50th-anniversary production of Noël Coward's play, directed by Alan Strachan & transferred from Greenwich. With Michael Jayston & Maria Aitken. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

Riff Raff Rules. A play about a bunch of East End kids, with punk & rock music. *Theatre Royal, Stratford, E15.* Until May 24.

Romeo & Juliet, directed by Ron Daniels. With Judy Buxton, Anton Lesser, Trevor Baxter & Brenda Bruce. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Rose. Glenda Jackson is entirely true & lucid as a harassed Midlands school-teacher in a taut, civilized play by Andrew Davies. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Shadow of a Gunman, by Sean O'Casey. Directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Michael Pennington & Norman Rodway. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the

farical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play: the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Ian Ogilvy & James Cossins are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

The Three Sisters. Trevor Nunn directs Chekov's play in this production from The Other Place. With Suzanne Bertish & Bob Peck. *Warehouse.* Until May 3.

Twelfth Night. Cherie Lunghi's Viola & John Woodvine's Malvolio are happiest in last year's self-indulgent revival by Terry Hands transferred from Stratford. The play opens during a hard winter in Illyria. *Aldwych.*

Umbrellas of Cherbourg. Stage adaptation of the French romantic musical film with music by Michel Legrand & English lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Directed by Andrei Serban. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

When We Are Married. J. B. Priestley gets his knife and fork into the splendid high tea of this broad comedy of West Riding manners 70 years ago. Directed by Robin Lefevre, with performances of sustained relish by all concerned. *Lyttelton.*

The Wild Duck. One of Ibsen's more testing plays, with its lunge at blind idealism, this is closely directed by Christopher Morahan, with Stephen Moore, Michael Bryant, Andrew Cruickshank & Eva Griffith as, respectively, self-deceiver, meddling idealist, grandfather lost in fantasy & tragic girl. Christopher Hampton's translation is new. *Olivier.*

First nights

The Hothouse, written & directed by Harold Pinter, with Derek Newark & Angela Pleasence. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* May 1.

The Last of Mrs Cheyney. Revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy opens the Chichester Festival Theatre season. Directed by Patrick Lau, with Joan Collins, Simon Williams, Christopher Gable & Benjamin Whitrow. *Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex.* May 6.

The Browning Version/Harlequinade. Two plays by Terence Rattigan, directed by Michael Rudman. With Alec McCowen & Geraldine McEwan. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* May 13.

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.* May 14.

Seduced. British première of a play by Sam Shepard about America's wealthiest magnate watching his private world. *Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1.* May 16.

Terra Nova. New play by Ted Tally based on Scott's expedition to the Antarctic. Directed by Peter Dews, with Hywel Bennett, Peter Birch & Christopher Neame. *Chichester Festival Theatre.* May 20.

Julius Caesar. A new production of Shakespeare's play, directed by Peter Gill. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* May 21.

Barnardo. Musical written, composed & directed by Ernest Maxin, based on the life of the founder of the children's homes. With James Smlie, Fiona Fullerton & John Arnatt. *Royalty, Portugal St, WC2.* May 22.

Livingstone & Sechele by David Pownall deals with Dr Livingstone's early life as a missionary in Africa & his only successful religious convert. Directed by Peter Lichtenfels. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* May 26.

John Bull's Other Island. Shaw's play about Anglo-Irish relationships, directed by Alan Strachan. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* May 29.

CINEMA

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

... **And Justice for All.** "Let's kill all the lawyers," cried Shakespeare's Jack Cade. That's rather how one feels after this souped-up Norman Jewison melodrama in which justice is not even seen to be done. Al Pacino stars.

Animalympics. Animated musical fantasy with music by Graham Gouldman. Directed by Steven Lisberger.

Apocalypse Now. Francis Ford Coppola's near-masterpiece using the Vietnam war to explore Conradian themes of good and evil. On the sensuous level it is a stunning re-creation of a lunatic war but it also has a tenacious sense of

moral blackness.

Bad Timing. Sinister love story with Art Garfunkel as a young psychoanalyst recalling his affair with an unstable young woman played by Theresa Russell. Directed by Nicholas Roeg.

Boardwalk. The story of an ageing couple remaining in a disintegrating community now threatened by street gangs. Directed by Stephen Verona, with Ruth Gordon & Lee Strasberg.

Breaking Away. Comedy about four American teenagers & the ambition of one of them to become a champion racing cyclist. Directed by Peter Yates, with Paul Dooley, Denis Christopher & Denis Quaid.

Cattle Annie & Little Britches. Directed by Lamont Johnson, with Amanda Plummer & Diane Lane, the film is based on a true story of two teenage girls who went West in 1893 to meet famous outlaws.

The China Syndrome. Will the nuclear reactor self-destruct? Will Southern California be destroyed? A topical thriller about nuclear power that confuses rather than clarifies the issues, but Jack Lemmon & Jane Fonda are very watchable.

Dona Flor & Her Two Husbands. Brazilian sex comedy about a widow seduced by the ghost of her dead first husband. Directed by Bruno Barreto, with Sonia Braga, Mauro Mendonça & Jose Wilker.

The Electric Horseman. Robert Redford as a retired cowboy saves a famous racehorse from a heartless corporation aided, and even abetted, by Jane Fonda. Seductive.

Escape from Alcatraz. The story of the only convict ever to escape from the island prison. Directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood & Patrick McGooan.

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs. Jokey, amusing French film about a husband who shares his wife with a stranger & then finds her falling for a 13-year-old boy. Bertrand Blier directs amiably & Carole Laure is stunning as the sulky wife.

The Getaway. Steve McQueen as a bank robber & Ali MacGraw as his accomplice in a film directed by Sam Peckinpah.

The Jerk. Comedy about the rise & fall of the adopted son of a family of black American farm workers. Directed by Carl Reiner, with Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Catlin Adams & Mabel King.

Kramer vs Kramer. Heart-wrenching but in the end life-affirming study of what happens when parents split & father is left bringing up the child: Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep & Justin Henry are superb.

La Luna. Bertolucci hokum about an American opera singer (the delectable Jill Clayburgh) on tour in Italy with her draggy, druggie son. Pretentious melodrama.

The Magician of Lublin, based on the Nobel-prizewinning novel by Isaac Bashevis Singer, about a Polish magician who believes he can fly. Directed by Menahem Golan, with Alan Arkin, Louise Fletcher, Valerie Perrine & Shelley Winters.

Messidor. Two Swiss girls leave home for a life of adventure which declines as they run out of money, culminating in a police chase when they are mistaken for terrorists. Directed by Alain Tanner.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Some see it as a blasphemous parody of the life of Christ. In fact it is a patchy plea for never subscribing wholeheartedly to any particular faith or cause.

Murder by Decree. Sherlock Holmes investigates the mystery of Jack the Ripper. Directed by Bob Clark, with Christopher Plummer, James Mason, Donald Sutherland, Genevieve Bujold, David Hemmings, John Gielgud, Anthony Quayle & Frank Finlay.

My Brilliant Career. Interesting Australian movie about a woman's struggle to make-it in a male-oriented, turn-of-the-century world. Not startling; but well directed by Gillian Armstrong.

1941. Comedy directed by Steven Spielberg dealing with 24 hours in December, 1941, where the Americans open fire on their own troops under the misapprehension that they are being attacked by the Japanese. With John Belushi, Lorraine Gary & Christopher Lee.

North Dallas Forty explores the world of American professional football. Directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Nick Nolte as a veteran player forced into a decision about his career & his life.

North Sea Hijack. Will Roger Moore foil an attempt by dastardly villains to take over a British oil production platform? The answer (unsurprisingly) is Yes.

The Onion Field. Based on a true story about

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two Los Angeles criminals who are still in jail after shooting a police officer in 1963. Directed by Harold Becker, with James Woods & John Savage.

Rocky II. The successful boxer played by Sylvester Stallone is forced into retirement on health grounds & fritters his winnings away before being goaded into a return bout with the world champion. Written & directed by Stallone & co-starring Talia Shire & Burgess Meredith.

The Rose. The superbly talented Bette Midler redeems a hackneyed tale about the decline & fall of a late 60s, Joplinsque superstar.

Rude Boy. London of the late 70s explored through the lives of the punk rock group The Clash. Directed by Jack Hazan & David Mingay.

The Runner Stumbles. Stanley Kramer produces & directs this story of a priest accused of murder. With Dick Van Dyke, Kathleen Quinlan & Maureen Stapleton.

Saturn 3. Science-fiction thriller starring Farrah Fawcett & Kirk Douglas. Directed by Stanley Donen.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Alan Alda's story of a man whose ambition begins to destroy his marriage. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Alan Alda, Barbara Harris & Meryl Streep.

Silver Dream Racer. Love story set in the world of international motorcycle racing. Directed by David Wickes, with David Essex, Beau Bridges & Cristina Raines.

SOS Titanic. Film based on the events of the ship's disastrous maiden voyage. Directed by Billy Hale, with David Janssen, Cloris Leachman, Susan St James, David Warner, Ian Holm & Helen Mirren.

Starting Over. A divorced man begins to make a new life for himself until his ex-wife decides she wants him back. Directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Burt Reynolds, Candice Bergen & Jill Clayburgh.

Sweet William. A contemporary romance written by Beryl Bainbridge, directed by Claude Whatham. With Jenny Agutter & Sam Waterston.

10. Unfunny comedy about the male menopause in which Dudley Moore lumbers through some protracted sequences with Julie Andrews supplying the love-interest & Bo Derek the sexual diversion.

Tom Horn. Steve McQueen plays a last remaining Wild West hero called in to investigate rustling problems in Wyoming. Directed by William Wiard.

When Time Ran Out. A group of people visiting a Pacific island find their lives threatened by an erupting volcano. Directed by James Goldstone, with Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset & William Holden.

Wise Blood. Stark, fascinating John Huston movie about religious obsession in the American Bible belt: a work of unimpeachable integrity.

Premières

The Empire Strikes Back. Sequel to "Star Wars", directed by Irvin Kershner. With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford & Carrie Fisher. Royal charity première in the presence of Princess Margaret in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, The Invalid Children's Aid Association & The Variety Club of Great Britain. *Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2.* May 20.

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Triple bill, May 1, 3, 28, 30: **Troy Game**, choreography North, music Batucada, Downes, cast to be announced; **Adieu**, new ballet by Bintley, music Panufnik, designs Mike Becket, with Mason, Park, Wall, Fletcher; **My Brother, My Sisters**, choreography MacMillan, music Schönberg, von Webern, with Cragun, Keil, Collier, May 1, 3; with Eagling, Penney, Collier, May 28, 30.

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa, Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky, with Collier, Eagling, May 26; with Porter, Silver, May 27; with Mason, Wall, May 31.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Triple bill, May 2, 10, 13, 31: **Grosse Fuge**, choreography van Manen, music Beethoven, with Barbieri, Tait, Highwood, Stanley, Kelly, Ashmole, Dubreuil, Myers; **Playground**,

choreography MacMillan, music Crosse, with Tait, Kelly; **Paquita**, choreography Petipa, music Minkus, with Samsova, Ashmole, Barbieri, Highwood, Tait.

Coppélia, choreography Petipa, Cecchetti, music Delibes, with Tait, Dubreuil, Auld, May 9, 22; with Barbieri, Ashmole, Bintley, May 17, 19; with Barbieri, Myers, Wicks, May 23.

MIEKO FUJI CONTEMPORARY DANCE COMPANY from Japan. *Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1.* Apr 29-May 3.

ROYAL BALLET OF FLANDERS with three programmes. *Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1.* May 20-31.

ROYAL BHUTANESE DANCERS & MUSICIANS performing ancient & sacred dances accompanied by traditional instruments. *Opera Theatre, Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester.* Apr 30-May 2.

Arts Centre, University of Warwick. May 3. *Gordon Craig Theatre, Stevenage.* May 4.

Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon. May 6-7. *Oxford Playhouse, Oxford.* May 8-9.

Town Hall, Dudley, W Midlands. May 10. *Commonwealth Theatre, Commonwealth Institute, London W8.* May 12.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET on tour: **La Sylphide, Rosalinda.** *Gaumont, Southampton.* Apr 28-May 3. *Congress, Eastbourne.* May 5-10.

NORTHERN BALLET on tour: **Coppélia.** *Royal Opera House, Scarborough.* Apr 28-May 3.

Coppélia, Cinderella. *Alhambra, Bradford.* May 5-10. **Cinderella.** *Tameside, Ashton under Lyne.* May 12-15.

Madame Butterfly/Rustic Variations, Cinderella. *Forum, Billingham.* May 26-31.

SCOTTISH BALLET on tour: **Cinderella, Giselle.** *New Theatre, Hull.* Apr 29-May 3. **Swan Lake.** *His Majesty's, Aberdeen.* May 7-10.

Cinderella, Swan Lake, *Eden Court, Inverness.* May 13-17. *Theatre Royal, Glasgow.* May 20-31.

OPERA

ROYAL ALBERTA, Covent Garden, WC2:

Die Zauberflöte, conductor Conlon, with Stuart Burrows/Robin Leggate as Tamino, Kiri te Kanawa/Yvonne Kenny as Pamina, Thomas Allen as Papageno, Zdzislaw Donat as the Queen of the Night, Robert Lloyd as Sarastro, Donald McIntyre as the Sprecher. May 5, 7, 12, 15.

Tristan und Isolde, conductor Mehta, with Jon Vickers as Tristan, Berit Lindholm as Isolde, Yvonne Minton as Brangäne, Donald McIntyre as Kurwenal, Gwynne Howell as Marke. May 16, 20, 24, 29.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

The Barber of Seville, conductor N. Davies/Sutton with Della Jones as Rosina, Graham Clark as Almaviva, Niall Murray as Figaro, Eric Shilling as Bartolo. May 1, 9, 14, 21, 28.

Tosca, conductor Williams, with Ava June as Tosca, John Treleven as Cavaradossi, Geoffrey Chard as Scarpia. May 2, 8, 16.

Aida, conductor Reid, with Linda Esther Gray as Aida, Katherine Pring as Amneris, Tom Swift as Radames, John Gibbs as Amonasro, John Tomlinson as Ramphis. May 3.

Fidelio, conductor Elder/Friend, new production by Joachim Herz, sets by Reinhardt Zimmerman, costumes by Eleonore Kleiber, with Josephine Barstow as Leonora, Alberto Remedios as Florestan, Eilene Hannan as Marzelline, Geoffrey Pogson as Jacquino, Richard Van Allan as Rocco, Neil Howlett as Pizarro, John Tomlinson as Don Fernando. May 10, 15, 17, 20, 23, 27, 31.

Die Fledermaus, conductor Williams, with Lois McDonald as Rosalinda, Marilyn Hill Smith as Adele, Emile Belcourt as Eisenstein, John Brecknock as Alfred, Lynn Barbar as Orlofsky, Alan Opie as Falke, Eric Shilling as Frank. May 19, 22, 24, 29, 30.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH, Grand Theatre, Leeds:

A Village Romeo and Juliet, Rigoletto, Count Ory. May 21-31.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex:

Die Entführung aus dem Serail, conductor Kuhn, new production by Peter Wood, designed by William Dudley, with Gösta Winbergh as Belmonte, Valerie Masterson as Constanza, James Hoback as Pedrillo, Lillian Watson as Blonde, Willard White as Osmin, Thomas Thomaschke as Bassa Selim. May 27, 29, 31.

SCOTTISH OPERA, Theatre Royal, Glasgow: **Peter Grimes.** May 3, 6, 8.

L'Elisir d'Amore. May 7, 10, 13, 15, 17. **WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:** **Eugene Onegin, The Jacobin, The Coronation of Poppea, Madam Butterfly.**

New Theatre, Cardiff. May 13-17. *Hippodrome Theatre, Birmingham.* May 27-31.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7: **Ernest Read Symphony Orchestra**, conductors Cox, Lovett; Wendy Eathorne, soprano; Brian Rayner Cook, bass. Parry, Blest pair of sirens; Dvorak, Te Deum; Brahms, German Requiem. May 2, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Scots Guards, conductor Tausky; Allan Sternfield, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1, Marche Slave, Suite from Swan Lake, Marche Militaire, Overture 1812 with cannon & mortar effects. May 4, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Reynish. Viennese evening. May 11, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Bond. Delibes, Bizet, Gounod, Tchaikovsky, Music & dance from the ballet. May 18, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, London Philharmonic Choir, BBC Singers, BBC Club Choir, Hampstead Choral Society, English Chamber Choir, Orpheus Girls' Choir, Colfe's School Choir, Members of the BBC Symphony Chorus, Royal Choral Society, Bach Choir, Welsh Male Voice Choir, conductor Schmidt; Jane Manning, soprano; Shirley Minty, contralto; John Mitchinson, tenor; David Thomas, bass. Brian, Gothic Symphony. May 25, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, London Choral Society, conductor Rattle; Linda Esther Gray, soprano; Livia Budai, mezzo soprano; David Rendall, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Verdi, Requiem. May 31, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1: **Jonathan Booty**, flute; **David Hoyland**, piano. Bach, Sonata in A, Sonata in E; Francaix, Suite for solo flute. May 1, 1.15pm.

Chilingirian String Quartet, Simon Rowland-Jones, viola. Haydn, Quartet in E flat Op 64 No 6; Mozart, Quintet in G minor K516. May 12, 1pm.

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor Lubbock; Judith Pearce, flute; Marisa Robles, harp. Schubert, Symphony No 5; Mozart, Concerto for flute & harp K299, Symphony No 40. May 13, 7.30pm.

New Mozart Orchestra, conductor Fairbairn; Geraint Evans, baritone. Haydn, Symphony No 83; Mozart, Serenata Notturna K239; Cimarosa, Il Maestro di Capella. May 18, 7.30pm.

Garrick Ohlsson, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in E flat Op 27 No 1; Schönberg, Five Pieces Op 23; Liszt, Valse oubliée No 2, Paysage, Wilde Jagd (Etudes d'exécution transcendante). May 19, 1pm.

West Square Electronic Music Ensemble, director Anderson. Stockhausen, Smalley, Montague, Guy, Fulkerson. May 21, 7.30pm.

London Student Chorale, conductor Meakins; Bryan Evans, Celia Harper, pianos; Ian Curror, organ. Rossini, Petite Messe Solennelle. May 31, 7.30pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1: (FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Pracell Room)

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Rostropovich, Heather Harper, soprano. Schubert, Symphony No 6; Strauss, Songs; Dvorak, Symphony No 6. May 1, 8pm. FH.

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Giulini. Mahler, Adagio from Symphony No 10; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica). May 2, 8pm. FH.

English Bach Festival: English Bach Festival Baroque Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Hickox; Eiddwen Harrihy, soprano; Paul Esswood, counter-tenor; Neil Jenkins, tenor; Ian Caddy, bass. Bach, Mass in B minor. May 3, 8pm. FH; **English Bach Festival Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Corboz. Cavalli, Ercole Amante, Music for the wedding of the Sun King.

May 4, 3pm. EH; **English Bach Festival Baroque Orchestra & Dancers**, John Toll, director & harpsichord; Ann Mackay, soprano. Lully, Hercule Amoureux, ballet interludes for Ercole Amante. May 4, 7.45pm. EH; **Boston Symphony Chamber Players**. Mozart, Flute Quartet in D K285; Beethoven, Septet in E flat; Stravinsky, The Soldier's Tale. May 6, 7.45pm. EH; **Quatuor Via Nova**, Genevieve Joy Dutilleux, piano. Dutilleux, Sonata for piano, Quartet Ainsi la Nuit; Ravel, String Quartet in F. May 8, 7.45pm. EH; **Academia Arcadiana**. Rameau, Clérambault, Rousseau, Forqueray, Montclair. May 8, 5.55pm. PR; **English Bach Festival Baroque Orchestra & Dancers**, conductor McGegan; Jennifer Smith, soprano. Bach, Suite No 1, Cantata No 51; Handel, Water Music. May 10, 8pm. FH.

London Orpheus Orchestra & Choir, conductor Gaddam; Jacquelyn Fugelle, soprano; Sybil Michelow, contralto; Charles Corp, tenor; Graham Titus, bass; Leslie Pearson, organ. Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik, Vesperae solennes de confessoris K339; Bliss, Pastoral. May 3, 7.45pm. EH.

English Chamber Orchestra, Emil Gilels, conductor & piano; Elena Gilels, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 39, Concerto in E flat for 2 pianos K365, Piano Concerto in B flat K595. May 5, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Rostropovich; Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. Sibelius, Violin Concerto; Shostakovich, Symphony No 8. May 6, 8pm. FH.

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, conductor Berglund; Moura Lympany, piano. Sibelius, Tapiola; Britten, Piano Concerto; Brahms, Symphony No 2. May 7, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado; Alfred Brendel, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor); Ravel, La Valse; Bizet L'Arlésienne. May 8, 8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor A. Davis. Stockhausen, Jubilee for Orchestra; Mahler, Symphony No 5. May 9, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Tilson Thomas; Vladimir Spivakov, violin; Yuri Bashmet, viola. Ives, Three Places in New England; Mozart, Sinfonia Concertante in E flat K364; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. May 9, 7.45pm. EH.

Handel Opera Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Farmcombe; Elizabeth Harwood, soprano; Elizabeth Stokes, contralto; John York Skinner, counter-tenor; Neil Jenkins, tenor; Raimund Herincx, baritone; Richard Wigmore, bass. Handel, Saul. May 10, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Rostropovich; Pierre Fournier, cello. Dvorak, Symphony No 8; Strauss, Don Quixote. May 11, 7.30pm. FH.

André Tchaikowsky, piano. Haydn, Schubert, Chopin. May 11, 3pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Howarth; Shura Cherkassky, piano. Finnis, Sea & Sky; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Mussorgsky/Ravel, Pictures from an Exhibition. May 16, 8pm. FH.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell; Jürgen Hess, Perry Hart, violins, Nona Liddell, piccolo violin; Christopher Wellington, viola. Bach, Ricercare à 6, Brandenburg Concerto No 1, Concerto in D minor for 2 violins BWV1043; Hummel, Fantasy for viola; Mozart, Symphony No 40. May 16, 7.45pm. EH.

Maurizio Pollini, piano. Schumann, Brahms. May 18, 3.15pm. FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, San Sebastian Chorus, conductor Frühbeck de Burgos; Enriqueta Tarres, soprano; Alicia Nafe, mezzo-soprano; Vasile Moldoveanu, tenor; Simon Estes, baritone. Verdi, Requiem. May 18, 7.30pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, Royal Choral Society, conductor M. Davies; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Richard Morton, tenor; Stephen Roberts, baritone. Elgar, The Music Makers; Milner, The Water & the Fire. May 19, 8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Rota, Variazioni sopra un tema gioviiale; Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole. May 20, 8pm. FH.

Amadeus Quartet, Peter Frankl, piano. Haydn, Quartet in B minor, Op 64 No 2; Verdi, Quartet in E minor; Dvorak, Piano Quintet in A. May 20, 7.45pm. EH.

Hallé Orchestra, conductor Loughran; Kathryn Stott, piano. Schubert, Entr'acte & ballet music Rosamundo; Mozart, Piano Concerto in A

Reinhold Messner and his Rolex enjoying the fresh air at 8,125 metres.

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In 1970, Messner participated in the expedition to climb Nanga Parbat (8,125 m). It was his first mountain over 8,000 m.

In 1975, Messner and the Austrian Peter Habeler conquer Hidden Peak (8,063 m). The



smallest expedition ever to climb successfully to this height in the Himalayas.

In 1978 the "impossible" ascent of Everest (8,848 m). "Impossible" because, as on all Messner's climbs, he and Habeler reach the summit without the aid of oxygen.

Three months later, Messner returns to Nanga Parbat (8,125 m) alone, and successfully climbs to the summit, again without the use of oxygen.

But some pieces of equipment even Reinhold Messner cannot do without. And one of them is his Rolex Oysterquartz.

"To be on the mountain without an accurate completely reliable watch would be madness" says Messner "and while some would tell you that that is what I am..." he smiles "I can assure you I would not dream of climbing without my Rolex. It's the best there is".

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K488; Strauss, Polkas, waltzes. May 21, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, San Sebastian Chorus, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Frühbeck de Burgos; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; Thomas Allen, baritone. Beethoven, Symphony No 1; Orff, Carmina Burana. May 22, 8pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Chailly; Claudio Arrau, piano. Brahms, Piano Concerto No 2; Tchaikovsky, Manfred Symphony. May 23, 8pm. *FH*.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Atherton; György Pauk, violin; Paul Crossley, piano. Schrecker, Chamber Symphony; Schönberg, Chamber Symphony No 1; Berg, Chamber Concerto. May 23, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Johann Strauss Orchestra & Dancers, Jack Rothstein, director & violin; Karen Van Poznak, soprano. Strauss in Vienna. May 24, 26, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Wilhelm Kempff, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in E Op 109, Sonata in E flat Op 7, Sonata in C minor Op 111. May 25, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Giulini. Mozart, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter); Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 6 (Pathétique). May 25, 7.30pm. *FH*.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods; Edmund Bohan, tenor. Music of the Strauss family. May 25, 7.15pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Downes; Paul Tortelier, cello. Lloyd, Symphony No 8; Dvorak, Cello Concerto. May 27, 8pm. *FH*.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Radu Lupu, piano. Schubert, Symphony No 8 (Unfinished); Mozart, Piano Concerto in B flat K456, Symphony No 36 (Linz); May 28, 8pm. *FH*.

City of London Sinfonia, conductor Hickox; Aurele Nicolet, flute. Stravinsky, Apollon Musagete; Mozart, Flute Concerto in D K314; Osborne, Flute Concerto; Haydn, Symphony No 22. May 28, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Tilson Thomas. Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Tchaikovsky, Suite No 2; Schumann, Piano Concerto; Sibelius, Symphony No 5. May 29, 8pm. *FH*.

Shura Cherkassky, piano. Schumann, Brahms, Rachmaninov, Britten, Liszt. May 29, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Kondrashin; Elisabeth Leonskaja, piano. Liszt, Piano Concerto No 2; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica). May 30, 8pm. *FH*.

Northern Sinfonia, conductor Myung-Whun Chung; Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. Stravinsky, Pulcinella; Mozart, Concert Rondo in C for violin & orchestra K373, Violin Concerto in B flat K207; Beethoven, Symphony No 2. May 30, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Sviatoslav Richter, piano. May 31, 8pm. *FH*.

English Baroque Orchestra & Choir, conductor Lovett; Jürgen Hess, violin; Janet Price, soprano; Margaret Cable, mezzo-soprano; Laurence Dale, tenor; William Shimell, bass-baritone. Mozart, Ave verum corpus K618; Violin Concerto in A K219, Mass in C minor K427. May 31, 7.45pm. *EH*.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Fortune's Fire, Rosemary Hardy, soprano; Wynford Evans, tenor; Carl Shavitz, lute; Peter Vel, viola da gamba. Aspects of love: lute songs. May 1, 8, 7.30pm.

Raymond Dudley, piano. Haydn, Andante & variations in F minor; Schumann, Fantasy in C Op 17; Liszt, Funérailles; Ravel, Gaspard de la nuit. May 3, 3.30pm.

Elisha Gilgore, piano. Mozart, Rondo K511; Schumann, Carnaval Op 9; Chopin, Barcarolle Op 60; Ravel, Tombeau de Couperin. May 4, 3.30pm.

László Varga, cello; **Sylvia Jenkins**, piano. Kodály, Sonatina; Peterson, Rhapsody; Brahms, Sonata in F Op 99; Mendelssohn, Sonata in D Op 58. May 5, 7.30pm.

Peter Katin, piano. Schubert, 4 Impromptus D899; Beethoven, Sonata Op 13; Debussy, Estampes; Chopin, Fantasy in F minor Op 49, Nocturne in D flat Op 27 No 2, Polonaise in A flat Op 53. May 6, 7.30pm.

Paul Olefsky, cello. Bach, Six suites for unaccompanied cello. May 11, 3.30pm.

Praetorius Consort, director Ball. Music from 17th-century England & Italy. May 11, 7.30pm.

Meriel Dickinson, mezzo soprano; **Christopher Gradwell**, saxophone, clarinet; **Christine Croshaw**, piano. Music reflecting the influences of the 1920s & the 1930s. May 13, 7.30pm.

The Songmakers' Almanac, Felicity Lott,

soprano; Ann Murray, mezzo soprano; Graham Johnson, piano. Mendelssohn, Dvorak, Schubert, Songs & duets. May 14, 7.30pm.

Derek Hammond-Stroud, baritone; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Brahms, Magelone Lieder Op 33. May 16, 7.30pm.

Japan Music Pool; Takako Selby-Okamoto, soprano; Hiroshi Okouchi, violin; Keiko Tokunaga, John Blakely, piano. Irino, Hayashi, Takemitsu, Miyoshi. May 17, 3.30pm.

Albani String Quartet, Jack Brymer, clarinet. Beethoven, Quartet Op 18 No 3; Britten, Quartet No 3; Brahms, Clarinet Quintet in B minor Op 115. May 17, 7.30pm.

Simon Vaughan, baritone; **Stewart Nash**, piano. Mussorgsky, Borodin, Songs. May 18, 3.30pm.

Kathleen Wilder, soprano; **Jane Metcalfe**, mezzo soprano; **Stephen Wilder**, piano. Mozart, Ah guarda sorella, Misera dove son K369; Berlioz, Nuits d'été, Lambert, Un canto mi disse; Brahms, Haydn, Stanford, Warlock, Purcell, Schumann, Rossini, Songs & duets. May 19, 7.30pm.

André de Groote, piano. Ravel, Valses nobles et sentimentales; Gijssels, Lacrymosa; Dutilleul, Sonata; Schumann, Davidsbündertänze Op 6. May 23, 7.30pm.

Helge Slaatto, violin; **Jan Latham-Koenig**, piano. Poulenc, Sonata; Stravinsky, Duo concertant; Franck, Sonata in A. May 27, 7.30pm.

Melos Quartet of Stuttgart, Julia Rayson, clarinet. Haydn, String Quartet in C Op 76 No 3; Janacek, String Quartet No 1; Mozart, Clarinet Quintet in A K581. May 28, 7.30pm.

Athena Ensemble. Mozart, Piano & Wind Quintet in E flat K452; Beethoven, Sextet in E flat Op 71; Françaix, Quartet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon; Poulenc, Sextet for piano & wind. May 31, 7.30pm.

FESTIVALS

St George's Bloomsbury Festival 250, Bloomsbury Way, WC1. Until Sept.

English Bach Festival, various venues in London. Apr 28-May 8.

Brighton Festival, E. Sussex. May 3-18.

Bristol Proms, Bristol, Avon. May 9-17.

Pitlochry Festival Theatre Season, Tayside. May 9-Oct 4.

Newbury Spring Festival, Berks. May 14-24.

Malvern Festival, Worcs. May 18-June 1.

Perth Festival of the Arts, Perthshire. May 22-Jun 1.

Bath Festival, Avon. May 23-Jun 8.

Wavendon Season, Nr Milton Keynes, Bucks. May 23-July 19.

Dickens Festival, Rochester, Kent. May 29-31.

Nottingham Festival, Nottingham. May 31-June 15.

EXHIBITIONS

John Aldridge, RA, 75th birthday exhibition of paintings. *New Grafton Gallery*, 42 Old Bond St, W1. May 22-June 11, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed May 26.

All Good Things Around Us, exhibition & sale of paintings by contemporary artists in aid of the Council for the Protection of Rural England. *Grays Music Room*, South Molton Lane, W1. May 29-June 13, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

All the World's a Stage, drawings of human beings & their daily life in the 18th & 19th centuries. *Covent Garden Gallery*, 20 Russell St, WC2. Apr 24-May 23, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed May 5.

Amateur Radio Exhibition. *Alexandra Palace*, N22. May 9, 10, 10am-7pm, Sat until 6pm. £1.

Aspects of Siberian design, utilitarian objects from Siberia. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns*, W1. Until Aug, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May 5.

The Atlantic Neptune, the history of charting, including 18th-century charts. *National Maritime Museum*, SE10. Until May 27, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed May 5.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd*, SE1. Re-opening May 20-Apr 1981. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed May 5. 60p.

Marcel Broodthaers, paintings, drawings, lithography, photography & art from found objects. *Tate Gallery*, Millbank, SW1. Until May 26, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed May 5. 60p.

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The butchers of London 1180-1980. Archives
& treasures of the Butchers' Company. *Museum
of London, London Wall, EC2.* Until May 18.
Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Captain Cook & Mr Hodges. Paintings &
drawings of Cook's second voyage, 1772-75, by
the "Resolution" artist. *National Maritime
Museum.* Until May 27.

Captain Cook in the South Seas. A British
Library exhibition. *Museum of Mankind.*
Until May 28.

Challenge of the Chip: how will micro-
electronics affect your future? *Science Museum,
Exhibition Rd, SW7.* Until June, Mon-Sat
10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Salvador Dali. Major exhibition of the work of
the Surrealist painter. *Tate Gallery.* May 14-June
29. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Tues, Thurs until 8pm.
Sun 2-6pm. £1 (half price Tues, Thurs 6-8pm).

**Theodore De Bry's engravings of America
1590-1625,** the earliest authentic pictures of
American aboriginal life. *Tooley's, 33 Museum
St, WC1.* May 9-31, Mon-Sat 9am-5pm. Closed
May 26.

Beresford Egan, Art Deco caricatures; **John
Lewis,** metal sculpture; **Justin Todd,** surreal
illustrations. *National Theatre foyers, South
Bank, SE1.* Until May 31, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

18th- & 19th-century pictures for sale in aid of
Commonwealth Countries' League, English
Speaking Union, International Social Service,
Victoria League for Commonwealth Friendship,
YWCA. *Australia House, Strand, WC2.* May
20-22, 10am-6pm. (Public preview May 19
5.30-8.30pm. £1.)

Anthony Eyton, RA, landscape paintings &
town views. *South London Art Gallery,
Peckham Rd, SE5.* May 2-29, Mon-Sat
10am-6pm, Sun 3-6pm. Closed May 5, 26.

Figurative painters of several styles depicting
aspects of the suburban scene. *Woodlands
Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3.* May 3-June 10,
Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun
2-6pm. Closed May 5.

Flowers & butterflies, bone china by Boehm &
pictures. *Tryon Gallery, 41/42 Dover St, W1.*
May 14-June 4, 9.30am-6pm. Closed May 26.

Food & Wine festival. *Alexandra Palace.* May
23-26, Fri 2-8pm, Sat-Mon 10am-8pm. £1.50.

From Pole to Pole. Celebration of the achieve-
ments of the Royal Geographical Society over
the past 150 years. *Geological Museum, Exhibi-
tion Rd, SW7.* Until end September, Mon-Sat
10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6.30pm. Closed May 5, 26.

David Garrick, Garrick's collection of early
English plays. *British Library, British Museum,
Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until May 11, Mon-Sat
10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Great Optical Illusion: 50 years of TV
broadcasting. *Science Museum.* Until Sept 29.

A Head in Fashion, post-war millinery by Mme
Rose Vernier. *Museum of London.* Until May 18.
Susanna Heron "Body Work", plastic jewelry.
Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1.
Until May 31, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Closed
May 5, 26.

Honneur et Patrie, the work of the French
Resistance during the Second World War.
Imperial War Museum. Until June 30.

Images of Ourselves, printmakers & figurative
themes including works by Cézanne, Hamilton,
Tilson & Warhol. *Tate Gallery.* Until end June.

Imperial Ottoman textiles. The Rothschild Col-
lection of 16th- & 17th-century Turkish silks &
velvets. *Colnaghi & Co, 14 Old Bond St, W1.*
Until May 23, Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat
10am-1pm. Closed May 5.

**International Stamp Exhibition "London
1980".** *Earls Court, SW5.* May 6-14,
10am-8pm, May 6 from 1pm, May 11
11am-6pm, May 14 until 6pm. May 6 £3, May
7-14 £1.50, £1 after 5pm.

Japan Style, design & craft in Japan today.
Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7.
Until July 20, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun
2.30-5.30pm. £1.35.

Japanese posters, from Hokusai & Utagawa
to contemporary work. *Institute of Contemporary
Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* May 20-June
15, Tues-Sun noon-8pm. Non-members 30p.

Jugs by members of the Craftsmen Potters'
Association. *William Blake House, Marshall St,
W1.* May 12-24, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat
10.30am-5pm.

Jumbly. Giant jumble sale in aid of the Save the
Children Fund. *Alexandra Palace.* May 3-5,
11.30am-6.30pm. £1.50.

Lord Leverhulme, paintings, sculpture, furni-
ture, oriental porcelain, Wedgwood & architec-
ture from the collection of the first Lord Lever-

hulme. *Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1.*
Until May 25, daily 10am-6pm. £1 (half-price
Sun until 1.45pm).

Man's place in evolution. New permanent exhi-
bition tracing man's development from the aus-
tralopithecines to modern man. *Natural History
Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7.* From May 1.
Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May
5.

**Neo-classical architectural drawings of the
18th & 19th centuries.** *Heinz Gallery, 21
Portman Sq, W1.* Until June 7, Mon-Fri
11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 5, 26.

John O'Connor, watercolours & oils of
Kircudbrightshire landscapes. *New Grafton
Gallery.* May 1-15. Closed May 5.

Patterns of diversity, exhibition in connexion
with the 150th anniversary of the Royal Geo-
graphical Society featuring the Society's 1977-78
expedition to Sarawak. *Natural History
Museum.* Until end Sept.

Pier & Ocean, construction in the 70s. An inter-
national exhibition selected by Gerhard von
Graevenitz. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1.*
May 8-June 22, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until
8pm, Sun noon-6pm. 80p.

David Poston, jewelry. *British Crafts Centre, 43
Earlham St, WC2.* Until May 17, Mon-Fri
10.30am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm. Closed May 5.

Raku & salt-glaze, by several ceramists. *British
Crafts Centre.* May 23-June 28. Closed May 26.

Sea, sky & sun, a group of 16 oil sketches by
Turner found in the early 1960s. *Tate Gallery.*
Until end June.

Seen in the Seventies. Newspaper photographs
of the last decade from the Daily Express. *Kodak
Gallery, 246 High Holborn, WC1.* Until May 16,
Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm. Closed May 5.

David Smith, retrospective of drawings by the
American sculptor. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensing-
ton Gardens, W2.* May 2-June 8, daily
10am-7pm.

SNAG, travelling European exhibition of jewelry
& silver by members of the Society of North
American Goldsmiths. *Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster
Lane, EC2.* May 8-30, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm.
Closed May 26.

Southwark & the Thames, the development of
riverside industries & a look at the area's future.
Livesey Museum, 682 Old Kent Road, SE1. Until
July 19, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Closed May 5, 26.

Traditional textiles from India & Pakistan.
*Coexistence, 2 Conduit Buildings, Floral St,
WC2.* May 16-June 26, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.
Closed May 26.

**Treasures from the archives of the National
Postal Museum.** *Stanley Gibbons Gallery, 399
Strand, WC2.* May 1-30, Mon-Fri
9.30am-4.30pm. Closed May 5, 26.

The Vikings. A major exhibition reflecting our
growing knowledge of the Viking people. *British
Museum.* Until July 20. Closed May 5. £1.40.

Raymond Watson, paintings, "Birds of the
Highlands & Islands". *Moorland Gallery.* May
14-June 4. Closed May 26

Gary & Anndelphine Wornell-Brown,
ceramics. *Liberty's Regent St, W1.* May 1-22,
Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat
from 9.30am. Closed May 5.

Antiques fairs

Banbury Antiques Fair. *Whately Hall Hotel,
Banbury, Oxon.* May 10, 11.

West of England Antiques Fair. *Assembly
Rooms, Bath, Avon.* May 13-17.

Antiques Fair. *Alexandra Palace, N22.* May 18.

Glasgow Antiques Fair. *Albany Hotel,
Glasgow.* May 20-22

Snap Antiques Fair & exhibition of antiquities.
The Maltings, Snape, Suffolk. May 21-24.

SALEROOMS

The following is a selection of sales taking place
in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

European oil paintings. May 1, 8, 15, 29, 11am.

English & Continental furniture. May
1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 2.30pm.

Porcelain & works of art. May 2, 9, 16, 23, 30,
11am.

Silver & plate. May 13, 11am; May 27, 2.30pm.

Modern pictures. May 14, 11am.

Fans. May 16, 11am & 2.30pm.

Watercolours. May 21, 11am.

Coins. May 21, 11am.

Prints. May 28, 11am.

Portrait miniatures & objects of vertu, May

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30, 11am.
CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1:
 Old Master pictures. May 2, 16, 11am.
 Coins, bonds & medallions. May 7, 8, 11am & 2.30pm.
 English furniture, objects of art, Eastern rugs & carpets. May 8, 11am & 2.30pm.
 British & Continental pictures of the 19th & 20th centuries. May 9, 10.30am.
 English & Continental ceramics. May 12, 11am.
 Sculpture & works of art. May 14, 10.30am.
 Printed books. May 14, 11am.
 Continental furniture & objects of art. May 15, 11am.
CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:
 Cameras & photographic equipment. May 1, 2pm.
 Toys. May 8, 2pm.
 Fans. May 13, 2pm.
 Scientific instruments. May 15, 2pm.
 Embroidery, costume & textiles. May 20, 2pm.
 Billiard tables, sporting equipment & games. May 27, 2pm.
PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
 Costumes, lace & textiles. May 1, 11am.
 Postage stamps: General sale, May 1, 29, 11am; T. C. Marvin Collection of British Airmails, May 22, 11am & 2pm.
 Silver & plate. May 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am.
 Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. May 7, noon.
 Arms & armour. May 7, 2pm.
 Jewelry. May 8, 11am & 2pm.
 Furniture, carpets & objects. May 12, 19, 11am.
 Prints. May 12, 2pm.
 Furniture, carpets & works of art. May 13, 20, 11am.
 Jewels. May 13, 1.30pm.
 English & Continental ceramics & glass. May 14, 28, 11am.
 Musical instruments. May 15, 11am.
 English paintings. May 20, 11am.
 Clocks & watches. May 20, 2pm.
 Scientific instruments. May 21, 2pm.
 Books, MSS & maps. May 22, 1.30pm.
 Art Nouveau & decorative arts. May 29, 11am.
SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:
 Watches, scientific instruments & clocks. May 1, 11am & 2.30pm.
 Continental furniture. May 2, 11am.
 English glass. May 6, 11am.
 English & Continental furniture & tapestries. May 9, 11am.
 The Honeyman Collection of scientific books & MSS Part V. May 12, 13, 11am.
 Coins. May 14, 11am.
 Old Master & modern prints. May 15, 16, 11am & 2pm.
 The Rawlings Collection of autograph letters. May 19, 20, 21, 11am.
 English pottery & porcelain. May 20, 11am.
 Musical instruments. May 22, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
 Jewels. May 22, 10.30am.
 English furniture, rugs & carpets. May 23, 11am.
 Impressionist & modern paintings, drawings, watercolours & sculpture. May 28, 11am.
 English & Continental decorative prints. May 29, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:
 Silver. May 1, 22, 11am & 2.30pm.
 Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. May 6, 13, 20, 27, 11am.
 Japanese ceramics, bronzes & works of art. May 8, 11am.
 Scientific instruments, cameras, domestic & office equipment. May 9, 11am.
 Studio pottery. May 15, 11am.
 Toys. May 16, 11am.
 European ceramics. May 29, 11am.

LECTURES

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:
A time & a place: Prague 1600, C. Brown, May 7; *Antwerp 1620*, G. Martin, May 14; *London 1630*, G. Martin, May 21; *Amsterdam 1640*, C. Brown, May 28; 1pm.
ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, Kensington Gore, SW7:
To the ends of the earth: a series of lectures to mark the Society's 150th anniversary.
Mountaineering, G. Band, C. Bonington, R. Carrington, G. Lowe, D. Whillans, Chairman

Lord Hunt. May 12, 7.30pm.
Oceans & sailing, Sir A. Hardy, R. Knox-Johnston, Dr A. Laughton, Dr R. Laws, R. Morris, M. Richey, Chairman Rear-Admiral Haslam. May 14, 7.30pm.
Polar regions, D. Carse, D. Fordham, Sir V. Fuchs, Dr G. Hattersley Smith, W. Herbert, Dr G. Robin, Chairman Lord Shackleton. May 15, 7.30pm.
Tropical forests, Dr D. Bellamy, Dr I. Bishop, I. Graham, R. Hanbury-Tenison, A. Smith, Dr S. Sutton, Chairman D. Attenborough. May 19, 7.30pm.
Highlands, Dr & Mrs A. Harcourt, J. Keay, Dr A. Kendall, Prof O. Latimore, E. Newby, R. Snailham, Chairman D. Attenborough. May 21, 7.30pm.
Desert & savannah, Dr I. Edwards, G. Moorhouse, T. Morrison, W. Thesiger, Dr C. Vita-Finzi, G. Young, Chairman Lord Hunt. May 22, 7.30pm.
 Tickets £1.50-£3.50 from the Society.
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:
Metals & the imagination in the Industrial Revolution, Lord Briggs. May 6, 6pm.
The last judgment of Renaissance architecture, J. Onians. May 7, 2.30pm.
The London commodity markets & Commonwealth exports, Prof G. Rees. May 13, 5pm.
A surviving example of 18th-century tree planting: John Buxton's estate at Shadwell, Norfolk, H. Le Rougetel. May 19, 6pm.
Iconography & the realization of myth: Indian manuscript painting, W. O'Flaherty. May 20, 5pm.
Solar energy systems, J. Millar. May 21, 2.30pm.
The first Josiah Wedgwood—a model for today, Lord Reilly. May 28, 6pm.
 Admission by ticket free in advance from The Secretary.
ST GEORGE'S CHURCH, Bloomsbury Way, WC1:
The Bloomsbury Group of writers, A. Beresford. May 20, 7pm.
SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
The story of flight, A. Tully. May 3, 3pm.
Measurement of time, J. Stevenson. May 6, 1pm.
Exploring the moon, A. Wilson. May 10, 3pm.
Exploring the planets, A. Wilson. May 15, 1pm.
The development of communications, J. Stevenson. May 17, 3pm.
Internal combustion engines, A. Tully. May 22, 1pm.
Power from the nucleus, A. Wilson. May 24, 3pm.
Studying the weather, J. Stevenson. May 27, 1pm.
Electricity — from amber to the atom, J. Stevenson. May 31, 3pm.
VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:
Modern movement versus grand luxe — the thirties interior, J. Compton. May 4, 3.30pm.
Into the eighties: We three — user, maker & designer, K. Grange, May 6; **Printed pattern in the environment**, S. Collier, May 13; **Book binding**, F. Shannon, May 20; **The present state of theatre design in Britain**, J. Bury, May 27; 1.15pm.
Art in the middle ages: Music & minstrels, C. Patey, May 7; **English medieval ivories**, C. Oakes, May 14; **The medieval legend in art: King Arthur**, C. Oakes, May 21; **Mysterious light: stained glass**, P. Wallis, May 28; 1.15pm.
The age of Louis XVI, J. Gardiner. May 11, 3.30pm.
Lectures in connexion with the Japan Style exhibition: Chado—the Japanese way of tea, M. Birch, May 14, 28, 2.45pm & 3.45pm; **Industrial design for Japanese clients**, K. Grange, May 15, 1.15pm.
Browning's Italian portraits, J. Howard. May 18, 3.30pm.
Furniture & the National Trust, M. Drury. May 22, 6.30pm.
Chinese export porcelain, G. Darby. May 25, 3.30pm.
WELLINGTON MUSEUM, Apsley House, Hyde Park Corner, W1:
The first Duke's house & collections, M. Frazer. May 22, 1.15pm.
SOUTH BANK, SE1:
Music for the wedding of the Sun King, M. Turnbull. *Purcell Room*. May 4, 6.30pm. £1.
The music of ancient Greece, Byzantium & folk, J. Papaioannou. *Purcell Room*. May 7,



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5.55pm. £1-£2.

Introduction to The Water & the Fire, A. Milner. Waterloo Room, Festival Hall. May 19, 7pm. Tickets free but available only after 6.30pm on day of performance.

George Lloyd's work including 8th Symphony, G. Lloyd, Waterloo Room, Festival Hall. May 27, 7pm. Tickets 50p only after 6.30pm on day of performance.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

FA Sunday Cup final, Wembley, Middx. May 4.

UEFA Cup final: 1st leg May 7; 2nd leg May 21.

FA Challenge Cup final, Wembley. May 10.

FA Challenge Trophy final, Wembley. May 17.

England v Argentina, Wembley. May 13.

Wales v England, Wrexham, Chwyd. May 17.

Northern Ireland v Scotland, Belfast. May 17.

England v Northern Ireland, Wembley. May 20.

Scotland v Wales, Hampden Park, Glasgow. May 21.

Wales v Northern Ireland, Wrexham. May 23.

Scotland v England, Hampden Park. May 24.

London home matches:

Charlton Athletic v Swansea City, May 3.

Chelsea v Oldham Athletic, May 3.

Orient v Leicester City, May 3.

Tottenham Hotspur v Bristol City, May 3.

Wimbledon v Mansfield Town, May 3.

ATHLETICS

AAA Marathon, Milton Keynes, Bucks. May 3.

Wales v England v Hungary v Netherlands (men) with women's invitation events, Cwmbran, Gwent. May 18.

England v Scotland v Belgium v Sweden (men) with women's invitation events, Crystal Palace, SE19. May 21.

WAAA Pentathlon, Relays, Walks & Invitation 5,000m & 10,000m, Birmingham. May 24.

AAA Decathlon, Cwmbran. May 25, 26.

CRICKET

(SC)=Schweppes Championship, (BH)=Benson & Hedges Cup, (JP)=John Player League.

Middx v West Indies, Lord's. May 20, 21.

Prudential Trophy: England v West Indies, Headingley. May 28; Lord's. May 30.

Lord's: Middx v Lancs (SC), May 3; v Lancs (JP), May 4; v Surrey (BH), May 10; v Kent (BH), May 22; v Sussex (SC), May 24; v Northants (JP), May 25. The Oval: Surrey v Sussex (SC), May 7; v Kent (BH), May 14; v Hants (BH), May 17; v Hants (JP), May 18; v Somerset (SC), May 28; v Notts (SC), May 31.

CYCLING

Milk Race tour of Britain. Start Southend, Essex. May 25; finish Blackpool, Lancs. June 7.

EQUESTRIANISM

International Showjumping, Hickstead, W Sussex. May 1-5; 23-25.

Amberley Horse Show, Cirencester, Glos. May 2-5.

Royal Windsor Horse Show, Windsor, Berks. May 7-11.

Welsh Dressage Festival, Newport, Gwent. May 11.

Devon County Show, Whipton, Exeter, Devon. May 15-17.

Windsor Horse Trials, Windsor. May 16-18.

Suffolk Agricultural Show, Ipswich, Suffolk. May 28, 29.

Royal Bath & West Show, Shepton Mallet, Somerset. May 28-31.

Bramham Horse Trials, Wetherby, W Yorks. May 29-June 1.

GOLF

Lytham Trophy, Royal Lytham & St Anne's, Nr Blackpool, Lancs. May 3, 4.

Martini International, Wentworth, Surrey. May 15-18.

Brabazon Trophy, Hunstanton, Norfolk. May 16-18.

Sun Alliance PGA championship, Royal St George's, Sandwich, Kent. May 23-26.

GYMNASTICS

Great Britain v Rumania (women), Wembley Arena. Middx. May 5.

HORSE RACING

1,000 Guineas Stakes, Newmarket. May 1.

2,000 Guineas Stakes, Newmarket. May 3.

Royal Doulton Hurdle, Haydock Park. May 5.

Musidora Stakes, York. May 13.

Mecca-Dante Stakes, York. May 14.

Lockinge Stakes, Newbury. May 17.

MOTORCYCLE RACING

International TT Races, Isle of Man. May 31-June 6.

RUGBY UNION

Middlesex seven-a-side finals, Twickenham. May 3.

SAILING

Cervantes Trophy, Solent to Le Havre. May 2.

Guernsey Race, Gosport to St Peter Port. May 16.

Weymouth Olympic Week, Dorset. May 22-31.

North Sea Race, Harwich to Scheveningen. May 23.

De Guingand Bowl, Gosport, Hants. May 30.

SWIMMING

Olympic diving trials, Crystal Palace, SE19. May 23-25.

Optrex/ASA national championships & Olympic trials, Blackpool, Lancs. May 23-26.

ROYAL EVENTS

The Queen Mother attends the Rugby League Cup Final. Wembley Stadium, Middx. May 3.

The Prince of Wales opens Seaforth House Home for the Elderly & a District Council Sheltered Housing Scheme. Golspie, Sutherland. May 5.

The Duke of Edinburgh presents the 1980 Design Council Awards. Fulcrum Centre, Slough, Bucks. May 7.

The Queen visits the International Stamp Exhibition. Earl's Court, W5. May 7.

The Queen Mother visits the National Home Help Week exhibition. Guildhall, Windsor, Berks. May 12.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the Order of the British Empire Service. St Paul's Cathedral, EC4. May 13.

The Prince of Wales visits Capital Radio. Euston Tower, Euston Rd, NW1. May 14.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, visits Thamesmead & opens the Lakeside Complex, SE2. May 15.

The Prince of Wales attends a variety show in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2. May 18.

The Queen attends the Chelsea Flower Show. Royal Hospital Chelsea, SW3. May 19.

Princess Margaret attends the Royal Caledonian Ball. Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, W1. May 19.

The Prince of Wales, President, the Council for National Academic Awards, confers degrees upon Honorary Graduands. City Hall, Cardiff. May 19.

The Queen opens the Lancashire Conjointive Use Water Scheme & visits the Duchy of Lancaster Estates. Lancs. May 20.

The Prince of Wales opens Penair Comprehensive School, visits Truro School on the occasion of its centenary & attends a service to commemorate the centenary of the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Cathedral. Truro, Cornwall. May 20.

Princess Anne visits Aylesbury, Bucks. May 20.

The Prince of Wales, as Patron, attends the Devon Cattlebreeders' Society Field Day. Clampton Farm, Callington, Cornwall. May 21.

The Prince of Wales attends an English Heritage Concert given by the English Chamber Orchestra. St George's Chapel, Windsor, Berks. May 24.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit Australia. May 24-28.

The Prince of Wales, as President, attends the Annual General Meeting of the Wildfowl Trust. Arundel, W Sussex. May 29.

The Prince of Wales, as President, visits Prince's Trust projects. West Midlands. May 30.

The Prince of Wales visits Queen's College on the occasion of its centenary. Birmingham. May 30.

OTHER EVENTS

Padstow 'Obby 'Oss, Padstow, Cornwall. May 1.

Amy Johnson air pageant, Paul Airfield, Hull, Humberside. May 4.

Helston Furry Dance, Helston, Cornwall. May 8.

Springfields Flower Parade, Spalding, Lincs. May 10.

Drake 400 Celebrations, Plymouth, Devon. May 10-Sept 28.

Harlem Globetrotters basketball, Wembley Arena, Middx. May 14-24.

International Air Fair, Biggin Hill, Kent. May

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Chelsea Flower Show, Royal Hospital Rd, SW3. May 20-23 (Royal Horticultural Society members only on May 20).

Re-enactment of the Rainhill Trials to mark the 150th anniversary of the opening of the Liverpool to Manchester Railway, Rainhill Station, Merseyside. May 24-26.

Flying Day, Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. May 25.

GARDENS

BERKSHIRE

Brimpton Mill (The Earl & Countess Lloyd George), Brimpton, Nr Newbury. May 4, 2-6.30pm.

Ashridge Wood Cottage (Maj & Mrs Edwin Crossland), Forest Road, Nr Wokingham. May 25, 2-7pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Little Paston (Mr F. P. W. Maynard), Fulmer Common Road, Fulmer. May 25, 2-6pm.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

The Hoo (Mr & Mrs R. W. Peplow), Buckden, Nr Peterborough. May 25, 2-6pm.

Tetworth Hall (Mr & Mrs D. P. Crossman), Nr Sandy. May 25, 2-7pm.

CHESHIRE

Tushingham Hall (Mr & Mrs F. Moore Dutton), Nr Whitchurch. May 11, 2-6.30pm.

Capesthorpe (Sir Walter Bromley-Davenport), Nr Macclesfield. May 3, 4, 5, 7, 10, 11, 14, 17, 18, 21, 24, 25, 26, 28, 31, 2-6pm.

The Quarry (Mr & Mrs Chris Jones), Burrell Road, Prenton, Wirral. May 31, 11am-7pm.

DYFED

Slebech Hall (Lady Jean Philipps), Nr Haverfordwest. May 3-5, 10am-6.30pm.

ESSEX

Saling Hall (Mr & Mrs Hugh Johnson), Gt Saling, Nr Braintree. Wed, Thurs, Fri, 2-5pm, from May 14.

Le Pavillon (Mr H. A. J. Butler), Newport, Nr Audley End. May 11, 2-7pm.

Hyde Hall (Mr & Mrs R. H. M. Robinson), Rettendon, Nr Chelmsford. May 25, 2-7pm. Also by appointment.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Blockley Gardens: The Old Silk Mill (Sir Robert & Lady Lusty); **Sleepy Hollow** (Mrs O. Dicks); **The Old Mill** (Dr & Mrs Shackleton Bailey); **Malvern Mill** (Mr & Mrs Robert Cook); **The Old Quarry** (Mr A. T. Hesmondhalgh); **Nr Moreton-in-Marsh**. May 4, 2-6pm.

Algars Manor (Mr John M. Naish), Iron Acton, Nr Bristol. May 25, 26, noon-6pm.

HAMPSHIRE

Exbury Gardens (Mr & Mrs Edmund de Rothschild), Exbury, Nr Beaulieu. Daily, 2-6.30pm.

Castletop (Mrs Mackworth-Praed), Burley, Nr Ringwood. May 11, 2-6pm.

Chantry (Admiral Sir Geoffrey & Lady Norman), 100 Acres, Nr Fareham. May 18, 2-7pm.

Northrepps Cottage (Mrs Richardson), East Boldre, Nr Lyngington. May 24, 2-6pm; 26, 10am-6pm.

Hurst Mill (Mr & Mrs Willoughby Norman), Nr Petersfield. Sun, & May 5, 26, 2-6pm. Also by appointment.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Benington Lordship (Mr & Mrs C. H. A. Bott), Benington, Nr Stevenage. Wed, Sun, 2-5pm.

Hipkins (Mr Stuart Douglas Hamilton), Baas Lane, Broxbourne. May 25, 2.30-6pm.

KENT

Bali-Hai (Mr & Mrs L. O. Miles), Walderslade, Nr Chatham. Sun, 2-6pm. Also by appointment.

Croachi's (Mr & Mrs John A. Deed), Ide Hill, Nr Sevenoaks. May 18, 2-7pm.

Doddington Place (Mr John Oldfield), Doddington, Nr Sittingbourne. May 18, 2-6.30pm.

Hole Park (Mr D. G. W. Barham), Rolvendon. May 4, 18, 28, 2-6pm.

Laddingford House (Mr & Mrs A. V. D. Cochrane), Laddingford, Nr Maidstone. May 22, 11am-4pm.

Rock Farm (Mr & Mrs P. A. Corfe), Nettlestead, Nr Maidstone. May 17, 24, 26, 28, 31, 11am-5pm.

Oxon Hoath (Mr & Mrs Henry Bayne-Powell), Nr Hadlow. May 25, 2-7pm.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Long Close (Mrs George Johnson), Woodhouse

Eaves, Nr Loughborough. May 25, 2-7pm.

Sedgemere (Mr G. H. Ratcliffe), Market Bosworth, Nr Nuneaton. May 11, 2.30-7.30pm.

LONDON

Canford (Mr & Mrs J. W. Rees), 13 Daleham Gardens, Swiss Cottage, NW3. May 4, 2-7pm.

17 Park Place Villas (Mr H. C. Seigal), Little Venice, W2. May 11, 2-6.30pm.

Highwood Ash (Mr & Mrs Roy Gluckstein), Highwood Hill, Mill Hill, NW7. May 25, 1.30-6pm.

NORFOLK

Elham House Gardens (Mr R. S. Don), Elham, Nr East Dereham. May 18, 2-6pm.

Wicken House (Lord & Lady Keith), Castle Acre, Nr Swaffham. May 26, 2-5pm.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Badby Gardens: Barehill Farm (Mr & Mrs W. G. Jones); **Church Hill** (Mr & Mrs C. M. Cripps); **Church Hill Farm** (Maj & Mrs J. B. Jenkins); **Home Farm** (Mrs G. Jones); **Nr Daventry**. May 18-19, 2-7pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Morton Hall (Lady Mason), Ranby, Nr Retford. May 26, 2-6pm.

Skepton Cottage (Mr & Mrs J. S. Taylor), Screveton, Nr Newark. May 11, 2-6pm.

OXFORDSHIRE

Troy (Mr & Mrs T. Ruck Keene), Ewelme, Nr Wallingford. May 4, 5, 2-7pm.

Westwell Manor (Mr & Mrs T. H. Gibson), Nr Burford. May 11, 2-7pm.

SHROPSHIRE

Chyknell (Mr W. S. R. Kenyon-Slaney), Nr Bridgnorth. May 1, 2-6pm.

Gateacre Park (Sir Edward & Lady Thompson), Six Ashes, Nr Bridgnorth. May 11, 18, 2-6pm.

Upper Shelderton House (Mr & Mrs G. Rollason), Clungunford, Nr Craven Arms. May 25, 2-7pm.

SOMERSET

Crowe Hall (Mr John Barratt), Widcombe, Nr Bath. May 4, 2-6pm.

Greencoomb (Miss Joan Loraine), Nr Porlock. May 11, 2-7pm.

Stowell Hill (Lady McCreery), Templecombe, Nr Sherborne. May 10, 24, 11am-7pm; May 11, 25, 2-7pm.

STAFFORDSHIRE

The Field (Mr & Mrs R. Martin), The Wergs, Nr Wolverhampton. May 18, 2-7pm.

Little Onn Hall (Mr & Mrs I. H. Kidson), Church Eaton, Nr Stafford. May 25, 2-6pm.

SUFFOLK

Magnolia House (Mr Mark Rumary), Yoxford, Nr Saxmundham. May 25, 26, 2-6pm.

Venns (Mr Evan Selwyn-Smith), Middlewood Green, Nr Stowmarket. May 25, 2-7pm. Also by appointment.

SURREY

Abinger Mill (Mr & Mrs Donald Austen), Abinger Hammer, Nr Dorking. May 31, 2-5.30pm. Also by appointment.

Feathercombe (Mrs Wieler & Miss Parker), Hambledon, Nr Godalming. Sun, & May 5, 26, 2-6pm.

Gorse Hill Manor (Mrs E. Barbour Paton), Gorse Hill Road, Nr Virginia Water. May 5, 26, 2-5.30pm. Also by appointment for parties.

Pinewood House (Mr Jack Van Zwanenberg), Worpleston Hill, Nr Woking. May 4, 11, 18, 25, 2-6pm. Also by appointment.

Postford House (Mrs R. Lither-Jones), Chilworth, Nr Guildford. May 18, 28, 2-6pm.

SUSSEX

Heaslands (Mrs Ernest G. Kleinwort), Haywards Heath. May 11, 14, 18, 21, 25, 28, 2-6.30pm.

Offham House (Mr & Mrs H. S. Taylor; Mr & Mrs H. N. A. Goodman), Offham, Nr Lewes. May 4, 2-6pm.

South Lodge (Miss E. Godman), Lower Beeding, Nr Horsham. May 4, 14, 24, 25, 2-5pm.

WARWICKSHIRE & PART OF W

MIDLANDS

Dorsington Gardens: The Old Manor (Mr & Mrs J. Mills); **The Moat House** (Mrs J. Saville); **The Old Rectory** (Mrs M. Wilson); **Knowle Thatch** (Mr & Mrs John Turner); **Windrush** (Mr & Mrs I. Munro); **White Gates** (Mr & Mrs I. Turner); **Nr Stratford-upon-Avon**. May 25, 2-6pm.

WILTSHIRE

Baynton House (Mr & Mrs A. J. Macdonald-Buchanan), Coulston, Nr Westbury. May 4, 2.30-6pm.

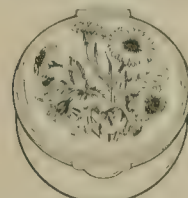
Broadleas (Lady Anne Cowdray), Nr Devizes. May 11, 2-6pm.

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Disconnecting Britain from socialism

A year ago the British people voted for a change of government. Their vote brought the Conservatives back into office and Mrs Margaret Thatcher into 10, Downing Street, pledged to restore the health of the nation's economic and social life: by controlling inflation, by restoring incentives, by striking a fair balance between trade union rights and duties, by upholding Parliament and the rule of law, by supporting family life, and by strengthening Britain's defences. After a year in office the Conservative Government clearly retains a firm control of Parliament, and the Prime Minister a firm control of her party, though the evidence of the Southend East by-election and the indication of recent opinion polls is that both have lost some of their support in the nation. The Government will argue that this is because it has had to take some firm but unpopular measures to start putting things right, particularly with the economy, and certainly it is too early to judge the outcome of many of the policies it has introduced. Nonetheless a new course has been set, and it is fair to draw some preliminary conclusions from it, and from the comments made by the Prime Minister in the interview which we publish in this issue.

Mrs Thatcher said that her Government has, during this first year, been engaged in disconnecting Britain from socialism, and from socialist attitudes. There can be little doubt that most of the people who voted her into office wanted this to happen. One of the main achievements of this Government in its first year, Mrs Thatcher believes, has been to secure a change in attitudes. People were no longer instinctively turning to the Government, but were trying to resolve their own problems. Certainly the strike in the steel industry can be fairly cited as an example of this process in operation. The Government has survived its first winter without

major disaster.

In economic terms, however, as Sir Geoffrey Howe's second Budget demonstrated only too clearly, there is still far to go. Inflation and unemployment have been persistently rising, and are both on the Prime Minister's list of things that are going to get worse before they get better. Inflation, now running at around 20 per cent, will probably start to fall in July, when last year's Budget increases in VAT will have worked through, but recent price increases are producing the predictable push on wages, and economists are not agreed about whether the expected down-turn in the rate of inflation will continue into the autumn, or whether some more drastic action will be called for to curb a further inflationary spiral. The struggle to control inflation thus remains the Government's primary domestic objective at the beginning of its second year, as it was at the beginning of the first.

Meanwhile the Government has made a start on its commitment to balance the rights and duties of the trade union movement by introducing limitations on secondary picketing, by proposing to reduce supplementary benefits for those on strike on the assumption that they will be receiving some income from union funds, and by making provision for postal ballots.

Overseas the Government has achieved a substantial success in ending the war in Rhodesia and in bringing majority rule and independence to the territory now known as Zimbabwe. Obviously there were risks, given Mr Mugabe's Marxist beliefs and his former dependence on the military aid of Communist countries in support of his guerrilla war, but the Government's determination, which stemmed from Mrs Thatcher's meeting with the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in Lusaka last year,

finally resolved an issue that confounded previous British governments for 15 years.

In some other foreign fields the Government has been less successful. A more positive initial response to the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan would probably have done little to alter the situation there, but it might have secured a more favourable response from the British athletes who have now been asked not to go to Moscow to take part in the Olympic Games. The Prime Minister's reasons for asking them are justifiable, but one sympathizes with those athletes who feel that they are being used to express diplomatic disapproval which has otherwise gone by default. In Europe the Government has taken a strong stand against the level of its contributions to the EEC. It has had a sympathetic response from some of its partners, but the sympathy has been too limited in practical terms to satisfy the British Government. Negotiations are continuing, and it must be hoped that a satisfactory compromise will be reached very soon, before serious damage is done to the structure of the Community. There can be no doubt that the British Government has a strong case, and one which it rightly feels strongly about, but it could perhaps have been more diplomatically handled.

The Prime Minister has listed three priorities for the second year of her Administration. They are first, getting the inflation rate down; second, improving incentives; and third, encouraging people to be more independent. Few will quarrel with these objectives, though they may in the end involve much deeper changes than is generally realized. In difficult times the Government has made a good start in the right direction, but if it is not to be blown off course it will have first to convince people that its economic strategy is not only right, but workable.

The commitment to Gibraltar

The restoration of direct communications between Gibraltar and Spain, announced on April 10, will come as a welcome relief to the inhabitants of the Rock, who have effectively been living in a state of siege since General Franco closed the border 11 years ago. The purpose of sealing the frontier was presumably to try to persuade Britain, and the Gibraltarians, to hand the territory to Spain, which claims sovereignty over it. But as has been demonstrated on many occasions in history the pressure of a siege tends more to harden resistance than weaken it, and the Gibraltarians have not only shown no signs of wanting to link themselves politically with Spain but seem recently to have become more determined to resist it. Successive referendums on the subject have conclusively demonstrated this, as did the February general election in

Gibraltar at which Sir Joshua Hassan was returned to office as Chief Minister for the third time, and in his article in this issue Alex Faulkner reports on the strength of feeling he found on a recent visit. Mr Faulkner wrote his article before Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, held his talks with Señor Marcelino Oreja, the Spanish Foreign Minister, at which the reopening of the frontier was agreed, but it remains clear that this action will not instantly change the fundamental view of most Gibraltarians. They have had to put up with too many hardships at the hands of the Spanish government.

In any case the border has not yet been reopened. The British and Spanish governments have issued a declaration of intent, and representatives of both governments have now to

work out a timetable. And though both agree that they wish now to resolve the problem in a spirit of friendship and in accordance with United Nations resolutions on the question, there can be no doubt that the fundamental difficulty remains. The wording of the joint statement makes clear that the Spanish government maintains its determination to include Gibraltar as part of its territory. The British Government, on the other hand, maintains its commitment to honour the freely and democratically expressed wishes of the people of Gibraltar. In blunter words, Gibraltar will not be handed to Spain unless the Gibraltarians want it to be. The formidable task of persuading the people of the Rock that this would be beneficial rests with the Spanish government and the Spanish people.

Monday, March 10

The Clegg Comparability Commission recommended pay increases to ancillary staff in the National Health Service averaging 15.4 per cent. They had demanded a 55 per cent increase.

A British soldier with the Rhine Army in Osnabrück, West Germany, was wounded by gunmen who fired at him as he jogged in his barracks. It was the third attack on British soldiers in Germany in four weeks. The Provisional IRA claimed responsibility.

Yitzhak Shamir was officially appointed Foreign Minister of Israel.

The election in Spain's three Basque provinces on March 9 resulted in an overwhelming victory for the nationalist parties who won 42 of the 60 seats in the new autonomous regional assembly. Spain's ruling party, the Union of the Democratic Centre, won only six seats.

Tuesday, March 11

The United Nations Commission left Teheran after failing to see the 50 American hostages held at the United States embassy. The UN Secretary-General, Kurt Waldheim, later announced that the Commission would not publish its report until the hostages had been released.

Robert Mugabe was formally appointed Prime Minister of Zimbabwe by Lord Soames, Governor of Southern Rhodesia. The 23-member Cabinet included Joshua Nkomo as Minister for Home Affairs.

Israel announced it would take 1,100 acres of mainly Arab land for a new Jewish housing estate on the northern outskirts of Jerusalem despite a UN Security Council resolution condemning the establishment of Jewish settlements in the occupied territories.

The body of the German industrialist Thomas Niedermayer, who was kidnapped in December, 1973, was found at Dunmurry, near Belfast, 1½ miles from his home.

Michael Somare, Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea, resigned after a vote of no-confidence.

Wednesday, March 12

Civil Servants and servicemen were told by the British Government that they would not be granted special leave to compete in the Olympic Games in Moscow.

Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, arrived in Bucharest, Rumania, for two days of talks with President Ceausescu and Foreign Minister Stefan Andrei. Although Afghanistan was not mentioned by name a joint statement issued at the end of the visit condemned the Soviet Union's recent military intervention and called on Russia to negotiate a solution.

Thursday, March 13

Edward Taylor, former junior Conservative Minister, held Southend East for the Conservatives with a majority reduced from 11,000 to 430 votes. The by-election result represented a 12.9 swing to Labour.

The House of Lords rejected by 216 votes to 112 the clause in the Government's Education (No 2) Bill which would have allowed local authorities to charge for school transport. On March 18 the Government abandoned its proposals, saying that local authorities would have to find other ways of cutting expenditure.

Papworth Hospital, Cambridge-shire, was given £300,000 by a businessman, David Robinson, to help secure the future of its heart transplant programme. The Department of Health also allocated £100,000 to the hospital for its work. On March 17 another businessman, John James, donated £300,000 to Harefield Hospital in Middlesex so that its heart transplant operations could continue.

Friday, March 14

All 87 people on board a Polish airliner, including a United States boxing team, were killed when the aircraft crashed as it approached Warsaw airport after a flight from New York.

The annual rate of inflation in the UK increased to 19.1 per cent—the highest level for four years.

President Carter of the United States announced more anti-inflation measures designed to balance America's Budget by 1981. These included cuts in public spending except defence, a new tax on oil imports and stricter credit controls.

Saturday, March 15

A soldier from the King's Own Royal Borderers was shot dead in Crossmaglen, South Armagh, by IRA gunmen who ambushed a four-man army foot patrol.

Gerald Ford, former President of the United States, announced he would not stand as a candidate for the US presidency.



England's rugby team, led by Bill Beaumont, won the Calcutta Cup at Murrayfield when they beat Scotland by 30 points to 18. England thus also won the championship, the triple crown and the grand slam for the first time since 1957.

Wolverhampton Wanderers won the Football League Cup final when they beat Nottingham Forest by one goal to nil.

Sunday, March 16

Alan Minter, of Britain, won the World middleweight boxing title in Las Vegas when he defeated the holder, Vito Antuofermo of the United States, on points.

Monday, March 17

A government motion calling for a British boycott of the Moscow Olympic Games was supported by 315 votes to 147 on a free vote in the House of Commons.

The Uruguayan ambassador to Colombia, one of the diplomats held hostage in the Dominican embassy in Bogota by terrorists, escaped.

Tuesday, March 18

Nine women died and three others were injured in a fire which destroyed a hostel for homeless and destitute women in Kilburn, North London.

Wednesday, March 19

Plans to build a Channel Tunnel at a cost of £540 million were announced by four European engineering companies. The Transport Minister, Norman Fowler, said that no British public money would be invested in it, though the Government might approve the project.

John Corrie MP withdrew his Abortion (Amendment) Bill from Parliament.

Italy's Prime Minister Francesco Cossiga submitted the resignation of his government to President Pertini after his coalition had failed to gain a majority in Parliament. On March 24 he accepted the President's request to form a new government.

Thursday, March 20

Martial law in Southern Rhodesia was

officially lifted by the Governor Lord Soames. He also approved an ordinance conferring a free pardon for all politically motivated offences.

The body of a territorial army member of the Special Air Service Regiment was discovered on the Brecon Beacons where he had been on exercises with 40 other soldiers. He was reported missing on March 19 in blizzard conditions.

Radio Caroline, the pirate radio station which began broadcasting in 1964 from the ship *Mi Amigo*, sank 3 miles off the Essex coast in heavy seas. Its crew of four were rescued.

Friday, March 21

Annabel Schild, 15, was released unharmed by Sardinian bandits who had held her captive for seven months. Her release followed an appeal by the Pope on March 16, when he revealed that Mrs Schild had already been released. Nine members of the gang who kidnapped the Schilds were arrested last December and two others were arrested on April 3.

Sunday, March 23

The deposed Shah of Iran left Panama for Egypt, where he was taken to a hospital for the removal of a cancerous spleen.

Francis Pym, Minister for Defence, arrived in Peking, China, for a six-day visit.

Monday, March 24

£4 million worth of silver bullion was stolen by a gang as it was being transported from London to Tilbury docks on the A13 at Barking in Essex.

The Italian consulate in Belgravia, London, was destroyed by an explosion.

The Archbishop of San Salvador, Mgr Oscar Romero, who was nominated in 1979 for the Nobel Peace Prize, was shot dead by four men in a hospital chapel where he was conducting a funeral mass.

Lord Lane was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England to succeed Lord Widgery.

Tuesday, March 25

Robert Runcie was enthroned as Archbishop of Canterbury.

The British Olympic Association voted to send teams to the Olympic Games in Moscow despite the vote in the House of Commons supporting a boycott.

Unemployment in the UK rose for the sixth successive month in March to a total of 1,349,900 (seasonally adjusted), or 5.7 per cent of the work force.

Wednesday, March 26

The Budget, presented to the House of Commons by Sir Geoffrey Howe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, cut public spending by nearly £1,000 million. Changes included an increase in prescription charges to £1 and 10p on the price of a gallon of petrol. Strikers applying for supplementary benefits would in future be assumed to be receiving £12 a week from their union. Small businesses were given incentives by increasing the VAT threshold from £10,000 to £13,500 and by instituting 100 per cent capital allowances for building in derelict areas.

Lord Lever, a former Labour Cabinet Minister, was appointed

chairman of a three-man inquiry into the national steel strike which began on January 2. The other two members were Richard Marsh, chairman of the Iron and Steel Consumers' Council, and William Keys, General Secretary of the Society of Graphical and Allied Trades.

Thursday, March 27

A Norwegian accommodation oil rig, the *Alexander L. Kielland*, in the Ekofisk region of the North Sea, capsized. 123 of the 212 people on board were lost.

Helmut Schmidt, Chancellor of West Germany, arrived in London for talks with Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister.

Friday, March 28

Two explosive devices were planted at Conservative Party headquarters in Wales. One fire bomb exploded at Shotton, north Wales, but no one was hurt and the other was discovered in a Cardiff suburb and was defused. On March 30 25 people were held by police for questioning in connexion with these incidents and with arson attacks on holiday homes in Wales.

Saturday, March 29

The London Underground was shut down for 24 hours when railway employees protested at growing violence.

The United States and Turkey signed a defence and economic co-operation agreement to allow the US continued use of Turkish bases.



Ben Nevis, a 40-to-one outsider ridden by Charlie Fenwick, an amateur American jockey, won the Grand National at Aintree by 20 lengths. Only four of the 30 runners completed the course.

Sunday, March 30

39 people were killed and many injured in San Salvador when shooting broke out in the crowded square outside the Cathedral where a funeral mass was taking place for Archbishop Romero who was assassinated on March 24.

Ronald Marney, Britain's ninth heart transplant patient, died two months after receiving a new heart at Harefield Hospital, Middlesex.

Vietnam's President Ton Duc Thang died aged 91.

Monday, March 31

Jessie Owens the American athlete who won four gold medals in the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games, died in Tucson, Arizona aged 66.

Tuesday, April 1

The national steel strike was called off when steel union leaders voted to accept a 16 per cent pay award recommended by the Lever inquiry. The British Steel Corporation, whose "final" offer had been 14.4 per cent, also agreed to the new pay increase.

Wednesday, April 2

21 policemen and nine others were injured during riots between police and about 200 youths in Bristol.

Friday, April 4

The USSR ratified a treaty with Afghanistan authorizing the presence of occupying Soviet troops.

Saturday, April 5

Oxford beat Cambridge by a canvas in the university boat race.

Sunday, April 6

More than 8,000 Cubans seeking political asylum crowded into the Peruvian embassy in Havana.

Monday, April 7

The United States broke off diplomatic relations with Iran after Ayatollah Khomeini announced that the 50 American hostages held in their embassy in Teheran would be kept in the custody of the students. President Carter announced that all diplomats should leave the US by midnight on April 8, Iranian visas were withdrawn and a trade embargo imposed.

President Sadat of Egypt arrived in Washington for talks with President Carter on the Middle East peace settlement.

Tuesday, April 8

British Leyland imposed its new pay offer of between 5 and 10 per cent and new working conditions on all its employees despite the fact that none of BL's 11 unions had agreed to them. An unofficial strike by 6,000 men in the Midlands received official backing from the Transport and General Workers' Union on April 11 and the number on strike rose to 12,000.

Lord Kagan, founder of the Gannex raincoat empire, was arrested in Paris 17 months after he fled from England. He was wanted on charges of theft, falsifying accounts and evasion of currency regulations.

Wednesday, April 9

A member of the Royal Ulster Constabulary was shot dead in West Belfast by Provisional IRA gunmen and another officer was seriously injured. On April 11 a police reservist was shot dead in Belfast by the IRA.

Belgium's Prime Minister, Wilfried Martens, resigned from office following a revolt by members of the Flemish Christian Democrat Party over moves to give the country's different language communities increasing self-government.

A Soviet Soyuz 35 spacecraft was launched into orbit with two cosmonauts on board. They linked up with the Salyut 6 orbiting space station on the following day.

Thursday, April 10

Britain and Spain agreed in principle to re-open the frontier between Spain and Gibraltar which had been closed by Spain in 1969.

Friday, April 11

A Libyan journalist working in Britain was shot dead as he left the Central Mosque in Regent's Park, London. Two Arabs were arrested as they ran away from the Mosque, and two more held later.

Rev Canaan Banana, a Methodist minister, was appointed President-elect of Zimbabwe.

Saturday, April 12

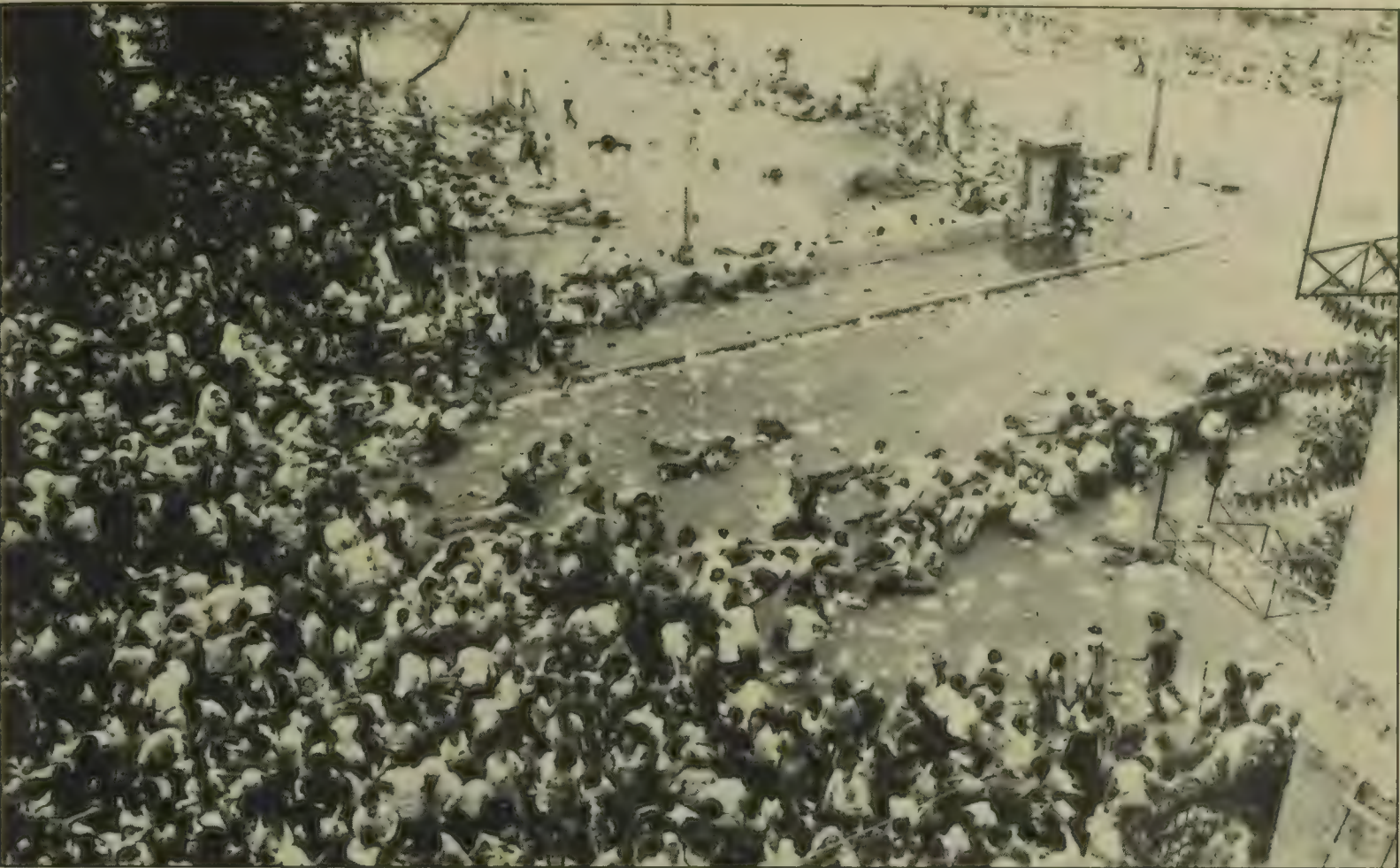
President William Tolbert of Liberia was assassinated in Monrovia during a coup led by a group of non-commissioned officers calling themselves the People's Redemption Council.

The US Olympic Committee voted to boycott the Moscow Olympics.

Sunday, April 13

A British soldier was charged with unlawful killing after a woman was shot dead at the border checkpoint at Lifford Bridge in Northern Ireland on April 12.

Severiano Ballesteros of Spain won the United States Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Georgia, by four strokes.



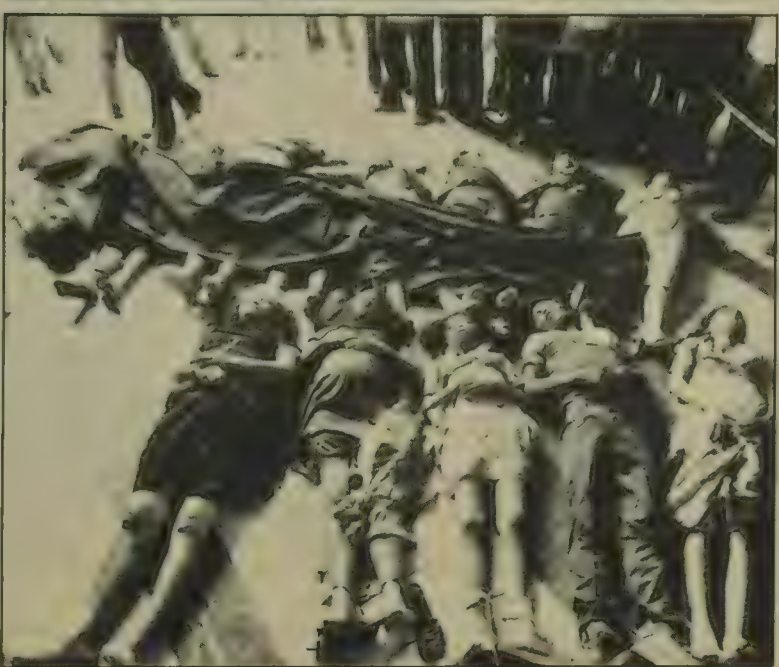
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GAMMA FRANK SPOONER

Palm Sunday massacre; Shooting and explosions broke out in the crowded square in front of the cathedral in San Salvador during the funeral Mass for Archbishop Romero, who had been assassinated at his altar on March 24. During the ensuing panic 39 people were killed and many injured, most of the casualties being caused by suffocation and crush injuries, though some also died with bullet wounds. Thousands of mourners carrying palms, symbols of mourning, and pictures of the dead Archbishop were joined by groups of left-wing revolutionaries opposed to the ruling junta. Violence broke out between these groups and soldiers of the National Guard stationed around the cathedral square.



Oil rig disaster in the North Sea: 123 men were killed when a Norwegian accommodation rig for men drilling for oil in the Ekofisk region of the North Sea overturned in a gale. Top, all that can be seen of the sunken rig, the *Alexander L. Kielland*, are the "feet" of four of its legs; the fifth leg, above, broke off in the gale and caused the capsizing. An international rescue operation saved 89 men who told stories of panic and horror as their workmates died. There is to be a major inquiry and safety checks are being carried out on all other rigs.



Young blacks riot in Bristol: A police raid on a club frequented by young blacks in the St Paul's district of Bristol sparked off a riot in which 19 policemen were injured, shops were looted, and police cars, a post office and this branch of Lloyds Bank were set on fire. The police were forced to withdraw from the area for several hours. Long-standing friction between police and the youngsters, rather than race, was said to be the root cause.



Palestinian attack in Israel: A kibbutz worker surveys the bullet-ridden children's dormitory of Misga Am kibbutz in northern Galilee after a fierce raid by Israeli commando forces on Palestinian guerrillas holding five children and one adult hostage there. The five guerrillas had occupied the dormitory after an initial exchange of gunfire with kibbutz guards; a two-and-a-half-year-old boy and the kibbutz secretary were killed. The guerrillas' demands included the release of 50 named Palestinian prisoners. The siege lasted for several hours, after which Israeli forces stormed the building killing all the guerrillas; one Israeli soldier died.



Resistance in Afghanistan: Guerrilla activity against Soviet troops has continued in Afghanistan. Our pictures show a Russian reconnaissance jeep which had been captured by Muslim rebels; the driver was killed in the ambush. Western sources estimate that about 80,000 Soviet troops are in the country. On April 4 the USSR ratified a treaty with Afghanistan which authorized the presence of Soviet troops and gave a legal basis for the occupation. No term was set for the presence nor were numbers of occupying forces mentioned.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



New Primate enthroned: Robert Runcie, former Bishop of St Albans, was enthroned as 102nd Archbishop of Canterbury in the glittering traditional ceremony in Canterbury Cathedral on March 25. In his first speech as Archbishop he pondered on the nature of authority and emphasized the need to build a warmer understanding between Christians and non-Christians. Prayers for the murdered Archbishop Romero of San Salvador were included in the service.



CAVERA PRESS

Royal birthday: Lord Frederick Windsor, who is 16th in succession to the throne, celebrated his first birthday on April 6 with his parents, Prince and Princess Michael of Kent. His full name is Frederick Michael George David Louis.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

London Transport Museum opens: The collection of historic buses, trams and locomotives which was formerly on show at Syon Park can now be seen in the 19th-century former Flower Market, Covent Garden. This has been restored at a cost of £1 million to house the museum, which was opened by Princess Anne.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Passing out parade: Prince Andrew has completed his seven months' training as a midshipman at Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. The Queen, as Lord High Admiral, took the salute at the passing out parade, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince will next take an air-crew survival course before starting elementary flying training at RAF Leeming. Left, the solemnity of the ceremonial parade over, the Prince planted a commemorative oak, though not this tiny sapling which he was first handed as a joke.



ASSOCIATED PRESS



Anniversary service: The Queen attended a thanksgiving service marking the 250th anniversary of the consecration of St Paul's Church in Deptford High Street. The church, in Roman Baroque style, was designed by Thomas Archer.

Heat struck: The Prince of Wales, left, suffered from heat exhaustion after playing in the first of the World Cup polo matches—during which he scored—in West Palm Beach, Florida. He was kept overnight in hospital for observation, but discharged the next day to take a short holiday in the Bahamas.

Abdication in The Netherlands: The abdication of Queen Juliana of The Netherlands on April 30, her 71st birthday, brings to an end a long and popular reign. Queen Juliana, who acceded to the throne in September, 1948, announced her intention to abdicate in favour of her daughter, Crown Princess Beatrix, in a three-minute speech on Dutch television three months ago. She said, "To everyone who grows old, sooner or later the sober fact of declining energies appears, which no longer makes it possible to fulfil one's task... the moment is approaching when I must lay down my task as your Queen." Queen Juliana also expressed her hope that she and her husband, Prince Bernhard, would "perform a useful role for our people in the future". The accession of 42-year-old Princess Beatrix to the throne will bring Holland a stage closer to the return of a king as monarch, as the heir-apparent will be her eldest son, Prince Willem-Alexander, aged 13. This would bring a male to the throne for the first time since 1890.



Queen Juliana of The Netherlands with, top, her husband Prince Bernhard, and centre, her daughter Crown Princess Beatrix; above, the Princess with her German-born husband, Prince Claus.

Top, Crown Princess Beatrix, who succeeds her mother to the throne. Above, members of the Dutch royal family with King Juan Carlos and Queen Sophia of Spain on their recent state visit to The Netherlands; back row, Pieter van Vollenhoven and his wife Princess Margriet, Crown Princess Beatrix and her husband; front row, Prince Bernhard and Queen Juliana with the Spanish king and queen.

The MP as a salaried employee

by Enoch Powell

I was quite alarmed. Looking from across the floor of the House it seemed to me that someone would be seriously injured in the stampede. There was not only a large contingent from the Labour Party making for the Aye lobby, Conservative members, too, appeared to rise in a mass and surge towards the same entrances.

As I watched I recalled that celebrated passage in Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* where he describes Peel's party filing past to vote him down in 1846. "They trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires, those 'gentlemen of England', of whom, but five years ago, the very same building was ringing with his pride of being their leader." Only this time it was to help themselves to additional public money that the Conservative members could not wait to join in voting against the advice of their own front bench.

"That the cost of all travel within the UK on parliamentary business should be reimbursed or qualify for payment of the car mileage allowance." Carried: 151 (29 Conservative) to 129.

"That £675 per annum be provided for pensions for Members' secretaries and research assistants." Carried: 177 (48 Conservative) to 115.

"That the grant payable to Members who lose their seats be increased to amounts rising to a full year's parliamentary salary." Carried: 166 (39 Conservative) to 131.

In every case the vote was given against the advice of the Government. It was given at a time when the Conservative Party was calling for a tough Budget. It was given by Members who were anxious to advocate astringent measures on social security.

The phenomenon is one that calls for explanation as well as cynicism.

All three resolutions that Conservative votes forced through have this in common: they impliedly treat the status of an MP as that of a salaried employee. When the Member for John o' Groats thinks fit to make a personal inspection of circumstances at Land's End—or vice versa—the better to debate, or perhaps merely to vote on, a matter depending in Parliament, such, for example, as coast erosion, oil pollution or the mackerel fishery, he considers that he is "about his Father's business" and that his employer (the state) ought to meet his travelling costs in going from one extremity of the realm to another. As a senior executive (of the state) he expects that if his employer dispenses with his services he will receive an adequate "golden handshake". However, since he looks forward to a lifetime career "in the

service", so should his office people—his secretary and his research assistant—and so, as long as he must, grudgingly, pay them himself instead of their being directly paid (as is also proposed) by the state, he is surely entitled to have his allowance on that account increased by whatever is necessary to offer them a pension at the end. (Just think of it: a pensionable research assistant!)

But that is not the only common implication of these three resolutions. Though aspiring to be treated financially as employees, Members of Parliament are not yet prepared to accept the logical consequence, that they must do neither more nor less nor other than their employer tells them. They do not even have to produce vouchers or receipts, nor provide evidence that they employ their secretaries etc, or that their cross-country journeys are made "wholly, exclusively and necessarily" upon parliamentary duty. That deduction will surely be drawn one day. Meanwhile, if not independent like gentlemen, they insist on being paid solely "upon the honour of a gentleman". In other words, these are unchecked perks, with all the inseparable temptations and suspicions.

(N.B. I am aware that, if a Member claims against his parliamentary salary the excess of expenses *over and above* those reimbursed, the Inland Revenue can demand evidence of the reimbursed items; but the operative word there is "can").

The term gentleman, with its echoes, leads to the heart of the matter. The essence of gentlemen as constituting the membership of an assembly is financial independence—independence, that is, so far as membership of that assembly is concerned. That independence, albeit reduced, is not destroyed by receipt of an honorarium—though the larger the honorarium, the greater the reduction—provided always that the honorarium is in no way related to services performed, and that whatever expenses the recipient thinks fit to incur, he does so at his own discretion and his own cost. True a gentleman thus defined will still be vulnerable to the leverage of ambition and of vanity; but he will not be a paid servant, nor analogous to a paid servant, nor will he be what old Cobbett used to call a "tax-eater": he will be able to look his electors and his fellows in the face.

Such was the assembly by which, for good or ill, England in its greatest days used to be represented. Such was the assembly which installed Peel and dismissed him. Such is not the assembly which England is like to have in the future if things go on as they are going.

Enoch Powell is Official Ulster Unionist MP for Down, South.

Mr Carter learns some lessons

by Patrick Brogan

The first thing that is obvious about Jimmy Carter, three years into his first term, is that he has aged greatly. The second is that he has run out of ideas and the third is that his house of cards is showing terrible signs of instability again. He looks older, much older, because the presidency is a gruelling job and because he overworks.

He has retreated into his bunker, like Richard Nixon before him, and closed the doors. The seizure of the American Embassy in Teheran was a marvellous excuse for him to do what he had already shown he wanted, to give up press conferences, campaigning, public meetings and addresses to the nation. He stays at home, trying to cope, as he promised, the best he can. He worked hard on his budget and submitted it at the end of January. Six weeks later it was time for a new "economic package"—a second budget. He discusses foreign policy and makes a mess of it (helped by the helpless Secretary of State) and waits for the tide to turn.

It is turning against him. His popularity suffered a catastrophic decline last year but picked up again dramatically because of the Iran crisis. He was again trusted and admired. He had a second chance and could have launched a new foreign policy, or a new energy policy, or a new economic policy. The country was ready to face up to its dangers and tighten its belt.

The President made a hash of it. Instead of calling for sacrifice he made meaningless threats against Iran. Then he abandoned threats and sanctions and tried conciliation. Now he has broken diplomatic relations and is trying sanctions again, and uttering vague threats of worse things. When the Russians invaded Afghanistan he called it the worst crisis since the Second World War but he has shown no clear policy on it.

The opinion polls that showed him streets ahead of every rival a few weeks ago now show him neck and neck with Ronald Reagan, and will surely show Mr Reagan ahead of him before very long. Four years ago Mr Carter won first nomination and then election by looking people in the eye, telling them to love him and promising to give them a government as good, loving, compassionate and honest as themselves.

It was not a confidence trick. He really meant it, and a large part of his present unhappiness comes from his discovery that love does not make the world go around. On top of that he has discovered that reforming the administration is beyond him, that the budget cannot be balanced, the tax system reformed or ambassadors appointed solely on merit.

A couple of months after he became President he decided that Henry Kissinger's Salt treaty was inadequate, that what was really needed was massive disarmament, and he notified the Russians that they must scrap half their nuclear arsenal. They turned him down cold, and the treaty he could have got in 1977 had to wait until Waterloo Day, 1979, when it was too late. He no longer had the votes. It may be that the near-complete failure of his world-view is the underlying reason for the gloom that shrouds his presidency and that may well end it. He has found, and it must be very painful, that he was talking total nonsense throughout those long months of seeking the presidency.

He would not be human if he did not blame Washington, Congress, the allies or the generality of mankind for not living up to the expectations, and that makes it doubly difficult. He was sincere when he said that Americans were kind, loving, unselfish and all the rest, and it is a very nasty shock when he discovers that they are not—like his shock at discovering that the Russians can behave with complete ruthlessness when they wish.

The promises he broke are less important. He promised to hold two press conferences a month, he promised to appoint only "superbly qualified" ambassadors not political hacks, he promised to cut the defence budget, he opposed the Panama Canal Treaties and promised that he would never lie to the American people.

All politicians break their promises, under the press of events or because they never intended to keep them. All politicians survive the breaking of their promises with their self-esteem intact. Jimmy Carter has to face the discovery that he got it all wrong, that he is not as good as he thought he was, that his enemies were right when they said that a red-neck from Georgia was not up to the presidency.

His justification for running again is that he has learnt on the job, that he now knows the way to the bathroom, that he will make no more silly promises. It is not very convincing, with inflation approaching 20 per cent, the dervishes dancing on his grave in Teheran and his Secretary of State testifying on Capitol Hill that he cannot understand the President, and that the Ambassador to the United Nations cannot understand him.

Mr Carter's two spectacular failures have been in foreign policy and in domestic economic policy. The first may be the more important: he lost the Salt treaty and has instituted a system of total, mystified confusion in relations with the Soviet Union. It may get us all blown up. On the other hand, his economic failures may give us Ronald Reagan and get us all blown up

Keeping the East-West balance

by Norman Moss

A pattern of symmetry is emerging in East-West relations. The two super-powers are adopting a belligerent stance and their European allies are trying to act as a restraining force, worrying about a new cold war because they are more exposed to its perils and have more to lose.

Most of the western European countries are reluctant to go all the way with President Carter in his counter-measures against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The eastern Europeans worry about the consequences of the invasion—about which they were not consulted in advance—and some officials hint in private that they wish the Russians would be more accommodating to the West. The United States has been disappointed all along at the lack of enthusiasm in western Europe about some of its measures, sometimes angrily so—witness the complaints by the US ambassador to France, Arthur Hartman, in a recent speech about “neutralist nonsense”. The United States is making sacrifices in cutting back trade and it expects its allies to make sacrifices in what it sees as the common cause.

But some of America's European allies disagree with the US Administration over the significance of the Afghanistan events, and they feel that it may be over-reacting, perhaps because it under-reacted in the past to Soviet moves in Africa. They find the Administration's conduct of foreign policy unsteady and are unwilling to trust the soundness of President Carter's leadership. But besides the matter of a different diagnosis of the problem there is also the fact that the medicine recommended tastes nastier to western Europeans than it does to Americans.

France is marching now in the same direction as the United States diplomatically, though it will not march in step. For a while France played its own game over Afghanistan, trying to act as an honest broker with the Russians, but it met with rebuffs from Moscow. So now France, too, is taking a strong line; it has cancelled among other official contacts a planned visit to Paris by Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister. But France is not willing to pay a financial price. It has refused to back America on trade sanctions. The farthest the French will go is to say that they will not fill any shortfalls in Soviet supplies created by an American embargo. France continues to sell Russia many commodities, and Russia is an increasingly profitable customer: Franco-Soviet trade increased by a third last year.

West Germany is going along with most American moves, but there is a difference in the tone of official state-

ments. The Americans issue warnings against the danger of Soviet aggression; the Germans are concerned about a collapse of détente. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt made it clear when he visited Washington that he thinks that a policy of “punishing” the Soviet Union for its invasion of Afghanistan could do more harm than good. West Germany gains from détente are more concrete than those of any other country, and they are of a kind that the ordinary citizen can see and understand, for instance the exchanges between East and West Germany which have been allowed in the past few years. West Germans can and do visit, correspond with and send presents to relatives in East Germany. Elderly East Germans can come to the West when they reach retirement age. Even in Berlin exchanges are easier; figuratively at least there are gaps in the Berlin Wall.

West Germany also does a healthy trade with East Germany, the most prosperous country in the Communist block, as well as with Poland and Russia. For the immediate future West Germany has a stronger stake than any other western country in continuing détente, and is bound to worry about anything that jeopardizes it.

Among the European Nato allies it is Mrs Thatcher who stands the most staunchly behind the United States. This is not because of any great confidence in President Carter's leadership, but because she feels that it is important to take a strong stand against Russia, and Afghanistan is as good a cause as any.

When it comes to trade, the United States is worried that the western Europeans will weaken the effect of its embargo on technology. Even if Cocom, the Nato committee that decides what should and should not be exported to the Communist block, goes along with all the proposed American embargoes on technology, it may not go along with extending the list of embargoed goods to plug gaps that will arise. For an embargo can never be static if it is to be effective; it must be extended and modified from time to time.

West Germany has been on the receiving end of some snubs from the Communist block since Chancellor Schmidt joined the United States in denouncing the invasion of Afghanistan and in adopting some counter-measures at least in principle. A scheduled meeting between him and the East German leader, Erich Honecker, in East Berlin has been postponed by the East Germans, and the Czechoslovak government has cancelled a planned visit to Prague by the West German Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher. West German officials say that these moves were made at the insistence of Mr Brezhnev. Chancellor Schmidt has said that he

thinks contacts with the East should be maintained.

This is the sort of thing that must worry the eastern Europeans as well. They also gain a lot from détente. Part of the gain is simply psychological; as their links with Russia are in the nature of binding chains, any compensating links with other countries are welcomed.

Eastern Europeans value highly the freer exchanges with the West that have been permitted in the past few years. (These occasionally have risks for the government concerned since flight to the West is now easier. Recently, when some Hungarians were leaving on a weekend package trip to Vienna, Hungarian border police searched them in case any were exporting currency illegally and found that one man had packed his engineering diploma and a young married couple were taking some old family photographs. The police decided that these people were planning to stay in the West for longer than a weekend and pulled them off the train.)

The eastern European countries are also involved heavily in trade with the West. Most are in a state of recession; in Poland and Hungary production is stagnant and the people's standard of living may actually be falling. To climb out of this economic hole they need to export, and they need credit from the West, which some of them are getting.

The Press of the Communist countries has echoed the Soviet line on Afghanistan, but even here there are nuances of difference. Analysts of the eastern block Press say that Polish and Hungarian newspapers, unlike the Soviet Press, devote more space to the need to preserve détente and avoid another cold war than to the sins of the western imperialists and the Chinese in Afghanistan. The exception to this is Rumania which, though a member of the Warsaw Pact, has often struck out in an independent direction in foreign policy, and is doing so now. Rumania, unlike the others, did not support the invasion of Afghanistan, and though Rumania did not specifically condemn the occupation, it came pretty close to doing so. When Lord Carrington visited Bucharest in February President Nicolae Ceaucescu joined him in denouncing in a communiqué “policies based on force and the violation of independence”.

There are many signs that the countries of the eastern block are alarmed at the turn of events since the invasion of Afghanistan, and may be using whatever small amount of influence they have in Moscow to counsel restraint. Polish officials have told visitors that they are extremely worried lest their ties with the West be disrupted. Elsewhere, people have expressed fears of being drawn into a conflict over a country of which many

of them have hardly heard. In Hungary a commentator answering viewers' questions on a television programme assured one questioner that there was no possibility that Hungarian soldiers would be sent to fight in Afghanistan; as the questions were selected in advance, the producers evidently decided that this one reflected public concern and needed answering.

Herr Honecker said that everyone must see that war never again breaks out on German soil. The speech was interesting to West German officials for several reasons: it was a rare admission from an East German that there is an entity called Germany, comprising the eastern and western parts; “German soil” was evoked as a focus for emotions; it was partly an attempt to prise West Germany slightly away from the rest of the western alliance; and also, it reflected a high level of anxiety about war.

Central Europeans do become anxious whenever war drums sound, however distant that sound. Their countries have been fought over in wars and have suffered terribly. It is true that a majority of today's citizens of eastern Europe were born after 1945 and have never known war, but folk memories of war are strong, and they are different from ours. They are memories of being fought over, of families lost and homes destroyed in the crush of armies passing through, and of being at the mercy of other countries in their quarrels. The level of international tension is related to every aspect of their national lives. A reduction in defence spending would help their economies. But when the international situation becomes more tense Russia puts pressure on its Warsaw Pact allies to spend more on defence. And it is so in the West, too.

Both sides have an interest in reducing arms, not increasing them, and this goes far beyond economic considerations. The new missiles that Nato is acquiring will be stationed in western Europe, and the Soviet SS-20 missiles they are designed to counter are trained on western Europe. Whenever there is talk of war, however remote, both sides in Europe feel exposed and in the front line.

The symmetry in this diagram does not run too deep. The relationship of the western Europeans to the United States is not the same as that of the eastern Europeans to the Soviet Union. Public opinion in western Europe is free and has power. Western European countries speak and act independently, their membership of Nato is voluntary and they certainly have more influence in Washington than the eastern Europeans have in Moscow. Whatever weight the western and eastern Europeans have, both are pulling slightly away from the heads of their alliances, and towards each other ●

Living up to Rhodes's legacy

by Sir Arthur Bryant

When I was born at the end of Queen Victoria's reign, the now renamed and independent African nation of Zimbabwe, then known as Rhodesia, was the latest jewel in Britain's imperial crown. Covering an area greater in extent than that of France, prewar Germany and the Netherlands put together, and with immense natural resources, it first grew out of the dream of a Hertfordshire vicar's son born in 1853 and who died in his 49th year.

It first took shape in his mind when as a lad of 16, to combat a tendency to consumption, he went to work on a Natal cotton farm and a year later followed his brother to seek his fortune in the diamond diggings at Kimberley. Trekking in an ox-cart 400 miles across the South African high veld, with its fine intoxicating air, clear sunlit skies and starlit nights and its great vacant plains stretching far out into the unknown hinterland to the north, his imagination was fired by the thought of what might be made of an underdeveloped and uninhabited land with a temperate climate, where his countrymen could make homes for themselves and a new civilization for their own betterment and that of the human future.

For at that time our small North Sea island was suffering from the effects of a prodigious population explosion which, following the Industrial Revolution of a century earlier, had resulted in ever more of our people living and breeding in hideous, congested industrial towns in conditions and surroundings very different from those experienced by their forerunners during their thousand years' evolution as a Christian and libertarian nation. Because of this, among the more educated and politically conscious, there was growing up a strong sense of the importance of the Empire and of the part, both moral and physical, it could play in our own and mankind's future. The widespread popular feeling was to find expression in the poetry of Kipling, the historical writings of Froude and Seely, the music of Elgar and the politics of Joseph Chamberlain. "Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set," ran the words that A. C. Benson wrote for Elgar's majestic *Pomp and Circumstance* march; "God who made thee mighty make thee mightier yet."

That sentiment's place in popular ideology has been taken by the Marxist egalitarian creed, to be enforced by a purging and ruthless dictatorship of the proletariat, under which race, class and national sentiment are all to be eradicated for the future good of a proletarian humanity. But it was a very different kind of idealism which young Cecil Rhodes imbibed when he came home to England to take a degree at Oxford in the intervals of earning his

living at the faraway Kimberley diggings. The vision that was to sustain him—and to the realization of which he was to devote all his immense powers of tireless energy and imagination, organization and persuasion, and the vast wealth that he acquired while still in his early 30s—he derived from a Socialist idealist and thinker with little in common with the German emigrant, Karl Marx, then studying and writing in England. "There is a destiny yet possible to us," John Ruskin, the Slade Professor at Oxford, preached in the Sheldonian Theatre to his undergraduate audiences, "the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused... Will you youths of England make your country again a royal throne of kings; a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace; mistress of learning and of the arts, faithful guardian of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiments and licentious desires; and, amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations, worshipped in her strange valour of goodwill towards men? ... This is what England must either do or perish: she must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men; seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on..."

The seed that the Christian Socialist visionary sowed in his lectures did not all fall on stony ground. Among those

who listened to him was the young undergraduate diamond digger from Kimberley. In the earliest draft of his famous will—first made when he had little else to leave but debts, and in which he bequeathed his fortune to a fellowship dedicated to the peaceful expansion of British rule—the youthful Rhodes wrote: "I contend that we are the first race in the world, and that the more of the world we inhabit, the better it is for the human race. I contend that every acre added to our territory means the birth of more of the English race who otherwise would not be brought into existence. Added to this the absorption of the greater portion of the world under one rule would simply mean the end of all wars."

The beneficiaries of Rhodes's will, under all its changing forms, were to devote their lives to the peaceful expansion of British rule throughout the world by encouraging emigration from his overcrowded home country to all those lands where a livelihood was attainable by energy, labour and enterprise; to an end of the 18th-century Anglo-Saxon schism and the reunion of the British Empire and the United States (under the Stars and Stripes if necessary); and the peaceful creation of "so great a power as to render wars impossible". Nor was the commonwealth of Rhodes's vision a chauvinistic empire founded on race exclusiveness or military despotism. Its liberal citizenship was to be open, like the dominion

of ancient Rome, to men and women of all races. And it was to be based on the three historic English ideals of justice, liberty and love of peace. And though, while Rhodes was still alive, the native African peoples inhabiting the vast underdeveloped territory which bore his name were still living a primitive existence with a population circumscribed by periodic tribal war and epidemic, the union of races he envisaged was to ensure ultimately, in his own words, "equal rights for all civilized men, irrespective of race, south of the Zambezi".

Rhodes's vision of an Anglo-Saxon-based world commonwealth has faded like many dreams and only the Rhodes Scholarships now remain to recall it. But the new nation beyond the Matopos, where Rhodes lies buried, has survived. And though it has passed through forms and vicissitudes never envisaged by its founder, and though the British settlers who made their homes there and created a thriving civilization in what was formerly a wilderness have received scant consideration and justice from successive British governments, what has now happened, disastrous as it must seem to them, may prove in the end neither disastrous nor incompatible with Rhodes's ideals. For Rhodes was always, as Lord Rosebery called him, a "practical visionary", who looked to the bow wave, not the stern and sought above all to reconcile and unite. And the new Prime Minister of Zimbabwe—a man who, like Rhodes, educated himself and who like him has been both visionary and man of action—used in the hour of his electoral victory words that might have come from Rhodes himself. "The time for retribution is over. Now is the time for reconciliation, reconstruction and nation-building. Let us set aside our differences once and for all and pull together, and I assure you the prize is great."

I wonder whether the British Governor, who presided so wisely over the election that brought Mr Mugabe to power, recalled an episode in Rhodes's life 84 years ago, when during the Matabele rising 4,000 English settlers in Bulawayo were besieged by 15,000 angry warriors. Armed only with a riding crop and with only a few companions, the founder of Rhodesia took his life in his hands and rode into the Matopos as the only practical way to restore peace to Rhodesia. Night after night he lit his camp fires for his foes to see. At any moment he might have been attacked and destroyed, for the natives had many grievances against the white settlers. But Rhodes's courage won their trust. Gradually they came in and he made a settlement—just, understanding and reasonable. In doing so he won the hearts of a brave primitive people who remembered him long afterwards almost as a god.

100 years ago



The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of English Masons, laid the foundation stone of Truro Cathedral on May 20, 1880, reported in the *ILN* May 29. Designed by J. L. Pearson, the cathedral was completed by his son, Frank.

The battle of inner London education

We suspect that few Londoners are aware that a political battle of considerable ferocity is being fought over the education of the 375,000 school-children in the inner city. That lack of awareness will not last much longer. Stand by for leaflets, posters, petitions, demonstrations and all the other weaponry of community warfare as Conservatives and Labour seek to line up their parties on opposite sides (each coping with more than the usual number of dissidents in their respective ranks) and militant groups of parents also shape up, some to oppose the politicians and some to oppose each other.

The issue is: should the Inner London Education Authority, which for 15 years has been responsible for education in an area covered by 12 inner London boroughs and the City of London, be abolished and its powers transferred to the individual boroughs?

The man who will have to decide whether to seek Parliamentary legislation to do this, and thus to cause a major political controversy, is Mark Carlisle, Secretary of State for Education. As we went to press it was being suggested that he was about to adopt the traditional Whitehall-Westminster response to such a dilemma, namely to set up a committee of inquiry (the unstated aims of such committees, some believe, being to take the heat out of sensitive issues and confuse them still further, so that eventually no one knows whether the decision the Minister takes makes sense or not).

Stirring up the anti-ILEA movement is Kenneth Baker, Conservative MP for Marylebone, who has already chaired one committee set up by Mr Carlisle to look into inner London education. Its report calling for the end of ILEA has been criticized as being superficial. Mr Baker's campaigning approach to publicizing its conclusions

has done little to validate its objectivity. Heading the opposition to Mr Baker, not surprisingly, is the leader of ILEA for the past ten years, Sir Ashley Bramall.

Both sides accept that the arguments centre on three main issues: first, the quality of education which inner London children are receiving; second, the accountability of the education authority to local communities and parents; and third, the cost of and efficiency of the service.

The 48 ILEA members are not directly elected. The GLC appoints 35 and the 12 inner London boroughs and the City appoint one each. Mr Baker says this means ILEA is not directly responsible to any authority or democratically answerable to the people. Sir Ashley replies that all 48 are elected councillors, either for the GLC or their local borough, and that voters know they are electing councillors with responsibility for education. Mr Baker comments: "Local education issues are not put directly to the electorate in the borough elections and they are only indirectly involved in the GLC elections."

He also says there is no financial accountability. "ILEA is the only education authority in the country that determines its own budget, spends what it wants and sends the bill to someone else. That is why the Labour-controlled ILEA increased its spending by 25 per cent this year and the Conservative-controlled GLC increased its rates by only 10 per cent." He compares 1978 costs of £631.8 to educate each pupil in inner London with £577.3 in Brent, the top figure for an outer London borough, and with £421.5 in Birmingham.

Sir Ashley replies: "It is not surprising that our administrative costs are high. We have to pay central London prices for land and inner London



Sir Ashley Bramall, leader of ILEA.

allowances to everyone we employ. We provide the infrastructure for five polytechnics, 12 highly specialized colleges, and 88 schools for the mentally handicapped (serving in this respect the whole south-east of England). We have 5 per cent of the country's population but contribute 20 per cent of its adult education." He argues that the break-up would be far more expensive because 12 administrations would replace one admittedly larger one.

On the question of quality, Mr Baker says the higher costs of inner London schooling are not matched by higher or even equal academic achievement. "The evidence shows that success in public examinations is consistently lower in inner London when compared with the rest of England and Wales." Twenty-five per cent of ILEA pupils left school without graded examination passes, compared with 16 per cent nationally. "In 1977 in ILEA there were 197 passes at O-level per

1,000 children, compared with 357 for the rest of the country."

Sir Ashley calls the figures bogus. They include, he says, "highly selective independent schools" and do not take into account London's special problems. Despite these, he argues, "examination results have remained remarkably stable over the years".

How are parents reacting to this battle of words? In the borough of Wandsworth they are siding with Ashley and ILEA. Last July the Conservative-controlled Wandsworth council asked Mr Carlisle for the right to take over responsibility for education of the borough's children. Parents immediately banded together and are mobilizing a show of opposition which they hope will deter Mr Carlisle. To their surprise their first 15,000 leaflets were snapped up in a few days and their badges "Parents say keep Wandsworth in ILEA" pop up everywhere.

The Wandsworth parents' leader, Mr Robert Molteno, talks of parents' fears of the consequences of ILEA's dissolution—"administrative disruption, lower teaching morale, and discontinuity of policy". If Mr Baker wants more accountability, says Mr Molteno, why not have direct elections for ILEA?

While some other Conservative councils are joining Wandsworth in its appeal to the Minister, and Mr Baker and Sir Ashley are firing missives at each other in the newspapers, the 64-year-old ILEA leader has had to suffer a knife in the back from his own London Labour Party whose annual conference rejected his ILEA Labour Group's report and condemned him for proposing a £20 million cut in spending programmes in the coming year.

Sir Ashley is now under real pressure to justify his knighthood for services to education in London.



JOHN BROWN

Sir Gordon Richards, Knight of the Turf

Twenty-seven summers have passed since Sir Gordon Richards, newly knighted in the Coronation Honours List, rode *Pinza* to win the Derby and achieve his life's ambition at the 28th attempt. That 1953 triumph has remained one of racing's warmest memories, one to be revived on May 12 with the publication of Michael Seth-Smith's affectionate biography of the *Knight of the Turf* (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.50).

Sir Gordon, who rode his first winner in 1921 and was Champion Jockey 26 times before he retired in 1954, is now 76 and still acts as racing manager for both Sir Michael Sobell and Lady Beaverbrook. "It's more of a friendly arrangement than real business," he

says. "I ride out with the horses twice a week with the trainer, Major Dick Hearn, then I chat to the owners on the phone and tell them how they are getting on. Then once a week I talk over the horses with the trainer and the entries for the following week. I only go to racecourses when their horses are running, now, but I still follow racing in the papers and on television."

He is particularly proud of his purchase in 1960 of the Ballmacoll stud in County Meath for Sir Michael, for the 1979 champion *Troy* was subsequently bred there. "Unfortunately I couldn't go to the 200th Derby because I had a problem with my back but it was still a real thrill to watch the horse win on the television and I feel I had a small part in it."

Does he miss riding? "Not really. I had a lot of it... 35 years. I miss the training more. When you're riding you're on six horses a day for six days a week, each for just a few

minutes, and it becomes a bit of a day-after-day thing after a number of years, but I don't think there's anything more satisfying than to work all season developing a horse, getting it to concert pitch, and then taking it to a race-course and seeing it go out and win."

Sir Gordon and his wife Margery live simply in the village of Kintbury near Newbury. His neighbour is Keith Piggott, father of Sir Gordon's successor as racing's idol, and the two men are often seen in friendly battle on the local golf course. He still pursues his hobby of racing pigeons, but he says above all he likes going for long walks "talking to myself."

"The other day I was walking down a lane talking to myself when a young woman came along and caught me unawares and I said to her, 'You caught me talking to myself—they say it's the first sign...', and she said, 'Who better could you be talking to?'"

His evenings are spent in a home full of trophies, paintings and souvenirs of past triumphs, one of the most treasured being an illuminated address from his home town of Oakengates. He likes to chat but talks in brief sentences, his answers to questions going straight to the point with the directness with which he aimed horses at the winning post. For instance: Would he advise people not to bet on horses? "If they back horses with what they can afford and enjoy themselves I see no harm in it."

Does he ever back horses? "I have a little bet now and then... usually get beat."

And will he be at the Derby this year? "If I can get my boots on."

Valuating Question Time

Whitehall hosts to foreign visitors often solve their problem of how to display British democracy at its best by arranging for them to attend Question Time in the House of Commons. There, it is said, they can see Ministers, and twice a week the Prime Minister, submitting themselves to the curiosity of the people, via their Members of Parliament, on all matters within their responsibility.

According to a recent report published by the voluntary organization Social Audit, and written by Charles Medawar, a former associate of American consumer advocate Ralph Nader, the two sides—Ministers and MPs—are unevenly matched. The report lists nine ways whereby a Minister can avoid or evade the more embarrassing of the 35,000 questions asked each year: First, an answer can be deliberately misleading. The report quotes the Rhodesia oil sanctions case when two months after BP had told the Foreign Office that it was supplying oil products to that country a FO Minister told the House in answer to a question:

"Assurances of a substantial character from the highest level have been given to us that no oil from British companies finds its way directly or indirectly to Rhodesia."

Second, an MP may request some action—a review, statement or explanation, for example—and simply have the request denied with the word "No", with no other explanation.

Third, a Minister may duck responsibility for the question—"This is an operational matter which is the responsibility of..."

Fourth, the reply may be so vague as to be meaningless. Asked about the administration of schemes for youth unemployment, a Minister replied: "How we train young people in their last years at school and first years in employment is of great interest to us in the Department."

Fifth, the Minister may delay giving an answer or restrict it to the MP by the reply, "I shall consider the question and write to my Hon Friend."

Sixth, Ministers may give replies which apart from being unhelpful could be seen as snubs: for example Mr Tilley asked the Secretary of State what is meant by "implied undertakings" in paragraph 88 of Cmnd 7750.

Mr Raison: "Undertakings which are not explicit."

Seventh, a Minister may arrange an "inspired" question which enables him to convey information on his own terms. For at least three months afterwards he can then answer more awkward questions on the same subject by saying, "I have nothing to add to the answer I gave on..."

Eighth, Ministers have a range of noncommittal replies which they can use, for example a promise to "study with interest" some piece of evidence, or "to note" a suggestion, or "to act when the circumstances call for it".

Finally, there are answers which amount to a straight denial of information on the grounds that it could be provided "only at disproportionate cost", or that it is "not available" or "not separately recorded", or that it is "classified information".

It is hardly surprising that most MPs interviewed (there were 50, plus officials of the House) for the report were less than enthusiastic about the value of Parliamentary Questions though rating oral questions as the most worthwhile because of the supplementaries they can throw in. For instance, in a recent exchange Mrs Thatcher was asked whether she planned an official visit to Gidea Park. After she replied "No" she was asked: "If the Prime Minister is making a journey to Gidea Park, will she take with her today's *Evening Standard* and read the article that points out that building society mortgage money is in short supply..."

*Social Audit's report on parliamentary questions, obtainable from 9 Portland Street, London W1V 3DG, costs £1.



Community Service Volunteers comes of age

In the week beginning May 5 one of our most worthwhile voluntary organizations, Community Service Volunteers, celebrates its 21st birthday. Its involvement of more than 20,000 young people in that time and their contribution to the wellbeing of others deserves recognition and acclaim.

CSV places volunteers in community service anywhere in the UK for between four and 12 months. In return for their service the young people get board, pocket money and fares. It also runs a Youth Employment Programme deploying around 1,000 young people in full-time work in the social services with official funding. What really distinguishes CSV from other voluntary organizations, however, is that whereas most others take pride in the rigour of their selection procedures, CSV will never reject an offer of service. It has found a role for youngsters in wheelchairs, for the blind and for those in trouble with society, such as Borstal boys or children in care.

CSV also involves Regular Army personnel and police cadets on special release, and recently it has been placing in community work young Civil Servants from Whitehall ministries on six-month sabbaticals to "experience problems at the sharp end".

It has done this kind of work for 21 years without controversy and with the respect of professionals. Alec Dickson, its founder-director, says: "To serve as front-line relief, stepping into the breach when human beings are at risk, calls for no apology. But to be seen to be young and not to belong to the established staff is in fact a tremendous asset when working with delinquents, with youngsters in residential care, with gypsy families, with teenagers of immigrant background. Attached to schools and

A young Community Service Volunteer visits a patient in hospital.

other residential institutions one single full-time volunteer can act as 'animator', involving large numbers of those youngsters in local projects of service. When the relay race approach (getting the furthest, fastest) is applied to social problems, like manning a ward for the handicapped, a saturation of volunteers, each 'giving it the gun' and then handing over to a successor, can create greater intensity of stimulus and care than conventional staffing."

Dickson was a journalist who first came face to face with human need in the 1930s when reporting on refugees from Czechoslovakia. He abandoned his journalism and went to work in refugee relief. After serving with the Cameron Highlanders and then the King's East Africa Rifles during the war, he worked in a variety of developmental capacities in Africa until in 1956-57 he found himself assisting students fleeing Hungary and its invading Russian troops. He was so impressed by the young students from Britain whom he saw working on the Hungarian border that he returned to London determined to set up an overseas volunteer scheme for young people. After two years of resistance from Whitehall he finally obtained the support he needed and so, in 1958, was born Voluntary Service Overseas. A year later he founded CSV.

Dickson, now 65, has been a will of iron behind the growth of CSV. As is the case with many leaders of voluntary organizations, the strength of that will is reflected in an element of autocracy that has led from time to time to personality conflicts. Dickson is not universally liked. Just the same, he is a man of exceptional dedication who has formed and held together for 21 years an organization that has done much good and no harm. If he basks in the praise that may come his way in the next few weeks, few will blame him.



RICHARD COOKE

The Royal Navy's new aircraft carrier, HMS Invincible

The aircraft carrier *Invincible*, the first of a new breed of ships, was handed over to the Royal Navy at Spithead. Huddled on the tiny bridge of the fleet tender, on a bitterly cold early morning and in the discomfort of the tail of an easterly gale, we did our loyal best to observe this historic occasion. As we peered out through the sleet and rain we were finally able to see the great grey mass of HMS *Invincible*'s side taking shape in the distance. A fly-past in her honour had been cancelled because of the weather but there, at least, was the ship herself. After years of inter-service in-fighting, when for politically cosmetic reasons we had to call an aircraft carrier a "through-deck cruiser", after nearly a decade of uncertainty about the future of fixed-wing flying in the Navy, when at times it was dangerous for any officer's career so much as to mention "aircraft carriers" up at the Ministry of Defence, here at last was the Navy's first new aircraft carrier for over a quarter of a century.

As we followed *Invincible* into Portsmouth harbour it all seemed a very long wait. The first of her class of three (two sister ships, *Illustrious* and *Ark Royal*, are now being built on Tyneside), *Invincible* was laid down by Vickers at Barrow-in-Furness in July, 1973, launched by the Queen on May 3, 1977, and carried out her sea trials in April last year. At a short ceremony in the hangar her first commanding officer, Captain Michael Livesay, RN, formally accepted *Invincible* on behalf of the Queen and (so it was rumoured



CENTRAL OFFICE OF INFORMATION

on the lower deck) handed over a postal order for 75p as the final instalment of her cost of £175 million, which included £19 million design costs. Meanwhile, up on the flight deck, the Red Ensign she had worn on the way in was replaced by the White.

To old-timers who served in earlier carriers *Invincible*'s 550-foot-long flight deck looks astonishingly uncluttered: no deck landing mirror, arrestor wires, or catapult tracks—just the short "ski jump" and the twin Sea Dart missile mounting up forward. The ski-jump enormously improves the payload of the Sea Harrier jump-jets and makes taking off much simpler for the pilots, but *Invincible* does not need to head into the wind or work up speed to fly off aircraft. Her nine anti-submarine Sea King helicopters and her five strike/fighter/reconnaissance V/STOL Sea Harriers can take off and land virtually regardless of wind and weather.

As the first of a new breed, *Invincible* faces a long programme of trials, "working up" and discovering snags. The Navy's drafting organization will be fully stretched to find her full complement of 900 officers and men.

She has already gone into dock to have her two propellers—the largest in the Navy—replaced. She is the world's largest warship propelled by gas turbines, four Rolls-Royce Olympus TM3Bs, giving an economical speed of 18 knots and a top speed of 28. With her two funnels and huge bulging radomes, *Invincible* is functional rather than beautiful, and, with her overall length of 678 feet and beam of 63 feet, she looks as big as a Commando carrier such as *Hermes*. But in fact, due to the use of lighter construction materials, she only weighs 16,257 tonnes. Her flight deck is actually as high above sea level as the old *Ark Royal*'s and, with her stabilizers and flared bows, she rides high and dry.

All being well, *Invincible* will be commissioned in July, embark her aircraft in the autumn and become fully operational some time in the summer of 1981. She will join the fleet capable of carrying out a number of duties. She will be fully fitted out with communications equipment as a command and control ship. With her anti-submarine Sea Kings she can lead an anti-submarine warfare Task Group in

HMS *Invincible*, top, and a key to her lay-out:

1 Missile launcher. **2** Sea King. **3** Sea Harrier. **4** Ship's crane. **5** Sea Harrier take-off ramp. **6** Flying control office. **7** Forward aircraft lift. **8** Workshop/hangar area. **9** Junior ratings' accommodation. **10** Life rafts. **11** Reception area. **12** Downtakes, forward engine room. **13** Ship's launch. **14** Aft engine room. **15** Aft aircraft lift. **16** Walkway. **17** Officers' accommodation. **18** Safety nets.

company with the new Broadsword Class Type 22 frigates, to hunt submarines in the North Atlantic, or escort convoys carrying reinforcements and supplies to western Europe. Her Sea Harriers, armed with Sidewinder air-to-air missiles, or Harpoon air-to-surface missiles, give her an air defence and surface strike capability.

As *Invincible* slid past us we were all conscious that we were watching the start of a new era, or perhaps, more accurately, the continuation of the old: the lessons of air power at sea, learnt at such cost in the Second World War, had not been forgotten after all.

MRS THATCHER'S FIRST YEAR



Mrs Thatcher became Prime Minister as a result of the General Election held on May 4 last year. In an exclusive interview with the Editor of *The Illustrated London News* Mrs Thatcher has been reviewing the achievements and disappointments of her first year in office. Many of her decisions, she says, have required an iron nerve, but she is pleased at what has been done to change people's attitudes and to "disconnect Britain from socialism".

Photograph by Richard Cooke.

James Bishop: Prime Minister, we are approaching the end of your Government's first year in office. Reviewing this not uneventful year what would you say were the Government's main achievements?

Prime Minister: I think the first thing is a very big change in attitudes. When we came to power people tended to look to Government to make every decision, to haul them out of every trouble and to solve every problem. That was thoroughly unhealthy. They really should look to their own efforts for their own standard of living, not expect a government to do things for them. They really must look to management and workforce to solve problems within an industry, and not go to Government. We cannot have a system under which Government could fix prices, incomes, dividends, and determine how much money went out of the country by exchange control, and still have a free society.

Now the most interesting thing of all is how quickly (because it is within a year) attitudes have changed. Companies aren't automatically coming along to Government and saying,

"We're in difficulty, you must give us a subsidy." Many members of trade unions are not just coming out on strike when they are called out on strike. Some of them are having ballots, some of them are saying no, we want to stick to our job; we have a duty to support our own families, and that is a loyalty as well. Even the South Wales miners didn't come out to support the steel workers on strike.

There is somehow a realization that there aren't any easy options left for Britain. It's because we were casting all our cares on Government and not solving our problems ourselves, not making our own efforts, not facing the facts of the situation, that we got into the position of decline that we did. So that's one achievement—change of attitudes.

Second, I think people realize that we really have got a long-term policy for the future—long-term, and fundamental to get things right. They know it's not going to be easy, because after all if a family has been living beyond its means for years, and all of a sudden has to live within them, it's not easy and it takes time. But they know it has to be done, and they know they won't

succeed unless it is done. If one changes the analogy, you can perhaps say that a little unpleasant medicine now will save a lot of major surgery later. And that's very important. So people know that we are on to a long-term programme.

Third, it is recognized that we are trying to cut direct taxation, to leave people with more of their own money made from their own efforts. Geoffrey Howe's first Budget was courageous because it really did that, and his second particularly helped small businesses. So we're starting the means of more wealth creation, making it worth while for people to stay here. If they can build themselves up new businesses and be really successful they don't have to go abroad, they can stay and do it here, and provide the income here.

And then the fourth achievement is that we're beginning to try to turn over to a capital-owning democracy. That's very important. We don't want to have people dependent on governments, we want people with more of their own means being more independent of governments. The first stage is council

house sales, so that people can have the pleasure, the joy and the capital of owning their own homes. That's only a start. Eventually we hope that people will be able to save their own capital out of their own income, and we've improved profit-sharing schemes and share option schemes for people who work in industry. But it's all to make people more independent of Government; in other words you're looking not so much to state welfare as to the well-being of the people by their own efforts, the state coming in when people are very unfortunate and need help.

You said recently in a television broadcast, I think on the eve of the Southend by-election, that some things were going to get worse before they got better. I'm wondering what things are going to get worse?

One is inflation. There are still price increases in the pipeline to come through, and there is no way of stopping them. Not all of the oil price increases are through. Not all of last year's wage increases are through. We're going to have problems with the retail price index in the next few months because we had the Budget last year in June, so the increases came through in June, whereas this year it was in March, so the increases are coming through earlier. The March on March figures, year on year, are going to look bad. So the price index will go up, I'm afraid. And electricity and gas prices, and rates increases, are very bad. Moreover we are having to provide for the public sector pay increases awarded by Clegg—and remember we were left that by the last government. That government said, "All right, we'll give you 9 per cent now and then you can take your claim to Clegg," and Clegg has been coming through with increases varying from about 9 to 25 per cent, and those the taxpayer and ratepayer must pick up. Now those things are coming through, and there's nothing I can do to stop them. I do not think there will be a downturn in the rate of inflation until about July.

Unemployment I'm afraid will also rise. There is so much over-manning that we've become thoroughly uncompetitive. Steel is a typical example. We import steel because our steel was pricing itself out of the home market. People think over-manning saves jobs. It doesn't. It means that you lose business and people go elsewhere, whereas if you had kept economical and efficient in running your business the orders would have stayed and you would have kept more steel output here.

So inflation and unemployment really are the difficult ones in the coming months.

There is a suggestion in the Budget that real incomes are going to have to fall.

This depends very much on people themselves. You may average things out and sometimes things may not look as good as you wish. But a lot depends

“If manufacturers, managers and workforces really get stuck in they can earn more by recapturing our own markets.”

on people: if you give them the incentive, the chance; if you have had new enterprise venture schemes; if you say, work hard and you'll keep more of your own money; and, with the kind of market we have here, where we have been importing things we could well produce ourselves, if manufacturers, managers and workforces really get stuck in they can earn more by recapturing our own markets. Now that's up to them. We can give them the incentives. They have got to take advantage of them.

What about investment?

This has been a good year for investment, and there will continue to be investment in some successful industries—in North Sea oil, the pharmaceutical industry, the chemical industry—and in some of the successful small businesses. I think as a whole we shall not get so much investment in the coming year, but that ought not to affect our output, because it's well understood that if we really used all our equipment and machinery to the limit we'd produce a lot more. But steel again is a classic example. They've got all this new equipment and machinery, but they will not use it as efficiently as it should be used.

Is there anything more that the Government wants to do, or could do, to stimulate productivity in British industry?

We're constantly pointing out that there is no more money for more pay unless it's earned by more productivity. It is ironic that this fundamental rule—that if you take more out you've got to put in more effort or more efficiency—is so difficult to explain. If people demand more wages without becoming more efficient there are only two places those extra wages can come from: either by Government printing the money, which is inflation (and which is what has been happening), or by taking it from someone else, because he hasn't got the industrial muscle (which is almost a form of coercion). But you know how we're tackling it. We are saying we're not going to print the money, and that means that those who've got industrial muscle really must not use it to deprive others of reasonable pay for the effort they put in. But it's not governments that pay wages, it's customers.

There's some concern, I think probably strengthened by what the Chancellor said in the Budget, that the revenues from North Sea oil, which are not inexhaustible, will be going into the general

Exchequer funds to support current spending, rather than being used for specific investment, perhaps to find new sources of energy. Isn't there a case for using the money from North Sea oil in this way?

North Sea money should go to building up investments to take the place of North Sea oil when it's gone. Now how do you do that? There are several ways. First, the traditional way for this country would be to build up quite a bit of investment overseas, so that we had income always coming in from overseas. We need it. You'll remember that in pre-war days that was part of the explanation of our standard of living. We need it now first, because we need the income, but second, because a lot of people have invested in Britain and we have to pay interest out, so we must have interest and dividends coming in to cover this. And this is one reason why it was so important to release exchange control, so that companies here could set up subsidiaries overseas, so that people can invest overseas, so that we can earn income. These investments will replace the North Sea oil.

I agree that we have to replace the sources of energy. But after all it is Government or the taxpayer that finances investment in the electricity supply industry. We are building new power stations, and new nuclear power stations, so in a way you can say that money coming into the general Exchequer also goes out for that purpose. Some of the money the taxpayer pays out to the nationalized industries is to cover losses, but some of it is investment. I think you'll find that the financing going out to the nationalized industries next year will be a net £2,200 million.

Will you want to see a stepping-up in the nuclear power programme?

More nuclear power stations are being built, and I'm a great believer in nuclear energy in the longer run—although we still have a problem to solve with nuclear waste. But at the moment our problem is that we've got as much generating capacity as we're going to need within the next few years, and we have got more nuclear power stations coming on stream.

“The worst thing I have had to do is to let interest rates rise.”

Can we look at one of the objectives that was in your party's manifesto for the last election, the objective of supporting family life? Cuts in public spending, the rising cost of mortgages and exceptionally high interest rates seem to be working against that objective—largely because the cuts seem to be hitting services rather than bureaucracy and waste.

The cuts aren't falling nearly heavily enough on bureaucracy and waste, I entirely agree. We are constantly on about this, and it happens both in local

authorities and central government, and central government's record on this in the last year is actually better than the local authorities'. But I think one must never equate family life with more state handouts. The family must look to their parents for their basic standard of living, and what Government has to do is to give families the opportunities to do things they would never be able to do otherwise. One is house purchase—council houses. The other is mortgages, which is also house purchase.

The worst thing I have had to do is to let interest rates rise, and it did affect mortgages. But even so the 15 per cent interest rate on mortgages is still below the current rate of inflation, and houses are going up in value I think faster than the mortgage rate. I am the first to know that it caused very difficult problems. I believe they are temporary. These are among the things we have to do that are temporarily painful, but they are to secure better things in the long run. And the reason why mortgage rates went up was because Government was spending too much. Its spending was not all covered by taxation, so Government had to borrow, and when governments borrow they are competing with building societies and manufacturing industries for money, so there are more people borrowing than saving, and the price goes up. The best thing we can do to help the person on a mortgage is to reduce Government spending and therefore to borrow less and thus relieve the pressure on the pool of savings and to get the interest rate down.

Now you'll be thinking in terms of things like school meals. There is still more than £200 million subsidy on school meals even after the economies. We're still spending more per child on education. We have kept up the spending on the health service, although we are putting up prescription charges. Can I just make a couple of points there? When prescription charges go up to £1 the actual cost of that prescription, which has to be met by the taxpayer, is £2.90. Second, a lot of people don't have to pay prescription charges—elderly folk, children, expectant mothers. In fact the exempt groups amount to 66 per cent of the prescriptions issued.

Can I just say one more thing on the family, where I think we really have helped? I feel very strongly that if a person is not a big income earner but nevertheless does a job which attracts a wage, a wage that is not very large, it's far better for him to work than to say, “I'll go on the dole and draw more money.” First, it's far better to be occupied. Second, you get the respect of your family, because basically you are keeping them. Third, it brings up the children in the right way—to look to parents and not to the state. So we were careful to put up the supplement that goes to the wages of those in work, so if you have a comparatively low wage and are in work you do get this extra. And this year in this Budget we

have put it up by 33½ per cent. This is because even in areas where wages aren't high we would rather people worked, and had the dignity and respect of working and got something extra from the taxpayer. And that is a positive real help to the family.

If I understood you rightly you are expecting inflation to peak at about mid-year. Would you think that interest rates will start to come down at about the same time?

If we're successful in curbing spending, in practice not on paper, I would certainly expect interest rates to be falling. That is our objective. It is still a question of trying to live within one's means, and not spending money before you've got it. If manufacturing industry is still borrowing very heavily then that will keep the rate up. But manufacturing industry should start to liquidate its stocks. The stocks are very high. They'll be selling them off and won't replace, so they will have more of their own cash, and I hope won't have to borrow as much as they've been doing in the past. The steel strike also has caused a lot of people to borrow to get them through; they've had to get stock from wherever they could.

In the manifesto you also spoke of trying to strike a balance between the rights and duties of the trade union movement. Do you think that the current proposed legislation is sufficient to redress that balance?

Not wholly. It's a start, and we recognize that it's a start. There are basically two things in the pipeline now. One is the Employment Bill, and the two very important things on that at the moment are confining picketing to one's place of work and some vital clauses on the closed shop which give individual members of unions far more rights than they have had for a long time against their union if they are wrongfully expelled. We are introducing more clauses to limit blacking. That is one whole area of trade union law.

The second thing is that we are saying to trade unionists if you really care about your members, if you are going to deprive them of their livelihood by calling them out on strike, you must see that they have some income out of union funds. After all, they have paid into trade union funds for years. It's a kind of insurance premium. If you call them out on strike, particularly if you call them out on strike without a ballot, they are entitled to look to you for strike pay during that time. We are going to assume, as you know, that members of unions have some strike pay during that time, and will therefore reduce the supplementary benefits accordingly.

In addition there is provision for postal ballots, so that any union can have a postal ballot on something major, for electing union officers or for a major strike, without it costing the union funds anything, and I hope that will induce members of trade unions to demand a ballot.

MRS THATCHER'S FIRST YEAR

The most critical and dangerous event during your first year in office was clearly the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan, and its intervention there has continued to build up in spite of international condemnation. The Government has supported critical motions in the United Nations and has encouraged a boycott of the Moscow Olympics. Are there no more effective measures that can be taken?

This is extremely difficult. Effective measures have to be taken by all people together. Now, the Soviet Union gets quite a lot from the West, including a lot of its food, even though the Soviet Union was once the granary of the world. It buys massive quantities of wheat from the West. President Carter is not supplying wheat to the Soviet Union in the way he was and we in Europe are not substituting for that wheat. They really ought to be able to grow it themselves. Second, the Soviet Union buys a lot of high technology from the West. It would have enough resources of its own to create this technology if it didn't put so much of its engineering, research and development into armaments. It gets a lot of it from us, and we're trying to stop that. But we have to do it by agreement, because there's no earthly point in us stopping it, or the United States stopping it, if someone else just slips in to supply it.

I think the Soviet Union has been hit quite hard by the fact that their action in Afghanistan has opened the eyes of what are called the non-aligned countries to the real nature of the Soviet Union. The non-aligned countries, of which Afghanistan is one, now know that they are not going to be able to decide their own destiny if the Soviet Union continues to behave like this. They know that only the West is going to have the kind of philosophy and policy in practical terms which would enable them to develop in their own way. That really is a tremendous step forward. I think in some ways it's been a shock to the Russians that the world has reacted in this way. It's difficult still, because their media are so controlled, to bring it home to the Russian people, and that's one of the reasons why we were so keen that the Moscow Olympics should be boycotted, because if they're not the Russians will use the Games wholly for propaganda purposes—"Look", they'll say, "the world came, they came to Moscow to honour Soviet Russia, they agree with our policies." This is the tone of the documents they are putting out

The Government has failed to get the whole-hearted support of athletes in this campaign to boycott the Olympics, mainly it seems because athletes feel that they've rather been put in the front line while the Government itself hasn't taken the diplomatic initiatives that it might have done.

But we were on to it extremely quickly. It was we who got together the motion in the United Nations, and after all

there are people who are not supplying goods now to Soviet Russia, who were previously.

But isn't it one of the most effective ways of expressing disapproval in the international field to take some diplomatic action, maybe by withdrawing ambassadors or by adopting one of the other degrees of diplomatic response?

We haven't withdrawn ambassadors because we want to talk to them about the neutrality of Afghanistan. But we certainly have stopped all high-grade visits, all political visits, those were stopped, and so were high cultural exchanges. We have stopped the preferential credit we were giving to Russia. That might mean we don't get so many orders.

I'm the first person to sympathize with athletes who have been training for a great event, but what I'm saying is that we are all equally responsible for preserving our own freedom, and for having regard to the freedom of others. Russia is a country which is not free, which has gone into another independent country and which is committing atrocities, and to boycott the Olympics is the most powerful way we can get it home to the Russian people. You see whatever we do, otherwise, the Russian people may never know about it, because the news is managed. And it's no earthly good our athletes thinking they can go and make a tremendous protest there, and that it'll be seen on television. It won't. The Russian television won't broadcast live. They'll do selective broadcasts.

The Government finds itself at odds with its partners in Europe over its contribution to the EEC. How is this dispute to be resolved, given the Government's undertaking, in the words of the party's manifesto, to work with allies to protect national interests?

This can best be resolved by trying to bring home to them that, first, we simply cannot afford to go on being the biggest contributor in Europe. This must stop. We are doing it by negotiation. As you know we've said that unless we get an equitable arrangement we shall have to consider withholding the Value Added Tax part of the contribution. Now the contributions are really in two parts; there are levies on imports that don't come from Europe which go to the Community and there are Value Added Tax contributions. The first time Value Added Tax contributions went to Europe was in 1977, but it's not such a fundamental source of income as are the levies, which is why we say we'll withhold the Value Added Tax.

The other way in which we try to get fair and just treatment is by saying there'll be no agreement between the Nine as to what we are going to do on things like farm prices, or mutton—there'll be no agreement at all unless we get fair treatment. So in fact the forward movement of the Community

would come to a stop, and that would be extremely serious. There is no overall budget for the Community this year, and again there won't be one until we've got justice for our cause.

So there are levers to be used. I would be very, very reluctant actually to withhold the VAT, very reluctant indeed, but we might in the end be driven to it. I hope that we shall not.

A few years ago some people described Britain as ungovernable. Does your first year as the country's chief executive incline you to that view?

Very far from it. It really goes back to what I was saying about a change in attitudes. If you go back to the winter before last, when we were having strike after strike after strike in really fundamental services, this was because people had begun to think that they could demand things which would be automatically forthcoming. That was something I had to get away from. If you demand things you've got to satisfy those demands by your own efforts.

I don't think the country is ungovernable. The country is responding to a government which says, "You've got to discipline yourself. You've got to start solving your own problems." And when people try, first they find that they can, and second they feel very much more self-respect. How can I put steel right if the managers and workforce can't, and why should they expect me to? Now it's required an iron nerve to do it, and a great deal of worry, but I am sure we were right to stand absolutely firm during the steel strike, and I'm sure it's very much better that we should have made them get together than just come along to 10 Downing Street and say, "Solve our problems for us".

"It's right for me, and I hope people feel it's right for them..."

In 1973, when you were Secretary of State for Education, you gave an interview to The Illustrated London News during the course of which you were asked whether you wanted to be this country's first woman Prime Minister. You said you didn't, and you added, and I quote, "I think the first woman Prime Minister in this country will have quite a difficult time. I don't wish to be that person, and I don't think there is any chance of it." Well, circumstances obviously have changed. No doubt you are having quite a difficult time, but you seem also to be enjoying the experience. Is that a fair assumption?

I remember saying that, but I had no idea that things would move as fast as they did. But the great thing in life when an opportunity comes is to seize it, because if you don't it will never come again. So when the opportunity opened up, I just put my name in. I didn't know what would happen. As

you know, it's brought me all the way to Number 10. But it really was after 20 years in politics, 20 years of climbing up a ladder, step by step, one step at a time, always being certain that you had mastered one step before you took another. And so, when the opportunity came to go two rungs up, I was able to do it.

Now I am here, and from the day that I came I have felt perfectly right here. I didn't feel strange at all. I felt I could get to grips with the problem, and we did. I think we formed a government faster than one has ever been formed before—completely in two days—and we just got on with the job. I didn't set out to do a tremendous lot in 100 days, or in 200 days, or in 300 days. We have as it happens done a tremendous amount, we've even started de-nationalization. But I set out in the way I've always set out, to make the best use of each day as it comes, and that I think is the only way to do it.

You asked me if I enjoy it. Yes, I love it. I know that I have to take some hard decisions, and there are times when I think, "My goodness, people will think I'm very hard." And I'm not, in any way. It is just that there are times when you do have to be extremely firm, otherwise you are not going to get through. The easy way isn't always the best way, and therefore there are times when you have to be very firm and not flinch from it. But it's right for me, and I hope people feel that it's right for them. Because we are trying to be fair, fair to people who are unfortunate, who haven't got very much, fair also to people who are full of talent and ability, because they deserve fairness as well, they deserve a fair return for the tremendous effort they put in, and upon which we all rely. You will not do better for the less well off unless the talented and able can use their talents to their full extent and ability, and benefit from it themselves as well as benefitting others. Pennies don't come from heaven, they have to be earned here on earth.

What we have really been doing during this first year is that we have disconnected Britain from socialism, and from socialist attitudes.

We've been reviewing the past year. In conclusion, may we just look at the year ahead, and your priorities for this, the second year of your Administration?

If we're going to get things right we've got to do the three things. First we must get the rate of inflation down. Second we must steadily improve incentives, so that people have a reason for expanding, for building new businesses and creating new jobs. And third we must try to get people more independent, which means building their own security for themselves, their own homes, their own savings, their own lives. These three things must be done together, and that's what we shall be doing.

MRS THATCHER'S FIRST YEAR



TIM GRAHAM

May 4, 1979: Margaret Thatcher, 53, having led the Conservatives to an overall majority of 43 in the General Election, arrived at 10 Downing Street as Britain's first woman Prime Minister. On May 6 she named her Cabinet of 22, top posts going to Lord Carrington, Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr William Whitelaw, Home Secretary; former Prime Minister Edward Heath was a notable absentee from the list.



REX FEATURES

June 12, 1979: The new Administration presented its first budget. Mrs Thatcher, pictured checking up on food prices, had made inflation a key plank in her election platform, but the Chancellor now balanced a 3 per cent cut in income tax with an increase in VAT to 15 per cent. This, together with big increases in interest rates to help control the money supply, boosted the inflation rate to nearly 20 per cent by the end of her first year.



GAMMA FRANK SPONER

June 27, 1979: Faced with escalating oil prices, world leaders, including Mrs Thatcher, met in Tokyo and decided to limit oil imports at fixed levels until 1985. Mrs Thatcher must have had mixed feelings, however, for North Sea oil was now beginning to flow abundantly and the higher prices which could be obtained led to more income for Britain at a time when its overseas earnings from manufacturing industry were in decline.

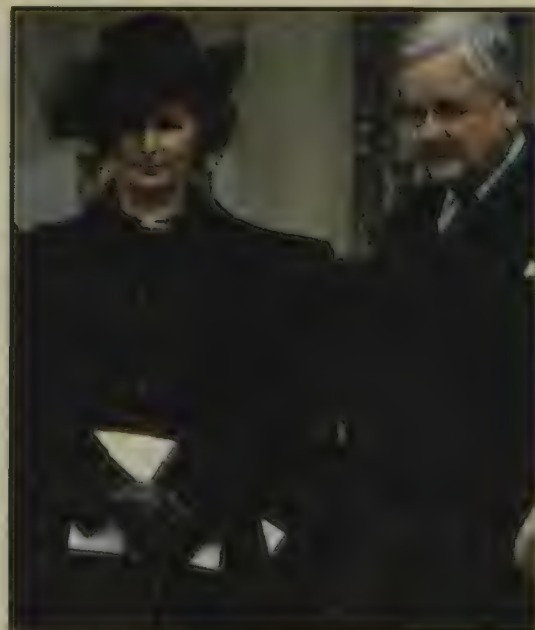
MRS THATCHER'S FIRST YEAR



ASSOCIATED PRESS



THOMAS ASSOCIATION



August 1, 1979: Mrs Thatcher, pictured being greeted by President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, host to the Commonwealth conference, arrived in Lusaka amid pessimistic predictions. In fact she accomplished the outstanding foreign affairs achievement of her first year as Prime Minister by setting in train negotiations to end the war and settle the future of Zimbabwe Rhodesia.

August 27, 1979: On a particularly black day in the history of Britain's problems in Northern Ireland, the Provisional IRA blew up the holiday boat of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, killing him and two others; within hours they exploded more bombs under a British Army convoy in County Down, killing 18 soldiers. On August 29 Mrs Thatcher made a surprise visit to troops in Northern Ireland to demonstrate her support and sympathy, above left. After a walkabout in Belfast she flew by helicopter to the border town of Crossmaglen where a number of soldiers have died. With Lord Hailsham and other Cabinet members, above right, she joined the royal family in attendance at the funeral service for Lord Mountbatten at Westminster Abbey on September 5.



REX FEATURES

June, 1979: Only a month after fighting the British general election, Mrs Thatcher was back on the hustings, above, leading her party to a sweeping victory in the first direct elections for the European Parliament. Thus by October she was able to go in triumph to the Tory Party conference where supporters greeted her with a friendly-looking toy British bulldog, right. Recent opinion polls, however, suggest that her Government's popularity has declined, and this was reflected in its near defeat in the Southend East by-election when, from a seemingly invincible position of a majority of 10,774, the Tory advantage over Labour slumped to 430 votes.



JANE NUTT/NUTT BANK SPONSOR

MRS THATCHER'S FIRST YEAR



ASSOCIATED PRESS

December 16, 1979: The British Prime Minister was warmly received on her first visit to Washington since taking office when she made clear Britain's support for the United States in its endeavours to obtain the release of the hostages being held in the US Embassy in Teheran.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

November 29, 1979: A smiling Prime Minister met the Press during what was by all accounts an otherwise tight-lipped summit meeting of EEC leaders in Dublin. Mrs Thatcher demanded a substantial reduction—at least £1,000 million—in Britain's contribution to the Community budget and this was rejected; a £350 million reduction for 1980-81 was offered and refused. The leaders, however, agreed to discuss the matter further. This year Mrs Thatcher continued her campaign with the threat to disrupt EEC business or to withhold VAT contributions unless a better offer were forthcoming.



SPAREX FEATURES

March 5, 1980: Jubilant crowds in Zimbabwe marked the culmination of the plan put forward by Mrs Thatcher in Lusaka to end the Rhodesian problem which has troubled British governments for more than 15 years. Black majority rule came into effect with the emergence of Mr Robert Mugabe as Prime Minister after his Zanu party had obtained an overall majority in the country's first ever one man, one vote elections.



RONNIE ANDERSON/CAMERA PRESS

January, 1980: Mrs Thatcher faced the first real test of her industrial policies as pickets clashed with police during a lengthy national steel strike. The Cabinet was said to be split on the severity of controls on union activity to be included in new legislation. Meanwhile the Government refused to become involved in the steel negotiations, sticking to its view that employers and unions must solve their own problems.



The car that was engineered in a wind tunnel

We'd like to take you inside one of the toughest test tracks in the world.

In reality it isn't a track at all, because no test track on earth could produce such extreme conditions.

Our picture was taken in the curving, 110 mile an hour, environmental wind tunnel at one of Ford's design and development centres. Inside we can create every kind of climatic condition on earth. And some that have more in common with Mars. Temperatures that would blister paint, or freeze anti-freeze. Tropical humidity. Or vicious side winds.

It was in the wind tunnel that the Ford Granada took shape.

As you may know, at 70 mph between 65% and 70% of the petrol you use is wasted simply overcoming wind resistance.

That's why we went through over 280 tests like the one on the left.

The picture shows how smoke is released into the airflow to detect turbulence. This helped assess the relative aerodynamic efficiency of various prototype models and develop features to reduce drag.

One such feature is the Granada's unique grille, which lets air into the radiator when you're stuck in traffic and extra cooling is needed, but which channels it over the top when you're travelling fast.

The wind tunnel also helped us design special window seals that practically eliminate wind roar when you're driving down the motorway, and a ventilation system which can change the air inside the car every 20 seconds at 50 mph without causing draughts, and which can prevent the side windows from misting up.

Wind tunnel testing even determined the tension in the springs that hold the wipers on the windscreen.

In another experiment the Granada spent days under searing ultra-violet light to see what effect continuous sunlight would have on the car.

And the engine was left idling for hours on end in sticky, humid heat to check that the fuel wouldn't vapourise and the radiator wouldn't boil in a Naples style traffic jam.

Then came the cold. The Granada had to prove it could start at 29 degrees below, with the oil congealed in the sump and the battery sapped of its power. Even on a Scottish winter's night it seldom drops below minus 10.

Here, too, we have machines that can age a car's suspension 15 years in 24 hours. We can simulate Alpine descents that test disc brakes to the limit, or non-stop drives at 120 miles an hour from Calais to Rome and back.

The Ford Granada is the end result of some of the most advanced technology ever designed for building cars. That's why it's so quiet and refined to drive. That's why it's so reliable.

Now that you've seen how we test it, why don't you test it?



Illustrated is the 2.8 V6 Granada Ghia with optional extra air conditioning, push button stereo radio/stereo cassette (mono radio/stereo cassette standard equipment) and metallic paint.

Terry Griffiths, snooker's superstar

by John Morgan

This month Welsh snooker player Terry Griffiths will defend the world title he won in Sheffield last year, when unprecedented television coverage introduced a vast new audience to the game. The author recently talked to the champion and here discusses both his special appeal and also the phenomenal rise in popularity of snooker. Photograph by Phil Sheldon.

Consider this as the first question in the honours paper in "The Theory, Practice and History of Games", which, for all I know, exists in some remote university's curriculum: "Discuss the relationship between a sport's development and the technology of its time." Naturally we would all fire away with cricket and how it became a professional game when the railways enabled groups of cricketers to roam the land taking on all comers. Similarly with association football, we might add. But the student bent on prizes will point to the phenomenon of our time: the relationship between television and snooker and the crowning memory of that coincidence, the winning of the world championship a year ago by the 32-year-old Welshman, Terry Griffiths. The historical circumstances were right, no doubt, for a sport hitherto the enthusiasm of a minority to be transformed into the entertainment of millions, but, came the hour, it required two men to provide the initial impetus.

Before concentrating on the world champion, let us briefly consider the second and more unlikely figure: Brian Venham, Controller of the BBC-2 television channel. Mr Venham, an Oxford-educated man in his early 40s, is an intellectual. He was head of Current Affairs at the BBC. Above all, he is a snooker fanatic and himself plays a hard game.

His television cameras were at the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, for the World Professional Championships where the heretofore celebrated were competing—the Davises, Reardon, Charltons, Higginses of that small world. Brian Venham decided against all precedent to show hour after hour of the play, day after day. It was a gamble of which some disapproved. Was it truly the function of BBC-2 to depict so fulsomely a sport associated with the public bar? In the event it was one of the most successful television gambles.

It succeeded because the programmes depicted only the snooker tournament but—as it turned out—the folk legend created before us. In the play there was an outsider—a 50 to 1 chance—a young man from Llanelli who, it was said, had done well in amateur tournaments but had never

been involved with the big boys before. No one expected this slight, elegant, composed figure to beat beyond the first round. He won one round and every one thought how pleasant for him. Then he won another. And then, suddenly, in a classic he was defeating the brilliant if wayward former champion, Alex Higgins, and was in the semi-final. How wonderful and charming, the experts and the rest of us thought, but that was that. However, as we know now it was not, and at the end of that semi-final, in defeating the Australian champion Eddie Charlton at 1.30 am, Terry Griffiths, with a devastating smile that has established him as an innocent, made his famous remark: "I'm in the final now, you know." He won that, too. He was famous wherever snooker is played or watched in the world, rich for as long as he cared to hold a cue and walk in that easy, calm way to a table, and comfortably off even were he to choose not to. He can expect to earn over £60,000 a year.

Having met him and enjoyed his company I doubt if he is quite as innocent and glib as everyone thinks. Over lunch he asked me if I thought he exemplified those two qualities. When I said I did not, he was shocked. What, then, was he? "Mischievous," I proposed. He brooded on that and replied, in his soft West Wales accent, that no-one else had ever said that. Why did I think so? I pointed out that I came from the same part of the world as he did. Moreover that he reminded me of a rugby player from that area, whose style so resembled his, even his appearance—Barry John, the prince of outside halves; and he was pretty mischievous while appearing so innocent.

Also I had observed his polite, innocent chat with the waiters and the manager. Griffiths had ordered a well-done steak; the steak was rare. He ate a little and offered a mild complaint. Soon the manager arrived, apologized and offered free drinks. Griffiths replied that he never drank ("Don't like the stuff"), then said to the manager: "Don't worry, I'm a professional myself and I make mistakes. Not that bad, but I make them." Perhaps he is right;

perhaps he is innocent.

This was during the week in February this year when Griffiths was playing in the £4,500 Benson and Hedges Masters Tournament at Wembley. It had been nearly nine months since he had won a major tournament, partly because of a reaction after his triumph, and, not being one to break promises, partly through fulfilling fixtures he had undertaken to do before becoming a celebrity. Also he had been moving from Llanelli just along the coast to Pembrey, to a house large enough to hold a snooker table on which to practise. Or should it be a hearth? He told me it was now time he won, especially with the world championship coming up, and the present tournament being televised. He did not sound at all immodest in saying that he thought he would win. He was placed at odds of 9 to 2 and so I backed him. He won quite easily and much in the style he had described, moving quietly from defence to attack as the situation demanded, possessing that master's gift of seeing the chance and then seizing it. His play is unusually free from error.

Griffiths left school young. After leaving school he became a miner; then for many years he was a postman. Both jobs entailed shift-work, which gave him time to spend hours every day in the YMCA, or later in the Conservative Club, practising and playing snooker. When he married and his two sons were born when he was in his 20s he became an insurance agent, and his wife went out to work so that he could play until he felt confident enough to turn professional. Since he is so devoted to his family and since his house is so far from the tournament centres, absence from home is the one aspect of his success that troubles him. I suspect he will pick and choose carefully where and how often he plays, so that he can be much at home. Money does not seem to be a god of his.

The prizes are high for fine players. Ten years ago it was not so. The television series *Pot Black* began the transformation of the century-old game, and led to the re-opening, and now building, of snooker halls throughout the country and abroad. Not that *Pot Black* is popular with players since it

does not offer that long rhythm of many frames, being too perfunctory and undemanding. Its television studio atmosphere cold: Too much like playing in a hospital. Nevertheless, even if it is rather like one-day cricket compared with a Test Match, public interest was created. One indication of that interest is in the circulation of *Snooker World*, a magazine founded in 1971 and edited by Clive Everton, an outstanding billiards player, and both the guru and Wisden of snooker. Starting, as he puts it, with a circulation of nought, it now sells 11,500 copies a month at 35p each. Clive Everton calculates that there are 15,000 places where snooker is played and that there are probably between four million and four-and-a-half million people playing the game. Television produces the sponsors and the prizes; the fanatic wishes to see the champions and he is prepared to pay.

The leading players see nothing of each other socially. They meet at matches, usually in the Midlands or the North, move from hotel to hotel, driving or being driven early or late, and practise a lot. They are a fraternity in their solitariness, curiously reminiscent of the early 19th-century world of the sporting fencers that William Hazlitt describes in *Golf to a Fiddle*, or, with their waistcoats and their fancy shirts, of that later world of Mississippi gamblers. The faces in the crowd, too, are a study in the concentrated, middle-aged appreciation without envy that is the civilised mark of the spectator-player.

All, though, is not quite sweetness and light. There is one player on the circuit whom Terry Griffiths dislikes: Alex "Hurricane" Higgins. "And so I always try to play extra well against him," it was Higgins that he beat in the recent Wembley final, tormenting the mercurial dashing opponent by slowing the game down from time to time by using the snooker technique—from which the game derives its name—of placing the cue ball so that the opponent cannot directly reach the coloured ball he next has to strike.

No one, except the audience, likes Alex Higgins. I can sympathize with the antipathy to the Hurricane, a poor boy from the back streets of Belfast. Eight years ago I spent three weeks in his company making a film profile of him for Thames Television, and wearing it was. He was only 23 then and the youngest of champions. His style was without precedent, not for him the cautious sizing up of a shot, the slow stroll around the table considering, as the more sober champions do, the next three, four or five shots. His slight frame—he had trained to be a jockey—moved like quicksilver, the shot played without any sizing up. He would make a century break or clear the table within four minutes where others might take 20.

In those three weeks' filming we saw many a bar in the dawn, many a dance-hall disturbance and many a racecourse. I recall asking the

Hurricane—he had thought of calling himself Alexander the Great but was advised against it—if he remembered the speech by Paul Newman playing the role of a pool champion in *The Hustler* in which Newman describes the pleasure of the game, that he felt completely in command of the world, that, like a jockey, he knew a sense of moving towards a goal perfectly. Alex Higgins remembered, and did feel like that. Equally he felt pretty good when he saw a racehorse carrying his money come romping in. One day at Salisbury racecourse he went through the card winning £300; and lost it all on the Derby the next day. He claims, now that he is married, that he has calmed down, yet he is still occasionally fined by the tournament authorities for his behaviour.

Forecasts were made a long time ago that the Hurricane would blow himself out, his mode of life inevitably destructive of that perfection of eye and touch necessary to the game. No one would dream of suggesting that of Terry Griffiths; indeed, he himself expects to go on playing well into his 50s, the example of that old pair of masters, the Davises, before him. In this longevity of rewards and pleasures snooker is an unusual sport, envious by the famous in football or cricket. Any affliction of eyesight or nervous system would put an end to play at the highest level, but otherwise physically the demands are to keep walking and walking around the table. It has not been calculated how many miles a player may walk in the course of a major championship but I am sure it cannot be less than 50. It is not easy when, along with the deep passion to win, goes the knowledge that the smallest error may play extra well against the opponent to pounce and the match is lost. Griffiths is fortunate in that he is able to sleep at will which, he thinks, keeps a natural nervousness at bay.

The exhibition on television of the remarkable play of champions like these has, I think, had some effect on those of us who play infrequently at our clubs. I detect a new solemnity on the faces of partners and opponents, a new thoughtfulness as they shape up to shots they then effortfully miss. The less proficient amateur, misled by the foreshortening effect of the television camera lens, hits the ball too hard.

To expect Terry Griffiths to win the world championship once more this month is to ask a lot. He very much wants to win but must know, somewhere in that powerful subconscious which can puzzle sportsmen and their followers, that he is already the superstar, snooker's first, win or lose. He will be no modeling and inspiring cloth; motor car men will be seeking his blessing. I would judge that he will be at the height of his form. And yet...

A year ago children, when they played snooker, would say: "I want to be Alex Higgins" or "I want to be Ray Reardon." Nowadays they say: "I want to be Terry Griffiths." That, truly, is fame. ●



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LOW TAR

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Warnings that are wasted

by Julian Critchley

Warning of an impending attack is invariably disregarded, we learn as a historical fact. Evidence is never lacking; warning is filtered through the preconceptions of those whose job it is to watch, interpret and report. So bold an assertion ought to be proven, which is not difficult to do. What is more important is to spell out the consequences for Nato whose strategy depends entirely on the proper use of warning time if it is to have any chance of defeating (and thus deterring) a Soviet attack in Europe.

Three examples of failure to act on warning should be enough to make my point. They are: Stalin's failure to mobilize in June, 1941, in time for the German invasion of Russia, Roosevelt's failure to warn the commander-in-chief of his Pacific Fleet in December, 1941, that an attack on Pearl Harbour was imminent, and the fact that Israel was taken completely by surprise at the start of the Yom Kippur War of 1973.

The German attack on Russia early on June 22, 1941, achieved complete tactical surprise. It did so despite warnings from the United States and from Sir Stafford Cripps, who was sent to Moscow by Churchill specifically to warn Stalin of impending invasion. This information was derived from Ultra—the device for breaking German secret codes—a source that could not be disclosed. In both cases Stalin felt that the Western powers were trying to entangle the Soviet Union in the "capitalist" war. More surprisingly, he ignored the warnings of Soviet intelligence which was active within German-occupied Europe, and the implications of border violations and flights over the frontier by high-flying aircraft. Stalin wanted more time for the Red Army to re-equip; but his refusal to face facts was based on his belief, as a good Marxist, that Hitler would not act irrationally by starting one war before finishing the other. In consequence the Red Army, caught off balance, was almost destroyed; the Red Air Force was obliterated within 12 hours.

The successful surprise attack by the Japanese Navy on Pearl Harbour on Sunday, December 7, 1941, is perhaps the classic case of warning disregarded. The United States failed utterly either to forestall or mitigate its effects. It did so despite the ability of American intelligence to read all Japanese diplomatic codes, including frequent information from agents in Honolulu about the dispositions of American warships. The principal factors of the situation as seen from Washington on December 6 were four: the deep-rooted aversion to war in America caused an attitude of wishful thinking to survive almost to the last moment; even so, the evidence, both political and military, of the Japanese determination to wrest the mastery of



After the raid at Pearl Harbour: These aircraft were trapped on the ground at Hickam Field and exposed to the fury of the attacking bombers.

Eastern Asia and the South and West Pacific islands from the United States and its allies was, by November, 1941, conclusive; though the President saw that war was bound to come, moral principle excluded a pre-emptive strike, a naval and air offensive by the United States, which, strategically speaking, was the only means of countering the threat of the initial Japanese attack; and though it was therefore politically necessary to allow the Japanese to commit the first overt act of hostilities, inadequate measures were taken to defend the most vulnerable and important targets of the almost inevitable Japanese attacks.

The Americans' real failure lay in not alerting their admiral in Pearl Harbour who would then have dispersed the Pacific Fleet. As it happened eight battleships were sitting ducks, six of them destroyed or badly damaged. The catastrophe was not total; the Japanese aircraft failed to destroy the dry dock, and by a stroke of fortune the aircraft carriers were at sea on routine exercise. But had the warning been properly processed and acted on, the United States might have been able to ride the punch; instead the Americans took it on the chin, and not just at Pearl, for in the Philippines most of the US Air Force was destroyed on the ground.

The third example of warning disregarded is the crossing of the Suez Canal by the Egyptians in October, 1973, which marked the start of the Yom Kippur War. The Israelis were caught with their prayer-books in their hands on the holiest day of the Hebrew calendar. The main reason why the Israelis, of all people, were caught napping was over-confidence.

The Egyptians did little to disguise their preparations for attack, which were all too visible to the 436 Jewish soldiers on the east bank of the canal.

But the Israelis believed what they wanted to believe. After all, the Egyptians had mobilized on three previous occasions and had done nothing, and President Sadat's frequent warlike proclamations were put down to propaganda. The Israeli government had also given the Americans assurances that they would not attack first, and despite the menacing situation on both fronts, the Israelis went to their devotions confident that their enemies, so often routed in the past, would not come up for a third round.

The point of these examples is that warning is rarely absent (the only occasion when it was occurred in August, 1961, when the Russians put up the Berlin wall). Warning can be received by many means—electronically, satellite surveillance, monitoring and spies—but it is what people do with it that matters. And nearly always they seem to get it wrong.

Whatever Soviet intentions may be (and intentions can change more quickly than capabilities) the fact remains that the group of Soviet armies in Germany is geared to mount a pre-emptive attack. Soviet strategists attempt to draw a distinction between a preventive war, which they say they will never start, and a pre-emptive war, which they say they would begin were Moscow to consider that an attack by Nato forces was inevitable. This would be countered by a swiftly-mounted and powerful offensive making full use of Warsaw Pact superiority in tanks (three:one), artillery (six:one) and men (five:two). The Warsaw Pact air forces are larger than those of Nato, and they are re-equipped for offensive use. Thus, were war to occur through miscalculation, by the misreading of Nato's intentions, Nato would be obliged to take the impact of the first blow.

The group of Soviet armies in

Germany would attack in one of two ways. Either by a blitzkrieg using conventional weapons only, or by an offensive comprising nuclear, conventional and chemical warfare, with nuclear strikes aimed at Nato's nuclear weapon stocks, warheads, supplies and communication and control facilities. The warning time available to Nato of such attacks is now at a minimum of 48 hours. In all probability Nato would get longer notice than that for there is a check-list of several hundred indicators which is monitored daily; checks which include the position of Soviet naval forces and the states of readiness of army units. Whether or not an attack from a "standing start" is a practical proposition, and to what extent preparations for it would be detected beforehand, I am not in a position to know. I do know what is likely to happen once warning is received, and Nato's strategy depends vitally on the conversion of warning time into preparation time, so that its forces may be mobilized, reinforcements of men and aircraft arrive from Britain and America and the Allied armies move forward awkwardly to their battle positions. Would the politicians of 15 nations, meeting hurriedly under the threat of Armageddon, ever make the right decisions and on time?

We cannot know. But what we can do, given the political will, is to take steps in advance that would reduce Nato's reliance on warning. Nato can no longer prepare for a long war while the Warsaw Pact arms itself for a short one. We can no longer expect a gradual build-up of tension and evidence so unambiguous that even the politicians would give the order to mobilize and deploy forward, a stately process culminating in a formal declaration of war. The next war would be fought with our "forces-in-being"; it would be won or lost before reinforcements of men and material arrive. Nato must rearm with a new generation of theatre and tactical nuclear weapons, which is its intention following the Nato Ministerial Meeting of December, 1979. But the Pershing 2s and the cruise missiles will not be in service for five years. Nato must also strengthen its conventional forces and re-equip to meet a Soviet tank offensive without having to resort to being the first to use nuclear weapons to stave off defeat—a decision likely to be continually postponed.

What we should not do is to continue to rely on warning. Our defences must be adequate without it. We have not begun to accept the full political implications of basing our strategy, and our security, on warning.

Julian Critchley is MP for Aldershot and a vice-chairman of the Conservative Party's defence committee, and author of *Warning and Response*.

150 years of inter-city travel

by Mitch Pryce

As the north-west prepares to celebrate the sesquicentenary of the world's first inter-city rail service, from Liverpool to Manchester, thoughts of enthusiasts turn to the man who introduced the public to the romance of the steam engine.

A fresh outbreak of a British disease is expected later this month. Railway fever, first diagnosed in 1830, is likely to spread rapidly from the north-west as British Rail and the Greater Manchester Council prepare to spend the summer celebrating the 150th anniversary of the world's first inter-city service, the Liverpool to Manchester railway.

The original glamour of the railway age will be rekindled at the village of Rainhill, 9 miles from Liverpool, where, on October 6, 1829, the most famous train of all time made its public debut. On that day, a £500 prize was carried off convincingly by Stephenson's *Rocket*. A re-run of the Rainhill Trials, with replicas of the winning engine and its erstwhile rivals *Novelty* and *Sans Pareil*, takes place from May 24 to 26, before an expected bank holiday crowd of 138,000.

A little later on, 20 miles up the line, the Great Railway Exposition at Liverpool Road station in Manchester, the world's first passenger railway station, is likely to attract more than a quarter of a million people to the six weeks of events starting on August 2.

The station opened on September 15, 1830, and served passengers for the next 14 years. From then until its closure in 1975 it was a goods depot. When British Rail planned to demolish the station a group of conservationists sprang to save it, forming the Liverpool Road Station Society. They persuaded the Greater Manchester Council to take over the site, and British Rail's Property Board sold it to the local authority for only £1 and also gave £100,000 for restoring the station's listed buildings.

For the exposition, 150 yards of new track is being laid at a cost of £35,000 to link the station with the Liverpool-Manchester line of the 1980s. The complete renovation programme will take up to three more years and will cost £4 million. There is still an enormous amount of work to be done, but dozens of volunteers from the society have already devoted hours of labour to replacing rotting sleepers, rusted points and corroded rail, saving the council thousands of pounds.

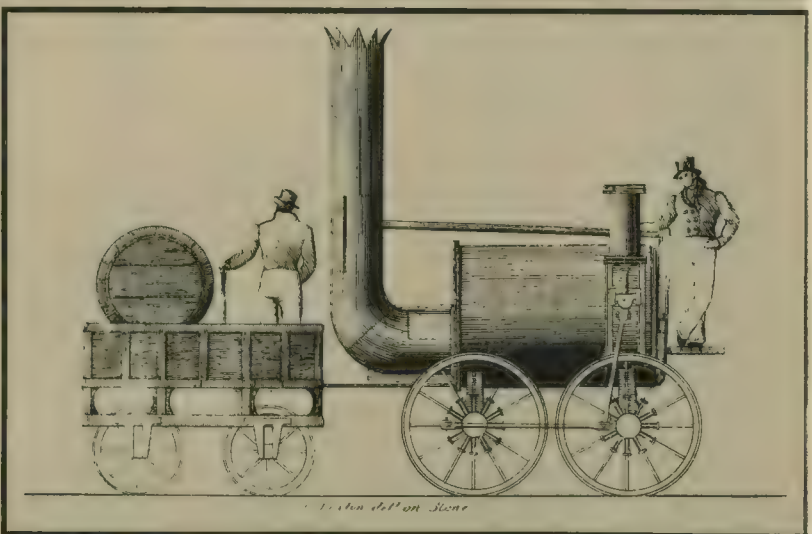
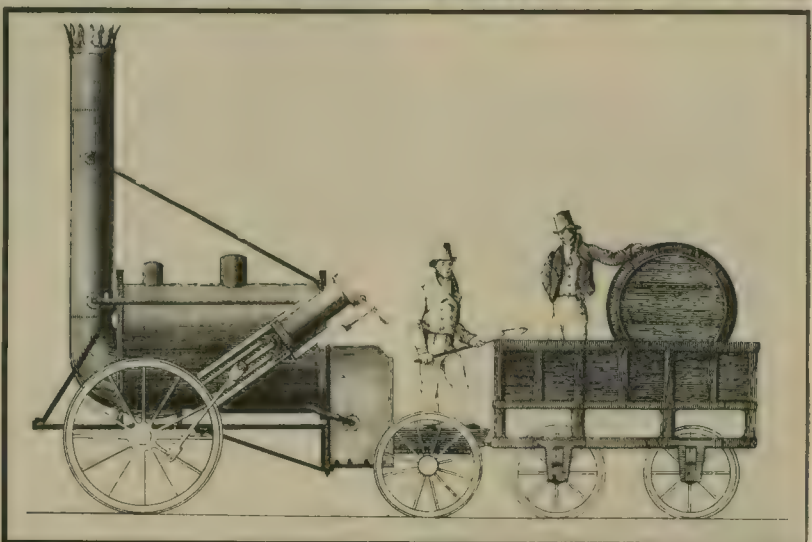
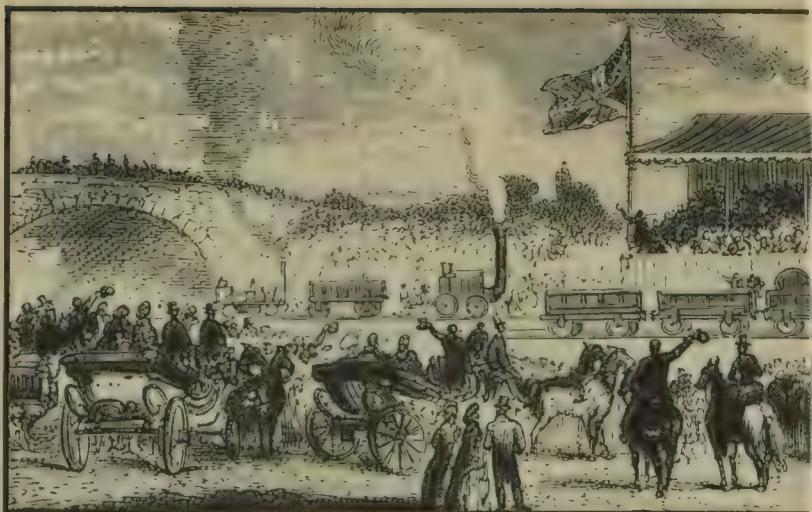
During the exposition companies are being encouraged to sponsor famous engines such as *Rocket*, *Flying Scotsman* and *Sir Nigel Gresley* which

will be proudly paraded before steam enthusiasts. The festival administrator, Mr David Sumner, is banking on 200,000 paying customers at £1.50 a head (children 75p) to break even on the exposition and is confident of exceeding his target. Meanwhile, Mr Tony Quirke, British Rail's coordinator for the *Rocket* 150 celebrations, has been busy organizing the erection of temporary grandstands at Rainhill.

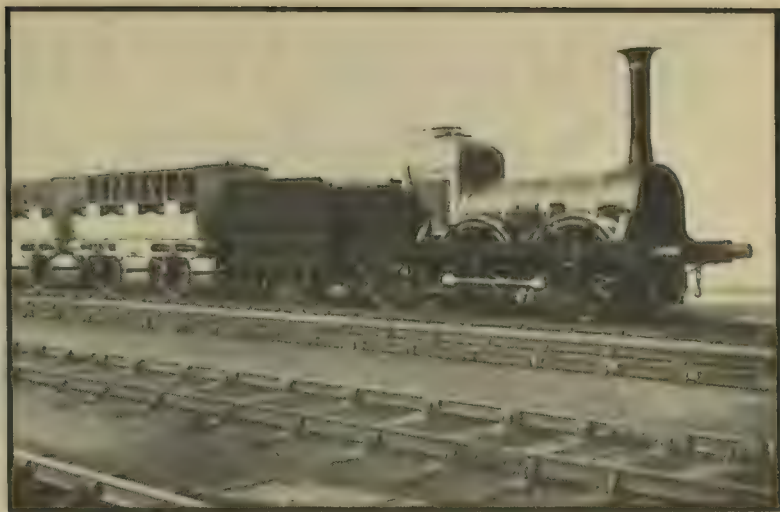
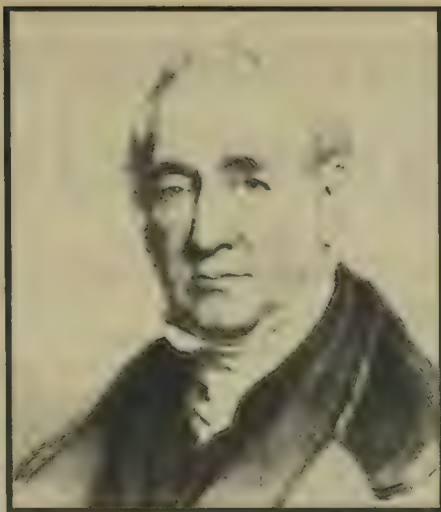
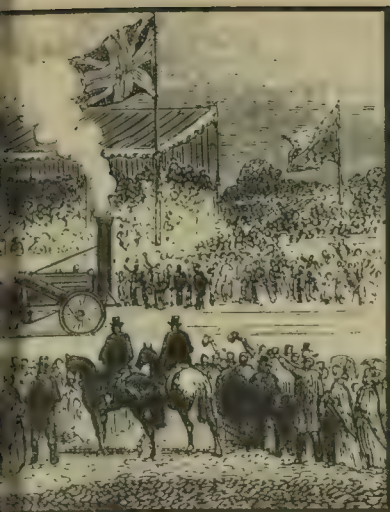
Both men have been working around the clock to ensure a successful anniversary which commemorates the efforts of a pitman-turned-engine-wright, born in the village of Wylam, near Newcastle, in 1781. George Stephenson, widely acknowledged as the father of railways, was an abrasive, no-nonsense Geordie who cut little ice with London society. Although he was illiterate until he reached 18, his belief in his own considerable abilities was absolute. An early example of his resolve brought him into conflict with Sir Humphry Davy, inventor of the miner's safety lamp and a scientist of international repute.

In 1815 the search for a way to slash the appalling death rate in the Northumberland collieries was intense. Explosions caused by naked flames igniting natural gases in the mines claimed countless lives. Stephenson, drawing on his colliery experience, devised a solution: a lamp with circular holes to allow air to travel to a protected flame. Coincidentally, Davy, along with Michael Faraday, discoverer of electromagnetic induction, among other things, had also been working on the problem. But when Davy collected £2,000 from grateful colliery owners for his invention, Stephenson's supporters claimed that their man had been first.

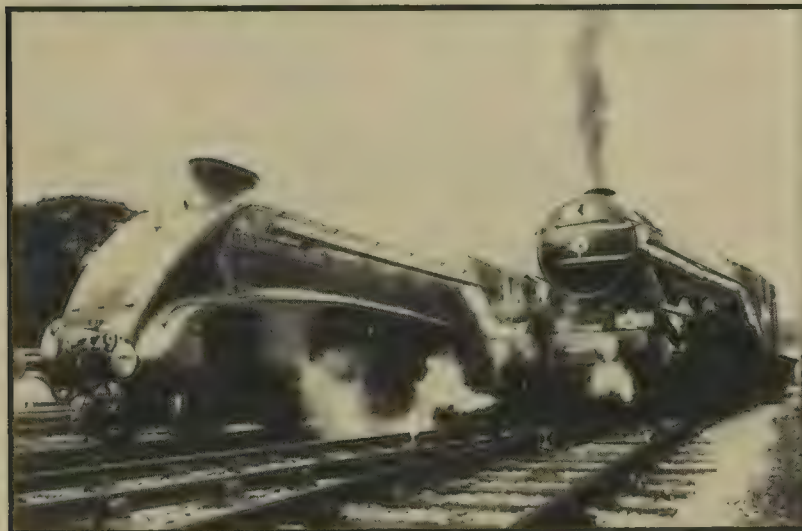
A fierce debate ensued, with both sides arguing that their invention was the original, and implying that their opponent had somehow "borrowed" the idea. The truth was that both men had fallen on the idea at roughly the same time—Davy by the application of his sound knowledge of chemistry, Stephenson by practical trial and error. Each had worked in isolation from the other, Davy in London and Stephenson in Killingworth, a colliery village that is now a suburb of Newcastle upon Tyne.



The challengers at the Rainhill Trials: top, Robert Stephenson's *Rocket* which won the first prize of £500; centre, *Sans Pareil*; above, *Novelty*.



Above left, illustration of the Rainhill Trials held in 1829 to find the best locomotive design for the Liverpool to Manchester railway; above centre, George Stephenson, principal engineer of the railway. Above right, *Lion*, built in 1838 and the only surviving original working locomotive of the railway.



Taking part in the 150th anniversary cavalcade: top, *Clan Line*; centre, *Sir Nigel Gresley* and *Flying Scotsman*; above, BR Class 56 diesel locomotive.

Dissatisfied that Davy was winning a reputation as "the inventor of the safety lamp", Stephenson's supporters called a public tribunal which upheld most of their claims. In 1818 a silver tankard and £1,000 were presented to the enginewright for his invention—the "Geordie lamp"—but the row dragged on until 1833, when a House of Commons committee ruled that Stephenson must have known the basic principle of the safety lamp before Davy "brought his powerful mind to bear on the subject".

During the years of the safety lamp row Stephenson was building his own reputation as an inventive enginewright. Running steam locomotives on the Killingworth colliery line, he developed the ideas of Richard Trevithick, who had first run steam locomotives on rails in the early years of the 19th century.

In 1814, the year that Stephenson built his first locomotive *Blucher*, collieries were largely serviced by horse-drawn wagons on rails. Railways as we know them today were still over a decade away.

The first of these was the Stockton to Darlington railway. Backed by the money of a Quaker businessman, Edward Pease, Stephenson set up a locomotive works with his talented 19-year-old son Robert. As engineer to the line, George surveyed the 25 miles between west Durham and Stockton-on-Tees, and on September 27, 1825, the world's first public railway to use steam locomotives was opened at a cost of £200,000.

The event, although now established as a major landmark, made no great impact that year, unlike the Liverpool-Manchester line which was to receive national and international acclaim five years later.

The north-west was playing an increasingly important role in the nation's economy. Trade with the rest of the world, particularly North America, was booming. Between 1800 and 1825 the number of ships docking at Liverpool rose from 4,746 to 10,838. Duties on ships' tonnage and goods rose in the same period from £32,379 to £128,691.

Manchester was thriving. By 1821 there were 32 cotton-mills using 5,732 looms and demanding more raw material to keep their workforces busy. The situation cried out for a more

efficient means of transporting goods in bulk to the centres of production. The traditional method was water; the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, stretching from Manchester to Runcorn, had been carrying cargo since 1776. Along with the Mersey and Irwell Navigation, and Leeds and Liverpool canal, it provided the main goods route from the port of Liverpool to the industrial interior of the north-west. Operating a powerful cartel, the canal proprietors charged highly for the use of their waterways. They above all stood to lose most from the successful development of steam railways.

The other main form of transport, the turnpikes, were neglected dirt roads, often dangerous to horses and humans. But the Stockton-Darlington railway was proving its worth. The price of coal at Stockton had fallen from 18s to 12s a ton, and after 2 years of operation not a single accident to man, horse or coach had been logged. *The Times*, in a sagacious editorial of September, 1827, commented: "The success of the Darlington railway experiment, and admirable manner in which the locomotive engine does all, and more than all, that was expected of it, seems to have spread far and wide the conviction of the immense benefits to be derived from the construction of new railways."

The logical step was to build a railway linking the two great centres of commerce, Liverpool and Manchester. Two attempts in the late 18th century had failed to sustain the required interest in the project, but by 1820 there was a broad base of support.

Predictably, almost as soon as the idea was floated, it was opposed. The canal lobby feared the disappearance of their profits, while local landowners resented the intrusion of the line across their fields. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway Committee was formed and a surveying team, hired to plot a route for the railway, worked in constant fear of life and limb. Gangs of men, women and children threw stones at the workers, and at one stage a prize-fighter was brought in to defend the man using the theodolite.

With George Stephenson acting as engineer, a survey was completed in 1824 and the ground prepared for an enabling Act to be

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150 years of inter-city travel

passed by Parliament to allow the new line to be laid at an estimated £400,000. The private Bill passed through its second reading without incident. Then the opposition made its move. A string of petitions against the Bill were submitted from notables such as Lord Sefton, Lord Derby and the Archbishop of York, besides the canal proprietors.

At the committee stage the opposition used the talents of eight counsel to contest the construction of the Liverpool-Manchester line, and one of these, Edward Hall Alderson, was instrumental in the Bill's ultimate downfall. His clever questioning of Stephenson (never a great public speaker) probed at flaws in the survey and raised too many doubts in the minds of the Commons committee.

Undaunted, the railway committee pressed on with plans to steer an enabling Act through the 1826 Parliament. Stephenson, after his dismal public performance defending the survey, was replaced by George and John Rennie. With a new surveyor, Charles Vignoles, the engineers planned a new route, avoiding Lord Sefton's estate and compromising where possible with other landowners. This time the Bill was passed by the Commons and the Lords. The Rennies had impressed the railway committee with their survey and they expected to be taken on as engineers in the line's construction. But their terms proved unacceptably extravagant to the committee, and Stephenson was appointed as principal engineer.

Back in favour again, he began to tackle the immense geographical obstacles in the path of a new railway. Chat Moss, 12 square miles of marshy wasteland east of Manchester, was drained and stacked with brushwood and heather to support the track. A tunnel more than 2,000 yards long was bored underneath Liverpool. A gaping ravine, 70 feet deep in places, was hewn through Olive Mount, and 63 bridges were built to carry the line.

Amazingly, as the railway neared completion in 1829 the directors were still not convinced about the benefits of using steam locomotives. Stationary engines using rope haulage were favoured by some. The debate continued until one ingenious director, James Walker, proposed a competition to find the best type of locomotive, with a £500 prize to the winner. The competitors were to gather at Rainhill, where a level section of track would provide a testing place for the locomotives over a series of trials. In the event only five entries were received, and only two actually competed against *Rocket*, an engine constructed by George's son, Robert, at his locomotive works in Newcastle.

An estimated 10,000-15,000 people witnessed the start of the trials on October 6, 1829. Eight days later, when

the trials ended, *Rocket* had emerged the clear winner, reaching speeds of up to 35 mph, and reliably hauling wagons at an average of 11 mph. *Rocket's* rivals, *Novelty* and *Sans Pareil*, suffered crippling engineering faults that effectively ruined their chances.

The Rainhill Trials established the supremacy of steam locomotives over any other form of rail transport, and the scene was now set for the opening of the Liverpool-Manchester line. September 15, 1830, is scored deeply on the pages of railway history books for its dramatic mixture of triumph and tragedy.

Unlike the opening of the Stockton-Darlington line five years earlier, this was a national event, patronized by leading politicians and businessmen. Thousands of spectators packed into hastily constructed grandstands, and bustled around Crown Street, Liverpool, from where the eight locomotives and their coaches would depart.

The Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, was to ride in an exotic carriage with gilded pillars, crimson drapes and topped by a ducal coronet. Other dignitaries on the first train included Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel (all future Prime Ministers), the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Esterhazy, and numerous peers and MPs, including William Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade and a member for Liverpool. Huskisson had been a staunch supporter of railways, so it was sadly ironic that he should meet his death under the wheels of *Rocket* on this great occasion.

The lead engine, *Northumbrian*, driven by George Stephenson, had stopped at Parkside, 17 miles up the south line, to take on water and fuel. Despite warnings not to do so, some passengers (including Huskisson) descended from their carriages and walked on to the empty north line. The Liverpool MP was standing between the two lines exchanging greetings with the Iron Duke when a warning cry went up. *Rocket* was fast approaching on the north line. In the wild scramble to safety, Huskisson slipped. The wheels of the engine and several carriages trundled over his left leg, inflicting severe wounds. Despite urgent medical attention, he was dead by the evening.

The tragedy effectively ended any celebrations for the rest of the journey. On arrival at Manchester, the Duke of Wellington was jeered and his carriage pelted by protestors still angry at the Peterloo massacre of 1819, when troops were sent in to a factory workers' meeting and 11 people died. The return trip to Liverpool was delayed, the trains eventually pulling in after dark.

The chances of such a tragedy repeating itself at the 1980 events are slim. Fewer politicians are expected to attend the celebrations and safety measures will be extensive.

The intervening 150 years have done little to dampen the public's enthusiasm for steam railways. The celebrations at Rainhill and Liverpool Road should do much to enhance it.

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Modern monolith in New Fetter Lane

by Tony Aldous

The new W.H. Smith building in London is the seventh headquarters the company has had since the business began in 1792. The company briefed its architects, Casson Conder, to design a building which would have "quality and presence, but not be ostentatious or over-assertive"; the author here discusses to what extent this has been achieved.

Anyone who, despite ample public evidence to the contrary, still thinks of W. H. Smith simply as newsagents and stationers, need only look at the name plate at the entrance to the firm's new headquarters building in New Fetter Lane, London, to be disabused of this impression. Travel, records, knitting yarns, household fashions, printing, do-it-yourself, advertising, a half-share in an immensely successful book club, and the Bowes & Bowes bookshop chain are just some of the enterprises run from Strand House, the reticent but distinctly high-quality headquarters building designed for W.H.S. by Sir Hugh Casson's architectural practice, Casson Conder & Partners, and completed in 1976.

The new Strand House is the seventh headquarters the company has had since Henry Watton Smith started the business in Little Grosvenor Street in 1792. It was his son, William Henry I, who gave the firm its initials. However, this latest move was different. The business had been largely decentralized, much of it going out of London to Swindon and warehousing and distribution split up among other, less central, London depots; the old headquarters at Portugal Street behind Aldwych had become an office unsatisfactorily located over a shop which was empty. The company (1978-79 turnover £474 million) therefore decided to move to a new and purpose-built London headquarters, slimline but linked to its 2,000-odd employees in Swindon by reserved telephone and teleprinter lines, and yield Portugal Street to a space-hungry London School of Economics.

Casson Conder's brief was to design a building for a site between Fetter Lane and New Fetter Lane, created by the demolition of the company's redundant garages and other buildings and land purchase. To the north stood the bright and brassy *Daily Mirror* building, which Smith's would have found it difficult to compete with even if they or their architects had wanted to. Instead, the client company asked Casson Conder for a building which would have quality and presence, but not be ostentatious or over-assertive. It was to be, in Sir Hugh Casson's words, "neither a glass tower nor a pompous palace, but a simple, robust monolith

—large enough to have presence, but not so large in any way as to diminish those who work in it; clad in high-quality and long-lasting materials, brick and lead and stainless steel".

The building has three elements: a tower block 150 feet high, with its main entrance on New Fetter Lane, designed as the HQ offices of W. H. Smith; a five-storey block on Fetter Lane, part of the same building but with separate entrances, built for Guardian Royal Exchange (with whom W.H.S. did a landswap) and let by them to a firm of insurance brokers; and a fairly shallow link block, also five storeys high, on the north side of the site, joining the other two blocks and designed so that it could be let separately, though in fact W. H. Smith use this, too, for their headquarters functions.

These three blocks face south, east and west on to a landscaped courtyard, of which the fourth side is a 1950s building fronting Plough Place. It is this courtyard and the tunnel-cum-alley joining it to Fetter Lane that won special praise from the assessors who awarded the building a commendation in last year's Civic Trust Awards. They praised "the excellent way in which the building complex has been planned and planted. It recalls an informal quadrangle in a university or in nearby Lincoln's Inn and represents a most pleasurable public gain"—the more so, they added, for the occasional summer entertainments (dancers, musicians, the Barrow Poets and the like) which Smith's management commissioned to divert and give pleasure to passing pedestrians. Plaques on the walls of the passages leading to the courtyard make the point that this is private space but that its owners are happy to permit the public to pass through it, sit on the seats provided and generally enjoy the place. The architects concluded that a landscaped space with people passing through it would have an animation that a railed in, dead space, landscaped or not, would lack. Smith's agreed and have exploited the asset in a most enlightened way.

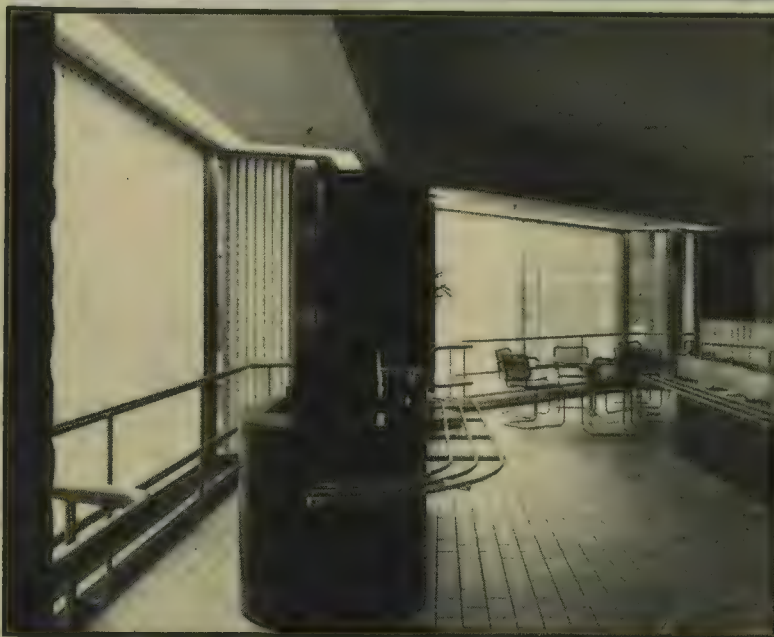
The tower rises up 11 storeys, and of these the top two and the bottom two are different both in role and in external appearance. The ground floor, containing reception, post room and telephone switchboard, is linked through a

double-storey space with a light and spacious mezzanine containing staff restaurant, bar and lounge. Here the architects chose not only furniture but furnishings; and their choice of materials, with black-stained birch veneers and stainless steel, is admirable and consistent. These two bottom floors appear externally as a double-height storey with glass and stainless steel recessed behind the exterior line of brick columns and walls.

The two top floors proper also register as a single distinct entity, with double-storey window bays projecting from the octagonal line of the walls. These bays corbel out on panels of brick, assembled and tested at ground level and held together by metal pins as well as cement. Between each first- and second-floor window the cladding is lead, as are the roofs of the bays and the cladding of the windowless penthouse which accommodates the main mechanical plant room. Inside the two top floors are directors' and executives' offices and dining rooms, with every detail from door knobs to tables designed or specified by the architects. The impression is of simple good quality and taste: plain walls adorned by a remarkable collection of prints, together with portraits of company chairmen from William Henry onwards. From the tenth floor a balconied well looks down into the ninth with a mural in yarn threads of predominantly orange hue linking the two visually. Of these floors, as of the building as a whole, one can say: there is nothing ostentatious, brash or vulgar; but good materials, good taste, good design and good workmanship.

Floors two to eight (not counting the mezzanine) are the standard open-plan office floors where the rank-and-file labour, and two points should be made about these floors. First, there is no sharp gulf between their facilities and those of the bosses on floors nine and ten; second, the fitting out of the open-plan office floors with partitions, desks, lighting, filing cabinets and the like was presided over not by Casson Conder but by an American interior design firm, Saphier Lerner and Schindler; and though the results are good—much better than most so-called open-plan office "landscaping"—these areas are markedly duller and lack the sure





The new W.H. Smith headquarters seen, top left, from the south; far left, the low frontages in Fetter Lane; left, the garden court; top, the yarn mural and balconied well on the tenth floor; and, above, the staff restaurant.

touch and attention to detail of parts of the building where the architects themselves controlled detailed design.

As an addition to the townscape of the area between Fleet Street and Holborn, the building overall succeeds very well. The Guardian Royal and link blocks come down to more or less the scale of older buildings in Fetter Lane; Bartlett's Passage, opening out of this, looks and feels like one of those traditional Fleet Street courts; and the purplish-brown Crowborough brick which clads the building's concrete frame, with its darkened mortar, does not jar or obtrude as concrete and glass often do elsewhere in this district (most vulgarly and deplorably with the new

building on the Gamage's site). On the New Fetter Lane frontage, the building does look big—Smith's and GRE have, after all, between them close on 122,000 square feet of usable floor space. But it does not dominate the street scene as, say, the *Mirror* cheerfully, and the Gamage's replacement oppressively, do. Stainless steel for window frames and fascias goes up only to a "plimsoll line" at the top of the mezzanine. Above that, and on the link block, are anodized, bronzey aluminium. It might all have been real bronze, but a jump in price and delivery wait ruled that out. Having committed themselves to leaving Portugal Street, Smith's wanted their new building

ready on time—and after all the building was already costing them and GRE something like £6 million.

A few reservations. First, though the Casson partner-in-charge David Ramsay and job architect Tony Tugwell searched extensively for a reflective or protective glass which would not be too obtrusive, in certain lights and from certain directions there is an uncomfortable feeling of, as it were, looking into mirrors rather than rooms. Second, having moved the retail shop out of what was from a trading point of view an unfortunate position near the main entrance, Smith's desperately need to put some kind of a colourful display or lively activity back in those windows. Third, though the planting in the courtyard is good as far as it goes, bay-trees in pots are not big enough for the space. They started with a 15 foot plane, for which the architects went to considerable trouble to provide root-space among their basements and foundations but which has sadly now disappeared. It badly needs replacing with something of that scale. Fourth, the architects handled the recessed link between the tower and the rear of the *Mirror* building very well. Could not IPC be persuaded to spend a modest amount of money to clad that bit of bare backside in some decent, sympathetic material? And finally, those entertainments: I gather there is some talk of giving them a rest this year. That would be a pity. If it is a question of cost (which I doubt) Smith's might consider licensing or promoting the better kind of busker.

But these reservations are minor. Smith's is one of the best buildings in the City for some years. To see how good it is, just look at 95 per cent of its neighbours.

Rock-steady Gibraltar

by Alex Faulkner

The people of this Mediterranean outpost have demonstrated time and again their determination to stay under British rule. But, the author points out, EEC membership for Spain could ease tensions.

It is doubtful whether anyone could even begin to grasp the complexities of the Gibraltar problem after spending a mere fortnight there, as I have just done. But there is a feeling that with new governments in Britain and Spain the argument that has been going on for 275 years, and with particular bitterness during the past decade, may at last be shifting to fresh ground. This is not because Spain is any less insistent on her claim to sovereignty, but rather because it is beginning to look increasingly 18th-century to fuss about such matters at a time when she is anxious to join the EEC, and may want to join Nato as well.

If any authoritative, up-to-date indication of the views of the Gibraltarians were needed, it was provided at the general election in February, when the Party for the Autonomy of Gibraltar, which favours a negotiated settlement with Spain and would like Gibraltarians to enjoy a status similar to that now being granted to the Basques, failed to get a single candidate elected.

Sir Joshua Hassan, QC, who is 64, won his third term as Chief Minister, and his Gibraltar Labour Party and Association for the Advancement of Civil Rights retained its majority in the 15-member House of Assembly. The Opposition (the Democratic Party for British Gibraltar), led by Mr Peter Isola, captured six seats. Mr Joe Bossano, leader of the Gibraltar Socialist Labour Party, was elected by almost as many votes as Sir Joshua, but his was the only seat the party obtained. Mr Bossano, the spokesman of trade unionists who have all gained enormously from the automatic extension to workers on the Rock of all benefits secured by their opposite numbers in the United Kingdom, is opposed to Spanish claims of sovereignty. All in all, the election produced a resounding "no" to any suggestion that Gibraltar should revert to Spain.

What the Gibraltarians have had to put up with since Spain, after a series of pinpricks starting in 1964, finally closed her gate at the border in 1969, is something a less determined people would not have borne. Britain, of course, has helped a good deal with financial aid and defence expenditure. And successive British governments have made it clear that they mean to honour the preamble to the Gibraltar constitution of 1969 promising that "Her Majesty's Government will never enter into arrangements under which the people of Gibraltar would pass under the sovereignty of another state against their freely and democratically expressed wishes."

Talking of the closed frontier, one British official told me: "It gives you

some idea of what it has meant to the people here if you reflect that most Gibraltar children have never seen a cow or heard a train."

Gibraltar is not besieged, as it has been on 14 historic occasions, or blockaded. But the sealing of the narrow isthmus which joins it to the mainland has in some ways made the Rock more isolated than most islands. Passenger planes, forbidden to use Spanish protected airspace, are forced to land on and take off from the RAF runway across the isthmus along a narrow air corridor. After the frontier was closed, the ferry service between Gibraltar and Algeciras, across the bay, was discontinued, and it became impossible to telephone anyone in Spain (the telephone service was restored as a sort of Christmas present in 1977, but telex is still out). Anyone in Gibraltar who wants to go to Spain has to cross the Strait to Tangier, in Morocco, by air, ferry boat or hydrofoil, and recross by the same means to Algeciras.

When the frontier was closed it became impossible for 4,666 Spaniards living in La Linea who were employed in the dockyard to continue to go to work (they have been replaced largely by Moroccans), and there were many personal tragedies of divided families, dramatized by scenes in which people living in Gibraltar have regularly gathered at the padlocked Spanish gate (the British one is still wide open) to shout messages to their relations.

The supply of food and all sorts of materials and appliances became complex; since it was no longer possible to import food from Spain to the bare and uncultivable Rock shipments had to be made from Morocco and countries farther afield.

Who, then, are these Gibraltarians who have so defiantly withstood such penalties, reflected in the drop in the number of tourist and other passenger movements from a 1964 peak of 700,000 to only 120,000?

At the top you find people like Joseph Gaggero, chairman of the Bland organization, who said the best word to describe Gibraltar's reaction to its tribulations was "resilience". His company has not only diversified into overseas travel agencies, but in Gibraltar has had the nerve to expand the famous old Rock Hotel (which serves Angus beef flown from Scotland), to build a cable car which takes tourists to the top of the Rock, with visits to the Barbary apes *en route*, to operate a meticulously-run ferry to Tangier, to enter the trunk air route to London with its Gibraltar Airways, and to develop a ship-repair yard.

Then there is Bill White, from Bath, owner of the Holiday Inn, which in

spite of the supply difficulties has one of the best restaurants in town, who is spending £5,500,000 on building a marina with 173 berths and blocks of about 400 holiday-residential flats.

The ordinary people are friendly. Walking along the old-fashioned Main Street you find most of them speaking Spanish, although the school language is now English. Yet few of them are Spaniards; they are descendants of settlers from Genoa, Malta, Portugal and Britain. Like the inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha, they have a deep affection for their barren 1,396 feet high rock, only 2½ square miles in area, in spite of the levanter which brings clouds and fog to obscure the sky.

They were evacuated during the Second World War, but nearly all of them returned as soon as they could. They demonstrated their remarkable solidarity in the referendum of 1967, when 12,138 voted to remain under British sovereignty and a mere 44 opted for a return to Spain.

"There have been inconclusive talks with Spain over the past year," Sir Joshua told me, "always brought to a dead end by Spain's failure to grasp the fact that Gibraltarians are not Spaniards and, in spite of the affection many of them have for Spain and the Spanish people, do not wish to become part of the Spanish state. We had hoped that things would change after Franco's death, but exchanges so far have been disappointing. Perhaps the day will come when Spain understands our position. In the recent past it has been explained not only to officials of the Spanish government, but to the Spanish people in television and radio programmes originating in Gibraltar. I don't believe the Spanish man in the street gives a damn about Gibraltar as a piece of Spanish territory." None of the Gibraltarians wanted to get involved in the strikes and violence now common in Spain, he said, and as for the future, who could tell whether Spain would move to right or left?

No one is a stouter defender of the Gibraltarians' right to decide for themselves than the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, General Sir William Jackson, a distinguished soldier and historian. People in England, with no conception of the special character of the Gibraltar population, now touching 30,000, might not realize, the Governor felt, how determined it is to run its own affairs.

"It all boils down to a conflict between the archaic nationalism of Spain and the self-determination of the people of Gibraltar," he insisted. After more than a decade of extraordinary pressure, most Gibraltarians were opposed to surrendering to a

country which had imposed so many hardships on them. Whereas many were indifferent, now they were almost solidly opposed to giving in to what they regarded as unprincipled blackmail. The Spaniards had gone the wrong way about it.

Clearly Gibraltar would benefit greatly from the reopening of the frontier, in tourist traffic and in other trade. Spain would benefit, too. Britain could agree to pay the pensions of former Spanish dock workers, and employment could probably be found in time for some 3,000 Spanish workers from among the many unemployed living on the Spanish side.

The "crunch" over Spanish admission to the Common Market is likely to come in about 1982, while the question of whether Spain wishes to join Nato (about which Spaniards are divided) might arise earlier. If Spain did join Nato, the Spanish flag would again fly over Gibraltar, not at the top of the mast, but at least with all the other Nato flags.

Officially, great care has been taken to avoid any suggestion that Britain would oppose Spanish entry into the EEC if the Gibraltar question could not be settled. As Lord Trefgarne, a Foreign Office spokesman, put it in the House of Lords in July, "We are not establishing a formal link between Spanish accession to the EEC—for which of course there is firm British support—and the Gibraltar problem." But, he added, "It is inconceivable, as my right honourable friend the Lord Privy Seal [Sir Ian Gilmour] said during his recent visit to Gibraltar, that a border between two parts of EEC territory could remain closed. It is therefore best to work on the assumption that restrictions will be a thing of the past by the time this point is reached, and that direct contact between Spain and Gibraltar—impossible over the past decade—will be re-established before rather than after the Spanish treaty of accession is signed."

It was in this spirit that Lord Carrington, Foreign Secretary, discussed Gibraltar with the Spanish Foreign Minister at the United Nations in New York in September. "It was agreed in both countries' interests to seek ways of resolving the present differences over Gibraltar," it was stated.

After all, Gibraltar has been British for 275 years, Spanish for only 266 and, before that, Moorish for 727. Yet nobody suggests that it should be "returned" to Morocco, or that Portugal, as part of the Iberian Peninsula, is really Spanish. Spain got Menorca and Florida in exchange for the Rock, and should not feel robbed.



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Delineations of royalty

by David Piper

In an extract from his book *Kings and Queens of England and Scotland*, recently published by Faber, the author traces the history of royal portraiture in Britain from the earliest, in which royalty is symbolized rather than depicted, to the realistic portraits of the 19th and 20th centuries.

Thackeray, visiting Paris in the late 1830s, observed one of the most famous, successful and widely imitated of all royal portraits, Hyacinthe Rigaud's painting of Louis XIV in 1701. In a drawing Thackeray analysed the recipe. To one shrivelled, meagre, bald old man, thin-shanked, stick-leaning, add: a froth of ermine, gold fleurs-de-lys, lace and curling wig; plump up the legs till they strut, and transpose the stick into a golden sceptre. Serve as the Sun King himself, the cynosure of all Europe.

The analysis is not all that unjust, but is unkind, and takes no account either of the fact that, as long as royalty exists, royal portraits are a political necessity, or of the superb quality of Rigaud's response to one of the most difficult problems that can confront any portraitist. The basic reason for the fascination of the royal portrait, the portrait of the head of state, is that in it you can see most vividly the conflict which emerges sooner or later in all forms of portraiture—between the ideal and the factual, the general and the particular. The royal painter has to reflect the enduring and majestic nature of the office, while simultaneously fusing into the image the individual, unique and recognizable likeness of the mortal inhabitant of that office.

In practice, of course, the portraitist's solutions swing from one extreme to the other; the royal portrait can be really little more than a likeness of the throne, crown, sceptre and orb—as in the Great Seals up to Henry VIII's—or it can be, as any other portrait, essentially an attempt to capture the likeness of an individual human being, naked at some point in his lonely journey from the dark into the light of life and out again into the dark of death. The latter kind of solution only occurs when interest in individuality, the quality in a man which makes him different from anyone else, has become a reigning obsession: that is, in terms of European culture, in Greek and Roman times or after the Renaissance. In the long gap between these two periods, artists' interest in exploring an individual likeness dwindled and indeed all but vanished for several centuries. Early Christian emphasis was not on man on earth, but on what he would become in the life hereafter: man is the servant of God, and it is either in this guise or as virtually pure symbols that the earliest kings in Britain, their personalities cohering obscurely through the mists of what were once called the Dark Ages, are glimpsed. The medium in which they first manifest themselves is the coinage,



Portrait of Henry VII by Michiel Sittow, an international court painter, dating from 1505 and measuring only 17 by 12 inches.

and then, even more generalized, in the seals...

Up to the 11th century coins were the only medium through which an image of the ruler could become common knowledge. From then on, however, an alternative vehicle is found in many surviving seals. The practice of validating documents by attaching to them wax impressions from a seal is of great antiquity. When kings were illiterate the seal authorized the document, as a signature was to do later. The die, or matrix, from which impressions were taken was, of course, very precious, and its security and its use jealously guarded: just as a signature, it could authorize almost anything and, fallen into wrong hands, could be used for very dangerous ends. The wax impression was usually attached to its document by a dangling ribbon or thong, so that it had two sides, each of which could carry an image...

As on coins, the images on seals were symbols of authority. They were, and are, also symbols of fascinating stamina: on one side is the figure that art historians call the "majesty figure", in which form those invested with supreme power, from God downwards, have been shown through the ages. This is a whole-length figure, forthrightly frontal, seated on the throne with crown, sceptre and orb—image of the final judge and arbiter. On the other side of the seal is an armed figure on horseback—the conqueror, the defender and so on. These two images have persisted from at least William the Conqueror in the 11th century to Elizabeth II in the 20th...

In pictorial or full sculptural terms the earliest survivors of royal portraiture came in the form of illuminations in manuscripts and then of tomb effigies. Representations of kings can be found in manuscripts as early as the tenth

century, but although kingship is indicated by a crown and the fashion of the times by their beards, they appear, unlike on the coins, as supporting figures in the service of religion: Æthelstan presenting Bede's *Life of St Cuthbert* to the saint; Eadgar (the Pacific; reigned 959-75), in 966 adoring saints, angels and Christ in a mandorla; Cnut (reigned 1016-35) and his queen Ælfgifu presenting a cross to the new minster at Winchester. Cnut is—and needs to be—identified by his name, as too is William the Conqueror on the Bayeux Tapestry, that unique record. The Norman designer of the tapestry does, however, make an apparently consistent, if elementary, differentiation between the two sides: Normans are clean-shaven, the Anglo-Saxons moustached.

Sculptured effigies began a century or so later in the strange shrine of English kings in the abbey church of Fontevault near the Loire. With Henry II (d 1189) and Richard Coeur-de-Lion (d 1199) are Henry's queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and Isabella, queen of Richard's brother and successor King John. They are shown as dead on ceremonial biers or beds, the kings crowned and robed, the sceptres resting on their breasts, the swords discarded at their side: so accoutred, they would have been carried to burial. As likenesses, however, they are retrospective and obviously generalized as to facial character, although two very different men are obviously represented. Thereafter, for perhaps 300 years, the most vivid record of kings survives on their tombs, although the record is incomplete and until Richard II highly uncertain as evidence of faithful likenesses. But vivid some of them certainly are...

Most impressive, however, is the great sequence of royal tombs that gird the shrine of the Confessor and the seat of majesty, the coronation chair, in Westminster Abbey. Of them Francis Beaumont wrote: "Here are sands, ignoble things, Dropt from the ruin'd sides of Kings..." Those of Henry III and his daughter-in-law Eleanor of Castile were commissioned in 1291 by Edward I from the London goldsmith William Torel. Edward III's (d 1377) effigy, in which a strong element of likeness is probably introduced, as beautifully and austere stylized as it is, seems essentially to depend for the head on that (still surviving at the Abbey) of the wooden effigy carried at his funeral based on a deathmask. Then there are the tombs of Richard II and his queen Anne of Bohemia—serene effigies commissioned

Delineations of royalty

by Richard himself after the death of his wife with the specification in the contract that the images should "conterfait" (i.e. resemble) their subjects. Here likeness does indeed enter in, for that of Richard is the first that can be checked adequately against other extant and authentic likenesses: that in the famous Wilton Diptych, a beautiful example of the International Gothic style of the finest quality, in the National Gallery in London, and that in the colossal majesty-figure painting of Richard that still hangs in Westminster Abbey. All three representations, although quite independent, agree on Richard's physiognomy...

Thereafter, as in the case of the seals, the convention of tomb-portraiture in royal effigies is established, but the subsequent gaps are very pronounced. With Henry VII's great bronze tomb in his chapel at Westminster, modelled by Michelangelo's rival Torrigiano, the convention is altered by the High Renaissance style, but the symbolism remains constant. Although Edward VI and Mary I are missing, Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots lie close by, their effigies set in northern Mannerist variations of the theme. Then, however, the tradition fell into abeyance, and the statues by which subsequent monarchs are remembered are rather the equestrian ones, from Le Sueur's Charles I situated at the top of Whitehall through even that charming rarity, Wyatt's George III at the end of Pall Mall, in which one of the most pompous conventions of royal portraiture is actually imbued with modesty. Only in Victoria's reign, in the newly established royal mausoleum at Frogmore and not at Westminster, was the royal tomb effigy enthusiastically revived...

The earliest easel paintings, as far as originals are concerned, are those of Henry VII. They start in small scale, quite modest head-and-shoulders in the Van Eyckian tradition, and they certainly were likenesses. Retrospective sets of them became fashionable in the 16th century, the earlier ones, going back even to Edward the Confessor, being purely fictitious likenesses, although some of the later ones from Richard II onwards may reflect now lost originals taken from life...

In the transcontinental marriage negotiations of the 16th century, portraits travelled as proxies for wooer and wooed—that by Michiel Sittow of Henry VII went for inspection by daughters of Maximilian (apparently unsuccessfully). As the art of the naturalistic portrait quickly established itself, it answered other proxy duties; thus, for example, a royal portrait became a standard item in an ambassador's baggage, lending authority to him in his residence abroad, as even now in embassies and consulates the visitor is confronted by a copy or reproduction of the state portrait, or even a photograph, of the Queen.



Left, Elizabeth I by Marcus Gheeraerts, painted in 1592 shortly after the victory over the Spanish Armada. Top left, detail of portrait of Charles II attributed to Thomas Hawker. Top right, Gillray's *A Voluptuary under the Horrors of Digestion*, 1792, which caricatures George IV. Above, woodcut by Sir William Nicholson of Queen Victoria, published in 1900. Right, Edward VIII by Walter Sickert, 1936, painted from a newspaper photograph.

Delineations of royalty

Owners of large houses used to have long loyal sequences of paintings of the kings and queens of England. All this inevitably meant considerable reduplication and, in relation to the considerable number of paintings of any monarch surviving, only a handful will be "originals". They tend generally to the formal. While early on there may have been some attempt to hold a monopoly on certain sizes, such as the whole-length life-scale portrait, as very suitable only for very important persons, this obviously could not last and by the early 17th century whole-lengths were commonplace.

The royalty of the sitter, therefore, still generally needed "labelling" by the introduction of the attributes of royalty—crowns, ermine, robes, orb, sceptre and so on. This can lead to accusations of insincerity, such as those indicated in Thackeray's dissection of Rigaud's Louis XIV; on the other hand, a painter of genius could transcend the formula, the most notable examples being Holbein and Van Dyck. Their recordings, so convincing as to seem definitive, have profoundly influenced posterity's assessment of Henry VIII and Charles I...

But kings and queens, like other mortals, have families and friends, and it is for their pleasure that the more informal portraits are generally made. These are, however, proportionately very rare, and it is in formal guise that the faces of monarchs became known to ever-increasing numbers of their subjects by ever-increasingly sophisticated methods of reproduction. Mass reduplication by means of engravings was brought to a high pitch of excellence through the 17th and 18th centuries, although towards the end of that time scurrilous counterblasts in the form of libellous caricatures, pennyplain, twopence-coloured, became common, a symptom of the gradual abandonment of all claims to absolutism and divine right by constitutional monarchy.

Caricature, however, was by no means always aggressive or vicious. Even Gillray's evocation of George IV (when Prince of Wales) as a voluptuary suffering the horrors of indigestion, if not exactly flattering, is very far from the savage distortion of his more typical work. Entirely credible as a realistic likeness of its subject, in mood almost of Dutch genre characterization, it betrays something perhaps of the latent affection, often unexpectedly mutual, that can link a cartoonist and his victim. The later silhouette of George IV (now trousered) with his brother the Duke of York engagingly recalls Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Oil paintings of anywhere near such informality are not common. Jan van der Vaart's *Mary II*, seemingly almost acting as model for the literally high fashion of the *fontange* head-dressing of the 1690s, is a very early, but charm-



Pietro Annigoni's most popular first portrait of Elizabeth II, painted in 1955. Many copies of this have been made to act as official portraits.

ing and humane, oddity. George III, a good family man (in intention and inclination anyway, if not very successfully *vis-à-vis* his obstreperous heir), employed the most accomplished master of the second wave of conversation pieces, the German-born John Zoffany, to record royal domesticity. The result could be incongruous; there is one version of the royal family posed in full Van Dyck gear and attitudes—then very fashionable attributes supplied by many society portrait painters for their sitters—which, as an attempt to invest the staid, doubtless rather boring, image of the Georgian court with the cavalier glamour of the Caroline court, must be acknowledged as unconvincing. Zoffany's view of Queen Charlotte at her dressing-table, however, is one of the most charming of 18th-century small-scale portraits in an interior—the latter delineated with loving detailed accuracy.

In Victoria's reign the proliferation became enormous in all media—paintings, engravings, popular prints, statues, busts. Then came the postage stamp and, of course, the fundamental revolution, the photograph. Early photographs—needing a formal posing—could be to a considerable degree

controlled in the interests of decorum and the desirability of royalty putting its best face forward, although they did tend, nevertheless, to reveal that clothes even on a queen might not fit as faultlessly as feathers on a bird.

At the other extreme—at least of apparent permanency—came the multiplication of full-scale (or larger) statues of Victoria Imperatrix, staking out vast areas of the globe as property of the Empire. Statues occur from Charles I onwards, increasing in answer to the classical taste of the 18th century, but only proliferating through the British Empire, as once they had in the Roman Empire, in Victorian days.

By the late 20th century the statuary of the monarch has dwindled. The real oil portrait, in gilt frame, nonetheless persists, and in a studio in Regent's Park the state portrait is duplicated by the dozen, in all sizes and by different techniques, for distribution to government offices at home and abroad, while the Queen in her patience sits again and again—in a room allocated for that purpose—to painters for "one-off" originals for societies, charities, companies and institutions of many kinds of which she is the patron. The official state portrait is in itself an institution of

convenience but almost more of necessity; were the Queen to sit afresh whenever a portrait of her was needed she would have no time for any other occupation. The chosen painter makes the "master" version, and from this copies are turned out—normally not by the master himself. Kneller's studio used to do William IIIs a dozen at a time; Allan Ramsay, to whom production of the state portrait of George III was allotted, employed Reinagle as his assistant and hardly touched a brush himself again, his income assured by the royal monopoly. In the 20th century the official state portrait has been in difficulties, not least because the costume and traditional trappings of monarchy have become increasingly remote from everyday life—they do not consort with motor cars very happily, nor for that matter with trousers, rather than breeches, and, of course, not at all with short skirts. The official version of Queen Elizabeth II (by Sir James Gunn) in a stiff regalia-encrusted traditional pose was not popular and was in fact largely supplanted by versions of Annigoni's famous portrait.

As a work of art its eclectic and derivative elements are easily analysed—and were, by generally hostile art critics. The English countryside modulates backwards into a landscape of the Florentine 15th century with rather odd surrealist accents. The drawing may not be quite up to Leonardo's standards—the indication of the arm under the cloak, for example, is anatomically inadequate. But no quibbles can detract from the figure's essential and compelling simplicity; Elizabeth II is not presented as dummy festooned with crown, sceptre and ermine, but as a woman of flesh and blood and not in fancy dress. She may be wearing the Mantle of the Order of the Garter—and indeed she is, with its Star blazoned—but the garment is a most becoming midnight blue, and she has just picked it up and cast it casually about her shoulders against the nip in the air; it happened to be lying there to hand. And yet, of course, that is not quite true, and she is presented in part as fantasy figure within a mythology, not of the obsolescent past, but of our own time...

But even solutions such as Annigoni's are for formal and contrived occasions. In everyday life, whether formal or informal, royalty has become all too vulnerable to attack by the ubiquitous candid camera, as films get even faster and faster and zoom lenses peer into bedrooms from hundreds of yards away. The result can be enchanting, as Charles Knight's capture of Queen Victoria's smile—or embarrassing, impertinent and a disgusting invasion of human privacy, to which even royalty has a human right. And with television more and more of royalty's life—and possibly even death—becomes instant entertainment flickering in millions of homes: a power for endless good and perhaps equally endless danger ●

Paston

by E. R. Chamberlin

The 1,000-odd letters of a family that rose from humble beginnings to great wealth and prominence, reaching their apogee when Charles II created Robert Paston Earl of Yarmouth in 1679, provide us with an intimate insight into a Norfolk family's history throughout many reigns. Photographs by Anne Cardale.



Early 19th-century Paston Hall, with outbuildings, in Norfolk.

Along the north-east coast of Norfolk, from Cromer down to Mundesley, the holiday houses, chalets and shacks spread along the low cliffs like unshaven stubble on a chin. South of Mundesley the stubble ceases briefly, meadowland and cornland intervene, and then the great North Sea oil terminal at Bacton begins. As improbable as a Martian city, it seems to float over the green fields, its towers and pylons piercing the cloudy skies through which the great helicopters roar in from the oil rigs, to touch down like gaudy insects. Beyond, the unshaven stubble of buildings starts again to continue south round the bulge of the county.

The traveller coming in low on one of the helicopters might deduce that the whole county had been so raped. But Norfolk is deceptive. A mile or so inland from the horrors of the coastline the countryside continues as though tourism and North Sea oil were only

bad dreams. The narrow lanes refuse to allow two cars to pass each other; the working villages, scattered thinly amid their fields, ignore the traveller.

An observer standing in that gap between Mundesley and the Martian city can see, only a few hundred yards inland, a dense copse of oak and sycamore filling a little hollow. Just visible within that copse are three buildings which, though separated in time, are psychically linked: an enormous barn, cathedral-huge and silent; a church half its size; and a country house now turned into a hotel. They are, respectively, the Great Barn of Sir William Paston, built in 1583, Paston church, some two centuries older, and Paston Hall. The Hall is a relative parvenu, built in the early 19th century. But in its enclosed kitchen garden fragments of handsome tile and brick are sometimes

turned up, and at certain times of the year crop-marks in the same area, show the site of an imposing building, the predecessor of the present Hall.

The church itself seems to turn its back on the road, facing a rough path or drive which runs from the front of the Hall, through the copse and on to join the road a few hundred yards along. The drive looks casual, almost recent, but it has followed that route for 500 years and it explains why the church seems to be back to front: the drive was once the public highway but was closed by the owner of the Hall, diverting the road to its present course. The 20th-century inquirer can, in effect, eavesdrop on a heated altercation about this closure which took place in the church on a summer's evening "after Evensong" in 1451. Agnes Paston, the lady of the Hall, is seated in

one of the enclosed wooden pews (which still remain in the church) when "Agnes Ball come to me and bade me good even, and Clement Spicer with her. And I asked him what he would. And he asked me why I had stopped the king's way and I said to him I stopped no way but mine own . . . And all that time Waryn Herman leaned over the [partition] and listened what we said and said that the change was a rewly change, for the [village] was undo thereby and is the worse by an £100. And I told him it was no courtesy to meddle him in the matter, but if he were called to council." Still arguing heatedly, the four walk out of the church, presumably parting at the disputed new boundary. Agnes Paston hastens to sum up the argument in a letter to her son John, who is a lawyer in London, and John Paston, after absorbing its contents, like a good lawyer files the letter away, ➤➤➤

Paston

adding it to the growing number of similar letters to and from members of his family. He has, indeed, gone on record as saying that these fragile scraps of paper and parchment constitute the Pastons' greatest treasure and though he meant it in a purely legalistic manner the centuries will indeed turn *The Paston Letters* into one of the great treasures of English history.

The little complex of buildings within the copse form the heartland of the Paston family. In the course of time they owned much grander mansions and wider estates in the county, as they climbed steadily towards an earldom, but it was from here that they emanated and it is here, half a millennium later, that they are remembered, their carefully garnered letters at once granting a tenuous immortality to them and providing a species of peephole into the past through which posterity can monitor the slow change over the centuries.

The family appeared first as small farmers in the mid 14th century. "There was one Clement Paston, dwelling in Paston, and he was a good plain husband[man] and lived upon his land and he kept thereon a plough... And he had a son William, which that he set to school..."

William, in due course, became a judge and ensured that his son John also took to the law. According to his wife Agnes—the same Agnes who had sturdily taken on three truculent neighbours in Paston church—"he said many times that whosoever should dwell at Paston should have need to know how to defend himself" at law as well as in battle. Thus it came about that John defended the front line in London, leaving it first to his mother, then to his wife Margaret, literally to hold the fort at home.

A splendid woman, this Margaret. Through those letters it is possible to follow her career from bride to wife to mother, to matriarch. She came to the Hall in the copse as a betrothed girl in 1440 (her future mother-in-law asks her father-in-law to buy her a gown "a goody blue or a bright sanguine"). She died at the Hall for 44 years until her death in 1484 and a good proportion of the 1,000-odd letters that form the collection are to, or from, or about her.

Her husband, John, was absent most of the time. He had his own troubles in London: on three occasions, indeed, his enemies contrived to get him thrown into the Fleet prison and Margaret had to cope with the thronging enemies in Norfolk on her own account. The battles were real and bloody for they were fuelled with land hunger, the Pastons arousing the hatred and jealousy of the established families as they acquired ever more estates.

The letters speak of the greater outside world: of Europe where Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, has died at the height of his splendour; of London where the kings come and go. But the letters also faithfully reflect the

small things of life. Margaret lays in Lent provisions: she pays 4s 6d for a cartload of herrings but is unable to get oles; John sends her treacle of Genoa and arranges for a piece of cloth of gold for his father's tomb; a whale has been caught, and there is argument as to who owns which part; the family negotiate for a town house in Norwich.

And there are the inevitable personal troubles arising out of a family of seven children. The two eldest sons (both confusingly endowed with their father's name of John) are not very satisfactory. The heir is extravagant and somewhat irresponsible, preferring life abroad to the stern realities of Norfolk. Although a bachelor, he has plenty of advice for his love-lorn brother who is endlessly in pursuit of a wife. "Bear yourself as lowly to the mother as you list, but to the maid not too lowly..."

There is the classic story of star-crossed lovers when their sister Margery wants to marry the bailiff Richard Calle. The entire family, forgetting their own origins, are enraged at their employee's presumption and considerable pressure is evidently brought to bear on the stubborn girl. "Mine own Lady and Mistress, ye have had so much sorrow of me as any Gentlewoman hath had in the world," Calle writes sadly—and even his wistful love-letter finds its way into the collection. He is too good a man to lose, however, and, Margery refusing to give him up, the family consent to the marriage and gain an excellent kinsman.

Although the letters end in the early 16th century, the fortunes of the family continued to rise, reaching their apogee when Charles II created Robert Paston Earl of Yarmouth in 1679. The honour merely started the family on the road to bankruptcy, however, and when the second and last earl died in 1732, without male heir, most of their property, including Paston, passed out of their hands. The letters themselves were dispersed until 1787 when a Norfolk gentleman, John Fenn, collected and published a selection. They aroused considerable interest and Fenn gained a knighthood for his pains.

There was to be an odd postscript to the Paston story in the 20th century. In 1823 a family called Mack bought the estates, including the rebuilt Hall, and for nearly a century acted the part of squires. So powerful was the Paston ambience that at least one Mack adopted Paston as a Christian name and all seem to have regarded themselves as true successors. Towards the end of the century a girl, Majorie, was born here and in the 1940s she published a series of delightful memoirs in which she wrestled with the task of describing "how closely intertwined were the lives of those two little girls [herself and her sister] with those of this family which had lived at Paston so long before their time." By this accident of literary history the reader and visitor can, in effect, pick up in the early 20th century the story that was suspended in the late 15th. It is possible not only to eavesdrop on Agnes Paston's alterca-



Above, Paston Wood with the Great Barn and the huge new barn in the distance; far left, part of the Great Barn; and left, Paston church.

tion in the church in 1451, but also to sit in the pew where the little Edwardian girl sat and share her thoughts about those who had sat there before. And outside, on the south wall, gnarled but still living is "the stiff-stemmed blush rose with its matchless perfume" which the child Majorie smelt on summer mornings and which for the grown woman ever after "brought back the smell of varnish on the Paston pew".

The Paston inheritance has been, in effect, divided into two. A young hotelier and his wife have taken over the Hall and brought it back to life again, pointing out with pride that they are only the fifth owners in 500 years. And the Dutch company known as the East Anglian Real Property Company has taken over the Paston lands. Joe

Mallet, their local steward, is the effective *locum tenens* of that "good plain husband[man]" who lived on his land and kept thereon a plough." Mr Mallet, an explosively energetic Norfolk farmer, is engagingly proprietorial over the Great Barn. Until a few years ago it was used regularly. "It is a marvellous piece of work: warm in winter, cool in summer. We still use it for corn." But the vast machines needed on modern farms cannot be turned round even in this huge Tudor building and, on the other side of the road, an immense, workmanlike but rather ugly building with an aggressively red roof has taken over the workaday role of Sir William Paston's Great Barn. But the EARP Company maintain the Great Barn in perfect order so that the trinity of buildings continue in their relationship ●



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Excavation and reconstruction of a Punic warship

At the conclusion of twelve seasons' work Honor Frost describes the unique excavation of a Punic warship, which may well have sunk in the defence of Marsala, the ancient Lilybaeum, at the end of the First Punic War in about 241 bc; and she also records the painstaking reconstruction of the vessel.

After centuries of arguments about the propulsion of Classical warships, such as were postulated by Alfonso Borelli in 1675 at the Roman palace of his patroness Queen Christina of Sweden (now Italy's Accademia dei Lincei), to the discussions in 1975 in the columns of *The Times* which closed after the 35th letter, any solid evidence about a warship makes a welcome change from speculation even if, as in this case, the ship is a liburna rather than a trireme.

In the Mediterranean area only two ships discovered undersea have been rebuilt: the fourth-century bc Greek merchantman excavated by Professor Michael L. Katzev at Kyrenia, Cyprus (*JLN*, June, 1974), and this third-century warship in Sicily. Opponents of the reconstruction of ancient wrecks argue that, first, enough architectural information comes from excavation records (plans, photographs etc), so it is unnecessary to go to the trouble of rebuilding a hull; it should be left on the bottom. Second, that to conserve hulls is premature, because treatments for large amounts of waterlogged wood have yet to be perfected.

I do not advocate the reconstruction of any but exceptional wrecks, but the case of the Punic ship certainly demonstrates that major architectural and epigraphic findings would have been lost had its remains been left on the sea bed. As to the treatment of waterlogged wood, methods will never progress unless they are practised.

I first visited Marsala in 1969 soon after a commercial sand-dredger had accidentally dug into a group of wrecks off Punta Scario, opposite the Egadi Islands. The following year, on the suggestion of a local enthusiast Signor Eduardo Lipari, and with the permission of the Superintendent of Antiquities for Western Sicily Professor Vincenzo Tusa, I returned with a small expedition to start surveying the sites which, with one exception, were marked on the surface of the sand by piles of ballast stones rather than the usual piles of coral amphorae. It was not, however, until 1971 that we came upon the remarkable stempost of this long-ship protruding from the sea bed at a depth of only 2.5 metres. The movement of a sandbank had revealed it, at the same time endangering the ancient wood, which only survives if it is buried. In the circumstances Fro-

essor Tusa agreed that the remains should be excavated and raised. Thereafter the digging, or rather the sucking away of the sand by dredges, lasted four annual seasons of some two months each. The wood was recorded first on the bottom and again in greater detail on land after each plank and timber had been raised. It was then transferred at the end of each season to freshwater storage tanks in a courtyard of the Palermo Museum.

In 1975 a laboratory had been built in Marsala. The wood was brought back to it in batches and treated by impregnation with polyethylene glycol, a synthetic wax. Initially, Michael Katzev and his conservator from the Kyrenia Ship, Mrs Frances Talbot-Vassiliades, had given us the benefit of their experience and visited Sicily to advise on the construction and running of our laboratory. Our laboratory also benefited greatly from the infrastructure of Marsala's wine trade, because the construction of stainless steel tanks, the circulation of liquids and the accurate control of their temperature, all requisites for winemaking, have much in common with the treatment of waterlogged wood. Our local patron, Dr Pietro Alagna, became an active member of the expedition and cared for the running of the laboratory. By the end of the 1978 season all the timbers had been treated and the remains of the hull had been reconstructed inside a lovely but derelict wine factory, the Baglio Anselmi on Capo Boeo (the ancient Lilybaeum), which had been hastily requisitioned as a museum by the Marsala Municipality.

The ship may indeed have sunk in the defence of Lilybaeum, even perhaps during the battle of the Egadi Islands (as evidenced by so many carelessly wrecked) which, in 241 bc, ended the First Punic War with a victory for the Romans and the fall of this town. But I am discussing the ship as an artifact, rather than its place in history. Considered as an artifact it is a massive proof of the archaeological assumption that the colonized Phoenicians had inherited the woodworking skills of their Levantine ancestors. Little Punic wood—or indeed calligraphy—survives in conditions of land-burial but, as this excavation demonstrates, organic matter can be very well preserved beneath the sea bed.



Top, the stern of the excavated Punic warship inside its metal frame at the end of its reconstruction in 1978; the frame was made according to the specifications of experts in naval architecture who calculated the ship's lines. Above

The architectural reconstruction of a building is relatively straightforward in that its walls rise vertically from their foundations, but in the case of a ship there is no such obvious correlation between the keel and the complex and interrelated curves of the hull. Nevertheless it is theoretically possible to

calculate such curvature given certain data such as the shapes of individual planks and at least part of one of the ship's extremities. The trouble with ancient wrecks is that the upright extremities are usually missing because, being quasi-vertical, they break off and are carried away by the sea after a



left, Uccio Bonanno, brother of Vito who built the frame, works on a replica of the keel using an adze, as the Punic shipwrights did, to cut a rabbet. Above right, part of the hull showing the bevelling of the spray deflectors.

ship has settled on the bottom and become waterlogged, its softened sides splayed out to be covered by sand. Exceptionally, the rise of the Punic ship's stern did survive, and with it five of the almost cross-timbers as well as some 12 metres of the port side planking, up to the level of strake no 16

from the keel, and part of a wale. A significant amount of this vital information had already been recorded by 1972 and circulated to naval architects in the form of 1:5 scale drawings. Nevertheless it took six years of calculation and model-making by three experts, Paul Adam, Austin Farrar and Frank



Underwater views: top, part of the ship's ram; above left, a long floor timber and a frame, looking towards the ballast-filled keel cavity. When the sand was first removed the colours of the timbers were as good as new. Above right, part of the reconstructed hull showing three Phoenician-Punic letters, meaning keel, which were obliterated by the wax treatment to preserve the wood; they were reproduced on to sheets of perspex and replaced over their original positions (the chalked numeral is a guide to the reassembly of the hull).

Howard, to arrive at a theoretical reconstruction of the vessel's shape. By 1974 they had projected the stern of the ship as far as its parallel midships section, but they could not go further without knowing what kind of prow they might expect. It would have been possible, but unwarranted, to have continued the projection solely on the basis of iconographic evidence.

Meanwhile the underwater excavation was drawing to a close; only after the last timbers had been lifted from the site had I time to satisfy my curiosity by sounding the neighbouring wreck some 40 metres to the south, which had long been known to us as "the sister ship". It revealed the missing evidence in the form of a prow complete with the framework of its ram. This second wreck was proved to be of the same nationality and period as the first by a painted Phoenician-Punic alphabetic sign as well as by the associated potsherds. The structural information which it provided also

similarly vertical stempost was applied to the projection of the Punic ship its calculated lines fell into place. What emerged was an estimated length of 35 metres, a beam of 4.8 metres (giving a length to breadth ratio of 7.29) and a displacement of some 120 tons. There had been only one bank of oars; the spaces between them being unusually large, there must have been two rowers to each oar. In other words it was a relatively small, fast vessel corresponding to what we know of the liburna. Although the theoretical reconstruction of the ship's lines had been finished by the beginning of the 1978 season, I admit to having been nervous when the moment of truth arrived and the metal frame which would support the ancient timbers had to be built according to the calculated pattern. Would the timbers fit this frame? Even a minor miscalculation could be serious, and if the frame were not the right shape many thousands of nails and tenons would refuse to fall back into place once the original wood had been laid



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inside it. The only precaution was to make telescopic, adjustable supports for the frame. Happily, when it was put to the test the joinery fitted so well that only the aftermost of these supports had to be raised by some 3 centimetres. This was a tribute not only to the architects who had deduced the ship's lines, but also to the shipwright responsible for making the frame and carrying out the physical reconstruction. He was Vito Bonanno who, with his brothers, builds fishing boats in the port of Marsala.

Like all known wrecks of the Classical period this ship had been "shell-built", that is, its skeleton had been inserted after its hull planking had been erected, unlike the modern method of nailing the planking on to a skeleton. Nevertheless Bonanno had little difficulty in grasping the ancient techniques. As a professional, his comments were most interesting; indeed it is noteworthy that this Punic ship should have been reassembled by a boat-builder rather than a team of archaeologists, as had been the case in Cyprus.

Until underwater research led to the discovery of wrecked hulls, knowledge of the structure of ancient ships depended on the interpretation of texts and representations. Now a variety of questions should find their answers; I can only touch on a few that concern this ship. Hitherto all the wrecks recorded by divers had been cargo-carriers or round-ships: divers find these by noticing the remains of imperishable cargoes protruding above the sand, whereas cargoless warships, being buried, pass unnoticed. Warships are, however, of particular historical interest since the understanding of naval strategy depends on some knowledge of the performance of the various types of vessels used in fleets at given periods. In addition there are puzzling textual references to the incredible (by modern standards) speed at which ships were built during the First Punic War and to the copying of captured Punic warships by the Romans (Pliny, *Natural History* 16, 192 and Polybius, *Histories* I, 20, 9-21 and I, 59, 8). For such reasons the Marsala ship, which is proved to be Punic by the inscriptions which it bore and to be a warship by both its context and its shape, justified not only slow and careful excavation, but also physical reconstruction.

A final excavation report does no more than present the facts for future scholarly interpretation. In this case the artifact itself is also available for study and the most important fact that it presents is the vessel's shape; nothing else could have proved that our calculations had been accurate and, in consequence, that this ship was long and elegant, that it had been built for speed and that there was no space in it for stowing cargo. In addition such unique features as the spray-deflectors (unlikely to occur on any round-ship) would never have been found had only the inside been excavated and the hull



Plan and elevation of the reconstructed Punic warship drawn by Michael L. Leek, top; experts estimated the length at 35 metres with a beam of 4.8 metres and a displacement of some 120 tons. The spaces between the oars are unusually large, so that there must have been two rowers to each oar. Above, the museum on Capo Boeo in which the ship is housed.

left on the sea bed. The spray-deflectors take the form of a sculpted bevelling encircling the ship at its waterline. They appear as a surprise on the otherwise smooth, carvel-built hull and they are a device that has only recently been reintroduced and used on certain fast ships including warships.

Another feature found only on this ship and its sister is the shipwright's marks and alphabetic letters painted on to the wood. Those on the outside of the hull or under the seatings of the timbers would have remained unknown if the ship had not been dismembered and raised. As it is, in addition to some epigraphical findings, our understanding of the ship's construction depends largely on these signs which Dr William Johnstone recorded. He painstakingly scanned, centimetre by centimetre, each fragment of dismembered wood as it came from the sea or lay immersed in the storage tanks in the Palermo Museum, tracing, photographing and numbering every scratch and spill of paint as well as the calligraphy.

Later, working independently from

the rest of us, he pieced the hull together on paper so as to work out the relationship of the signs. With relentless logic he deduced, from the accidental dribbles of paint as well as from the actual letters, the successive stages of the hitherto unknown sequence of construction. I hope he will forgive me for saying that his findings are all the more convincing because of his ignorance, for he tells me that he had no prior knowledge of, or interest in, ships. In consequence his deductions lack any of the tendentiousness that it would have been impossible for a naval architect to have avoided. It was, for instance, the alphabetic sequence set out along the port side of the keel and later repeated inside the hull along plank number 11 that led William Johnstone to deduce, first, that the internal cross timbers had been identified by letters (used as numbers) and, second, that the whole complex structure, including frames and floor-timbers of varying shape, had been preplanned (since it had first been set out when the keel was laid).

This prefabrication partly explains the speed of warship construction

referred to in texts. Another contributory factor was observed by Paul Adam while he was calculating the vessel's lines from the shapes of her planks. He noted that the planks were rectilinear and virtually parallel-sided, having been cut through the length of straight pine trees, without having been subsequently given the elongated egg shapes of modern strakes. The straight sides would have saved working time by eliminating the lengthy operations of fitting the curve of each plank to the curve of the plank beneath it. He further realized that straight-sided planking could only be brought into either a spoon-shaped extremity (which explains the swan-necked sterns common to all representations of ships of the Classical period) or to vertical posts, such as the stempost that we were in fact to discover on the prow of the sister ship.

The prefabrication of this ship deserves consideration within the general context of the history of technology. For example further evidence of preplanning is given by one of the internal cross-members. This floor-timber had been fashioned by jointing together two pieces of wood, thus demonstrating that the criterion for choosing timber had not been the suitability of its shape, but rather that a predetermined shape was imposed even if no suitably sized timber was available. All this amounts to a concept which is quite foreign to the craft of wooden shipbuilding wherein timber is chosen for its suitability and building is largely guided by the shipwright's judgment and the accuracy of his eye. Such assembling of components of predetermined shape in predetermined positions adds up to a degree of industrial organization which, except in this instance, is not again recorded until the Industrial Revolution.

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2600	9.0 secs	118	38.2	7.4	30.2	9.4
3500	8.9 secs	122	36.3	7.9	27.9	10.1


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The feminist publisher

by Joan Bakewell

Carmen Callil, founder and managing director of Virago, the highly successful and individual feminist publishing house, recalls her strongly Roman Catholic upbringing in Australia, and discusses the philosophy behind her all-consuming work.

It all seems to happen in one room, four uncarpeted flights up from the seedy twinkle of Soho sex parlours. A strange place to find Virago—Britain's five-year-old feminist publishing imprint. And it is not even a big room. Yet eight of them work there, among a bright and organized array of books, files, notice-boards and shelves. You can hardly see the wall for things stacked around; the paintwork where it shows is acid green. This is Carmen Callil's powerhouse. She, as founder and now managing director, has created, in a publishing depression, a highly individual and successful publishing house.

The name, which has since brought them a good deal of tiresome aggravation from assertive male critics, was made in a mood of defiant confidence, "sitting around with colleagues from *Spare Rib* and probably too much booze. We all thought British women apologize too much for everything. We were looking through the names of goddesses in some ancient mythology book, and we chose it almost as a joke because it sent up this polite nonsense of, 'excuse me please, but I'd like equal pay'". Joke or not, every book they publish carries forward the crusade on its opening page: "It is only when women start to organize in large numbers that we become a political force and begin to move towards the possibility of a truly democratic society in which every human being can be brave, responsible, thinking and diligent in the struggle to live at once freely and unselfishly." Strong stuff—and a bit pompous. Below are listed the names of its advisory group: some 40 women. Carmen Callil knows that Virago depends on the strength and intelligence of her colleagues, particularly Ursula Owen as editorial director and Harriet Spicer, production manager.

It was Ursula Owen who wrote to *The Times* recently in defence of Jane Cousins's *Make it Happy*, a sex book for teenagers that earned the wrath of one of the paper's columnists by winning *The Times Educational Supplement* Information Books Award.

Carmen Callil has always been used to living and working in communities of women. She was born in 1938 in Melbourne, Australia, into a Roman Catholic family of diverse immigrants: "My father was Lebanese, a Maronite Christian. My grandparents emigrated from the Lebanon and my great-grandparents on the other side emigrated from Cork. Both Catholics. By the time I was born the Lebanese family were well off rag-trade people, but my father was a barrister and lecturer in



JENNIFER BEISTON

French at Melbourne University. He died when I was eight. My mother had no need to work, but I don't think you can understand what it meant to be widowed in a society like Melbourne during the war. Everything ceases with the death of the man."

Carmen Callil was the third of four children: "Girl, boy, me and a boy. Yes, I was the nothing child—not the firstborn, not the first son and not the baby. Perhaps that's why I felt such a misfit." Her entire education was in convent boarding schools, the first when she was four years old. She speaks harshly of the nuns—"them I will never forgive"—but learned from the other girls a capacity for female friendship which she believes is one of her life's greatest strengths. "I've known some of those girls absolutely all my life. I have a capacity for making friends—I have enormous numbers of them. I'm sure that comes from having so many siblings. The sort of relationships I've had with women all my life, men don't seem to have. That wonderful phalanx of friends and the conversations—about children, love, sex, one's womb—mostly about love."

But it was from her father that she inherited a love of books. "He left this enormous library. He was a collector;

he bought at auctions and to get the one book he wanted he would buy the entire collection. There were lots of H. G. Wells and Shaw, so perhaps he was a bit of a radical. But there were others, too. I read the most obscure diaries and memoirs of crackpot people."

She was bright at school, and won prizes. "It wasn't very difficult. My mother expected us all to go to university. And she was very good like that—cooking meals so I could study." Melbourne University and a degree in English lay ahead, but at a time when Barry Humphries and Germaine Greer were kicking over the traces there—"Germaine broke away in the most splendid fashion, she'd been at the convent round the corner"—Carmen Callil remained, by her own account, modest, shy, withdrawn and an obedient Catholic. I find it hard to believe of this boisterous and lively spirit. "You must believe me, Joan. All Catholics have scruples; I had more scruples than anybody. Once the whole principle of mortal sin was explained to me I didn't dare speak for six months. I was still a good Catholic girl when I left on the ship for England. And even now I still love everything surrounding the religion—the singing, the churches, the prayers."

She left Australia for England the day she graduated. By now her history studies plus father's Wells and Shaw had changed her political viewpoint. "We were brought up liberal—that means Tory. But I studied Australian history for a year. It's a pretty heroic little history—a microcosm of the history of the world. I read documents about how convicts were sent out and identified immediately with the underdog. Aborigines? No, I know nothing about them to this day. It was always British Australian history."

She arrived in the Britain of the 60s and loved it: "They were wonderful years for an ageing delinquent like myself." They brought a variety of jobs, two years in Italy and a steady love affair. But there were problems, too. Eventually, aged 25, she needed help to sort out her confusions and went to what she good-humouredly describes as a shrink: "I genuinely wanted to be happy. I knew in my head what was wrong with me. I was quite single-minded; I worked at it." The effort—a good deal of honesty and intelligent heart-searching—paid off. "Now, I really think I'm almost perfectly happy. My sense of fulfilment in Virago is incredible. I thoroughly enjoy it. I love the

'I hope we're not pinching too many of your customers, Mr Wagstaff...

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'Well, they're certainly convenient for "paying in",' said Mr Wagstaff. 'Not so easy when it comes to withdrawals, though, I seem to remember. So I expect we'll survive! But what was this new venture you wanted to talk about?'

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Wagstaff heard the penny drop.

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The feminist publisher

fact it's there, it exists—and I love the people in it. I want to move premises soon. Of course it was hell at the start—the fear, sheer terror, was unspeakable. We used to snap and snarl at each other, the strain was so great. Now it's burgeoned and, like a flower that has off-shoots, good things happen all the time."

She radiates the excitement of what she is doing, bubbles with laughter, erupting into occasional loud guffaws that rip the room. More thoughtfully, searching for an answer, she picks at the table edge with a long fingernail. At the moment she shares her life with no one but those many friends. "If you really want to know I don't think I've ever sorted out this business of men. I've fallen in love with men who haven't loved me as much as I've loved them. That's about it." And children have no place in her life. "I'm 41 now; it's too late and I don't mind. I don't think I've ever been very interested. I do believe there's a small percentage of women who, without being 'unsexual, unfeminine, are just not interested. I've always wanted to work."

And work she has. At first it was at Marks & Spencer: "My family was rag trade, after all, and this was my last attempt to haul myself back into it. I was a trainee buyer—and died of boredom. So I resigned and put an ad in *The Times*. It brought a job in a publishing house doing junior things. Then came a bigger break: a job doing publicity. That was it—the start.

"In 1970 I set up my own company handling publicity, and Quartet books was one of my accounts. In 1973 I got together with Rosie Boycott and Marsha Rowe of *Spare Rib* and went to Quartet with an idea: we would publish certain books and they would pay for the production and own them. Quartet agreed and the project went ahead." Early Virago books bear the line: "In association with Quartet books." But the liaison did not last. Quartet was in trouble and Carmen Callil was eager to become independent. She had been joined by the forceful Ursula Owen. "Ursula's always had a greater sense of indignation than I have. She came directly from the North London Women's Movement. I'd never met a theoretical feminist before; I was pretty ropery on all those issues. Ursula is a lot more intellectual on these matters than I am—not more literary, more intellectual. Once she arrived, that's when the list really took off."

It was an article in *Publisher's Weekly* that was the trigger; "Mr Hopeful starts a publishing company." It taught you how to do cash flow, profit and loss. I spent six months teaching myself... I read it and read it and read it. Then we produced a prospectus for an independent company." On the strength of the prospectus National Westminster and a handful of friends guaranteed the money. They

were in business. Their first book *Life as we have known it* was the reminiscences of working-class life by women in the Women's Co-operative Guild. Reprints, many of them of feminist interest, and manuscripts neglected by other publishers have been a rich source of material. Now they have some 40 titles a year.

As a trade paperback company they do not go for best-sellers as such. Recently, however, Vera Brittain's *Testament of Youth* and Jane Cousins's *Make it Happy* have hit best-seller levels. And in May this year, for the first time, they'll be publishing men: "They are dead men, though," says Carmen with a defensive grin, "Shaw, Wells, Gissing and Meredith. They all wrote about the new woman in that pre-suffrage period. They were the first to perceive that women were going to want something more."

She defines her own feminism in both pragmatic and universal terms. "We are deeply committed to practical things, doing good books that look good and people want to read. We're committed to actual change at factory floor level. But for me feminism is a philosophy of life—the belief that personal relationships are the most important things, having or not having children, loving, not loving and emphasizing woman's values—that's true feminism. And it's ludicrous to say: 'Well, no one's stopping you doing this and that, the Equal Opportunities Act is there.' That's all bullshit. What matters are the social mores in the air. We have to ask, is the world so arranged that people can be happy? Our first reviews began 'What a pity this writer has to belong to a feminist ghetto'. We aren't a ghetto. It makes me mad!"

Her own world is intensely busy, lively and exhausting. "I wake before 7 and read books, feed the cats, put out the rubbish and go to work. Then I go on four nights out of five, eat with friends, go to the theatre, movies, home to bed. I suffer from absolute exhaustion 90 per cent of the time." Home is a house in Hammersmith with a garden. "That's my new passion, and I love to cook. And I care what I look at: I make a great fuss of places where I live. I used to collect paintings and will again when I can afford it. But people give me prints as Christmas presents." In the meantime she earns £4,500 a year—they all do—and worries about money for Virago. "What's happened in this country in the last few months has meant that everything we made has disappeared in inflation. It's needed twice over for the year that's coming. I get terribly anxious about money. I have to. I could kill this government."

Virago's venture is unique. There's nothing quite its equal in America or Europe where feminist publishers tend to be fringe or academic. Virago is not either as its rather coy emblem—a bitten apple—suggests. It is a committed, feminist success and so is Carmen Callil. "This is a hellish country to start up in—but it is still possible." ●

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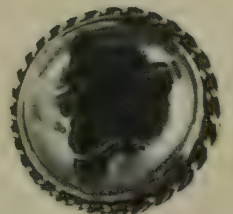
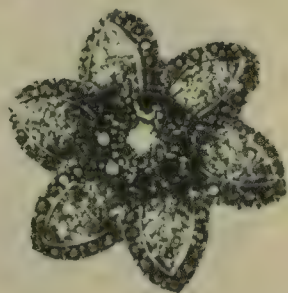
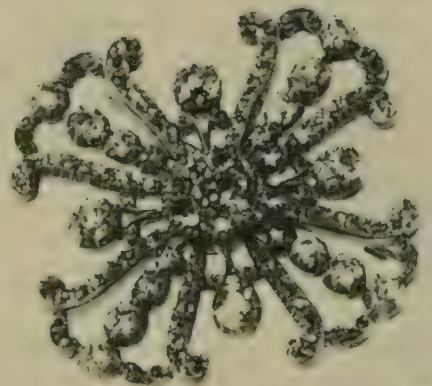
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The hunt for Pluto

by Patrick Moore

More than 50 years ago, on February 18, 1930, a young student astronomer named Clyde Tombaugh was examining star-plates taken at the Lowell Observatory in Arizona. He was searching for a new planet of the Solar System and suddenly he came across a faint dot of light which moved in precisely the expected way. It was indeed the long-sought world—now named Pluto.

The story really began much earlier, in 1781, when William Herschel discovered the planet Uranus. This was in some ways a fortuitous discovery, because Herschel was not carrying out a deliberate search and did not even recognize the object for what it was; at first he mistook it for a comet. However, it is only fair to add that Herschel was a brilliant and meticulous observer and, as he himself wrote, "had he missed it that night, he must have found it the next".

Uranus proved to be a giant, moving well beyond the orbit of Saturn. As time went by it persistently strayed from its predicted path, and it became clear that there was some unknown influence acting on it. Two mathematicians, U.J.J. Le Verrier in France and J.C. Adams in England, made independent calculations of the position of a new planet and, sure enough, it was found in 1846, almost exactly in the predicted place. It was named Neptune.

Still there were tiny discrepancies, and the problem was taken up again by Percival Lowell, who established his observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, chiefly to study Mars. It is rather sad that nowadays Lowell is best remembered for his rather wild theories about artificial Martian canals; he was a good organizer, a competent mathematician and a true enthusiast.

Lowell believed in a trans-Neptunian planet, and did his best to find it, both by calculation and by practical searching; but he was not successful, and when he died, in 1916, the expected world had failed to put in an appearance. For a while the search lapsed; then in 1929 the Observatory acquired a new telescope (a 13 inch refractor) and the problem was taken up once more. Clyde Tombaugh, who was born and brought up on a farm, had been in touch with the Observatory, and the director had been impressed; Tombaugh was invited to Flagstaff and put in charge of the hunt. In less than two years Pluto had been found—only a few degrees away from the position given by Lowell.

It seemed a great triumph, and indeed it was—from Tombaugh's point of view. But was it also Lowell's? Almost at once some disquieting factors were obvious. Pluto was much



Clyde Tombaugh, with the measuring instrument he used in discovering Pluto.

fainter than Lowell had expected and presumably also much smaller. Instead of being more than six times as massive as the Earth it seemed to be smaller than Mars—in which case it could not exert any measurable effects on giants such as Uranus and Neptune. Many astronomers concluded that the success of the prediction was due to luck and that Pluto was not Lowell's Planet X.

One peculiarity of Pluto is its orbit, which is more eccentric than that of any other planet. The revolution period or "year" is 248 times as long as ours, but when it is at its closest point to the Sun Pluto comes within the path of Neptune; it next reaches perihelion, or nearest approach, in 1989, and between 1979 and 1999 Neptune, not Pluto, ranks as "the outermost planet".

Measuring the diameter of Pluto was difficult from the outset. A telescope of fair size is needed to show it at all (the present magnitude is 14), and to measure the size of its tiny disk is well-nigh impossible with our present instruments. One possible method would be to note the time taken for Pluto to pass in front of a star, and hide or occult it; the length of the occultation would provide a key to the planet's diameter. Unfortunately, such occultations are rare, because Pluto is so small and so slow-moving. Photographs taken during the 1960s and 1970s, mainly at the United States Naval Observatory, were used to improve our knowledge of the orbit, with a view to predicting occultations—but they also revealed something else. The image of Pluto was not symmetrical. Either the shape was very irregular, or else Pluto has a satellite. The satellite has even been given a name: Charon.

In a two-planet or a planet-and-satellite system, it is comparatively easy to work out the combined mass, merely by observing the movements of the two bodies. The results have been startling. Pluto seems to have a mass of only 0.002 per cent that of Earth, and to be smaller than our Moon. Moreover, Charon is believed to be about one-third the size of Pluto itself—a case unique in the Solar System.

These revelations alter the whole position. If Pluto is as small as this, it cannot possibly be Lowell's Planet X. Neither is it a massive body, and the latest estimate of its composition is 21 per cent rock, 5 per cent methane and 74 per cent water ice.

Can we, therefore, class Pluto as a bona-fide planet? Probably not. It has even been proposed that it was once a satellite of Neptune and broke away in some unexplained fashion, though admittedly there are serious objections to this theory. It is also worth noting that in 1977 Charles Kowal, at the Palomar Observatory in California, discovered an object now named Chiron (not to be confused with Charon), which is a few hundred miles in diameter, and which moves almost entirely in the region of the Solar System between the orbits of Saturn and Uranus. There is at least a chance that Pluto/Charon and Chiron come into the same category, in which case there may be many other similar bodies awaiting discovery.

Our knowledge of Pluto remains depressingly meagre. It is thought that the surface is coated with methane ice; the rotation period has been given as 6.3 days, according to slight periodical fluctuations in its brilliancy; and no

atmosphere has been detected. Charon moves round Pluto in the same period, in which case it would remain stationary in the Plutonian sky. This again is unique in the Solar System so far as natural bodies are concerned.

It is fair to say that the real existence of Charon as a separate body has yet to be confirmed, and some astronomers have serious doubts about it. The only proof would be to obtain a photograph showing the two objects clearly separated, and this is something which has yet to be done, though it might be achieved when the large space telescope is launched into orbit in 1983 or 1984. Unfortunately no probes to Pluto have been planned as yet, and it is too early to say when one will be dispatched. Neither of the Voyagers now moving out into the depths of the Sun's kingdom will go anywhere near it.

If Pluto is not Lowell's Planet X, as now seems definite, can there be another planet beyond Neptune? Various predictions have been made, but even if the planet exists it must be very faint and it will be extremely hard to detect. Certainly it cannot be as bright even as Pluto. After his 1930 triumph Clyde Tombaugh searched on for another 14 years, and in all he examined a total of 19 million star images. Had there been "another Pluto" he would have certainly found it.

This, so far, is about as much as we can say. But whatever be the truth of the matter, nothing can detract from Tombaugh's performance, and on the 50th anniversary of his discovery of Pluto he was honoured at a special meeting at the New Mexico State University at Las Cruces, where he is now Emeritus Professor. He was awarded the University's highest honour, and the citation read as follows: "The Board of Regents of New Mexico State University takes great pride in presenting the Regent's Medal to Clyde Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto, a major planet in the Solar System. Awarded on the 50th anniversary of his discovery in recognition of that universal event and in appreciation of his efforts in establishing an internationally recognized planetary research programme at New Mexico State University."

During his searches Tombaugh found a number of asteroids—small worlds, orbiting mainly between the paths of Mars and Jupiter—and one of these, No 1604, has been named Tombaugh in his honour. At the official banquet Tombaugh commented that at least he now owned a piece of real estate that nobody could touch!

Whether or not Pluto is worthy to be ranked as a true planet it is a fascinating object, and many of its mysteries remain to be solved. Icy, lonely and remote, it and its satellite are by no means the least interesting members of the Sun's family ●

Renaissance of a garden

by Ursula Robertshaw

The National Trust has just completed restoration of Claremont, the landscape garden in Surrey. Photographs by Jerry Mason.

The full title of the organization that is usually referred to, more or less affectionately, as "the Trust" is the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, and those are the spheres with which it is usually connected: the preservation of great houses and historic buildings, and of wilderness areas and beauty spots. But there is another area of Britain's heritage with which the Trust is concerned, and that is the preservation of our gardens. About half the gardens of Grade I quality are now in the Trust's care.

Sometimes a garden comes to the Trust as an integral part of a property—Montacute is an example; sometimes the garden is divorced from its house, and this is the case at Claremont, the most recently completed, one of the most important and among the most difficult garden restorations the Trust has ever undertaken.

Claremont landscape garden is just outside Esher, Surrey, on the left off the Portsmouth road. When the 49½ acres that constitute it passed to the Trust in 1949 it had suffered from decades of neglect and was completely overgrown by rampant laurels and *Rhododendron ponticum* which had formed an undergrowth 30 feet high. In this jungle 250-year-old trees fought to survive, a silted-up lake was barely discernible and various buildings were ruinous, their fallen stones concealed beneath writhing roots, some of them inches thick. To bring this sleeping beauty back to life would obviously require a great deal of research—and money, which at first was not forthcoming.

During this period a kind of holding operation was carried out by the Trust and Elmbridge Borough Council and, after minimal clearance, Claremont was managed as a wild park, full of huge evergreens but otherwise not so different from nearby Esher Common.

Then in 1975 a generous grant from the Slater Foundation enabled restoration to start in earnest. Historical records showed that beneath the jungle lay the garden eulogized by Steven Switzer in the 18th century as "the noblest of any in Europe", and one on which some of the greatest names in English garden design had made their mark. A vast programme of what has been described as horticultural archaeology began, with great assistance from volunteers from Merrist Wood Agricultural College.

Claremont's story begins with Van-

brugh who built himself a house nearby in 1708; seven years later he sold it to Thomas Holles-Pelham, Earl of Clare, later Duke of Newcastle—hence the name Claremont, for the property includes the mound or mount; indeed the Portsmouth road was diverted in 1771 in order that it should do so. The Earl of Clare employed both Vanbrugh and Charles Bridgeman on his new property; Vanbrugh enlarged the house and also built the impressive two-storey, towered belvedere which stands at the end of an avenue along the ridge above the lake, together with the large bowling green; Bridgeman's contributions included a small circular lake and Claremont's most startling feature, unique in Britain, the huge turf amphitheatre, covering between 3 and 4 acres, completed in 1727, the year after Vanbrugh died.

Next William Kent was brought in to follow the fashion and deformalize the landscape garden, and his improvements included enlarging the lake and giving it a serpentine outline, and building an island in the middle complete with a little temple to be used as an eye-catcher and as a fishing house. He also created a rustic cascade at the end of the lake which by 1768 had been transformed into the even more rustic grotto we see restored today. The water which supplied the cascade dried up in the last century and there is no prospect of renewing it.

In 1778 the house was bought by Lord Clive (of India), who immediately pulled it down and had Capability Brown design him a new Palladian mansion; this house remains today and is a girls' school, the grounds of which contain the belvedere, but not the avenue approach to it, which has been opened up and the quaint earth bastions which Vanbrugh provided on either side restored. Brown further deformalized the garden, mainly by breaking straight lines with clumps of trees and plantings—even in the area of the amphitheatre.

Claremont in the 19th century was occupied by Princess Charlotte and her husband Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; reminders of their occupancy are the carnellia terrace, on the site of a carnellia house whose outline has been preserved around surviving carnellia trees, the whole surrounded by a wrought iron balustrade, with Leopold's initials and gilded crown. Only two sides of this remained but the iron-



Left, looking across the lake to the grotto and the island. Above, the turf amphitheatre. Below far left, Vanbrugh's belvedere. Below left, part of Rocque's 1738 plan of Claremont with the Trust's boundary dotted in.

monger's Company generously gave a reproduction of the remainder.

Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold also built a Gothic tea-house, designed by Pugin, above the amphitheatre, which building later became the Princess's mausoleum. The foundations of the building, demolished in the 1920s, have been exposed and capped against weathering.

Queen Victoria and the exiled Louis Philippe of France also occupied Claremont during the 19th century; and it was during the Victorian period that the shrubberies which were soon to rampage all over the garden started to take over, a process that accelerated in the following years. In 1922 the estate was sold by the Crown and after several brief ownerships was divided up in 1930. The plot that is now Claremont was sold to be built over, but fortunately for posterity the place never matured and in 1949 the Trust acquired the garden in lieu of death duties—but without endowment, so that Elmbridge Council's readiness to maintain it as a public park was essential for the Trust's acceptance.

Now after five years of research, discovery and sheer hard labour Claremont gardens are once again a delightful example of 18th-century landscaping, plus later plantings of rhododendrons and exotic trees preserved as being part of the garden's history, just

as a great house will preserve a Victorian wing because it represents a chapter in the building's life.

One of the best ways to see Claremont will be at the *fête champêtre* to be held in July. Visitors will be entertained by musicians, dancers and fire-eaters, all in 18th-century costume, and will be welcomed by the Duke of Newcastle himself, resplendent on the bowling green. And as the torches flicker among the trees, the fireworks burst in golden showers to be reflected in the waters of the lake, and the strains of Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks drift on the summer breeze, they may easily imagine themselves back in the 18th century, when Samuel Garth wrote of Claremont: "When Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art; If by Apollo taught, he touches the lyre. Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire and rocks are animated by his fire..."

Claremont Landscape Garden is open daily from April until the end of October from 9am-7pm or sunset, November to end March 9am-4pm. Admission 20p. *Fête champêtre*, July 9-12 from 7pm, with music, illuminations, tumblers, puppets etc. Tickets £3 from Claremont, *Fête Champêtre*, PO Box 73, Guildford GU1 3PD.

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Works of art from Benin

by Ursula Robertshaw

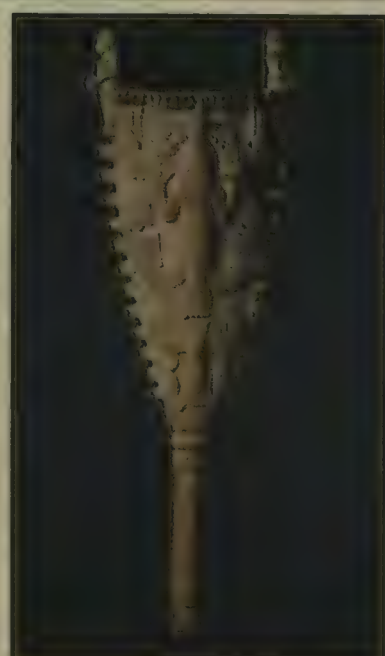
On June 16 Sotheby's are selling a private collection of 25 Benin bronzes and ivories, the most important group to come on to the market for many years. This outstanding collection contains several early pieces, most notably a memorial head dating from the middle of the 14th century, beautifully modelled and depicting an Oba or king. For over 600 years the art of Benin, which is now in Nigeria, was directed towards the court, for the Oba was all-powerful, his authority being sanctioned supernaturally.

The Oba had a monopoly of ivory and many carvings in this medium were prepared for his use. One most unusual ivory object is in the sale, a double percussion bell which has two different chambers, producing different notes according to whether it is struck on the base or on the upper part of the bell. The object is one of only five known double bells and dates from the first half of the 16th century.

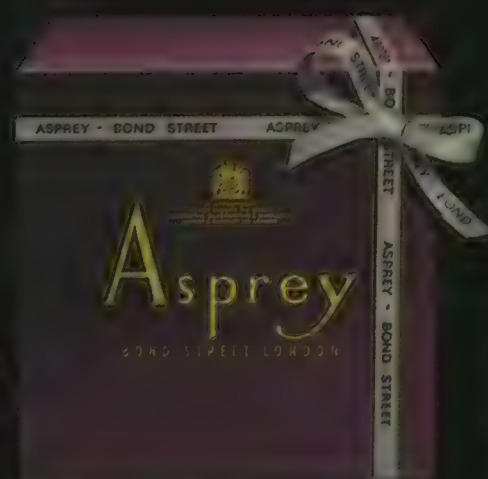
The collection includes a bronze plaque of a European fowler, a bearded Portuguese modelled in high relief with finely sculptured features. The background comprises circled cross motifs of different sizes on a ground of punched dots; this background is found in several Benin pieces of high quality dating from the middle of the 16th century which are believed to have been produced by one artist, the Master of the Circled Cross.

Another fine plaque depicts a warrior chief flanked by two soldiers and attended by two retainers. It dates from about 1600 and is particularly noteworthy for its detail. Leopard spots and leopard's teeth in the regalia of both the central figure and his soldiers indicate that they were the Oba's men.

Benin bronzes and ivories first became well known and admired in Europe in the late 19th century when they were brought back as booty, after a dispute between the Oba and the Vice-consul of the Oil Rivers Protectorate led to a punitive expedition against the Oba in 1897. The current auction record for a Benin bronze, £185,000, paid in July, 1974, at Sotheby's may well be exceeded at this sale ●



Top, bronze head of an Oba, mid 14th century, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins high. Above left, bronze plaque of a European fowler, mid 16th century, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 7 ins. Above centre, detail of bronze plaque of warrior chief and companions, c 1600, 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. Above right, ivory double bell, early 16th century, 14 $\frac{1}{8}$ ins high.



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Omega Seamaster Quartz.
Photographed at Newport, starting point of
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Left: Omega Seamaster Quartz. ST3960875. Stainless Steel. Water resistant up to 60 metres. Right: Omega Seamaster Quartz. DD3960875. Stainless Steel and yellow metal. Water resistant up to 60 metres. Both models registered.

Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth 5: Thackeray's house

36 Onslow Square is one of three houses in the Royal Borough of Kensington occupied by William Thackeray. He lived there from 1853 until 1861 when he moved to and largely rebuilt a house at 2 Palace Gardens. During the residence at Onslow Square Thackeray wrote *The Newcomes*, *The Rose and the Ring* and *The Virginians*, as well as contributing to *Punch*, editing *The Cornhill Magazine* and standing for Parliament.





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JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS, R.A., P.R.W.S. (1805-1876)
"The Middy Meal, Cairo".
Oil on canvas
Signed and dated 1875.
34½ x 45½ inches (87 x 115 cm.)

The pen and ink study for this painting is in the
City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.
*The smaller watercolour replica of this painting was
sold at auction in November 1979 for a record price
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EXHIBITED: Royal Academy, 1876, No. 187.
EXHIBITED: Paris, 'Exposition Universelle', 1878.
EXHIBITED: Manchester, 'Royal Jubilee Exhibition', 1887.
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The imagery of Salvador Dali



by Edward Lucie-Smith

Salvador Dali is the oldest *enfant terrible* in the business. Now that Picasso is dead he rates as the last of the great generation of modernist scandal-makers. Interestingly enough, he is a painter who appeals more to non-painters than he does to his own peers or to professional art critics. Some of the most enthusiastic assessments of him come from writers of science fiction. J.G. Ballard, in the preface to a recent Dali picture book, calls him "this unique genius, who has counted for the first time the multiplication tables of obsession, psychopathology and possibility".

Dali's opponents would say that he owes this admiration chiefly to the fact that he is a literary painter, who uses images in paint as writers use words—that he is someone, furthermore, whose best inventions lose nothing by being translated into words. There is a good deal more to it than this. Dali's actual

technique as a painter tells one at least as much about him as the vaunted content of his work.

What attracts the mass public to Dali is a gift for truly dazzling photographic realism, however improbable the images he paints. It is tempting to call this realism simply slick and commercial. It allies Dali to the highly successful Salon painters of the late 19th century—to disciples of David and enemies of Impressionism such as Jean-Léon Gérôme. But in many ways the resemblance is more than skin deep. The lions of the Salons always considered themselves to be public figures, with the right to pronounce on almost any matter of public interest.

Dali lives his life in a parody of this 19th-century mode, deliberately courting publicity, foisting his obsessions on the public, yet somehow asserting a right to their respectful attention because of his tremendous dexterity. What separates him from predecessors such as Gérôme is his knowledge of Freud and psychoanalysis. His is a

symbolist art in which the symbols have lost their original innocence. His association with the Surrealist Movement was based on his willingness to follow the fantasies generated by the unconscious to their most extreme conclusions. Even André Breton, the "pope" of the Surrealist Movement, hesitated when he saw *The Lugubrious Game* of 1929, now considered to be Dali's first fully Surrealist painting, because of its scatological imagery.

Dali established himself in the 1930s as the most fashionable of all fashionable *avant-garde* artists, winning the patronage of Edward James and other rich collectors. During this period he produced most of the work that still defines his artistic personality, and he fell out with his Surrealist colleagues. They disliked his support for the Fascist dictatorships, and they took exception to what they considered to be his greed for money. Salvador Dali was transmogrified, in a cruel Surrealist anagram, into "Avida Dollars".

By the mid 40s Dali was moving

Mountain Lake, 1938, oil on canvas, 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 36 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

towards conventional religion. Instead of painting on a small scale he embarked on a series of ambitious, large-scale compositions. The most famous of these has improbably found a home in Calvinist Scotland. The *Christ of St John of the Cross*, painted in the early 50s, is now the most popular work in the Glasgow Museum and Art Gallery. It revives the fervour of Baroque Catholicism, but adds deliberately mystifying elements which assure the spectator that this is, nonetheless, a "modern" picture.

Post-1945 Dali also began to occupy himself with the new science of nuclear physics, often seeking to combine scientific ideas and religious ones. His critics, naturally, saw this development as simply another version of an artistic opportunism which had characterized his career almost from its start.

Dali is opportunist. He makes no pretence to be otherwise. ➤

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He is not merely a master of publicity stunts of all kinds, but he is capable of painting a pot-boiler if he has to. During his period in the United States in the 1940s he painted a number of extremely poor and hollow portraits of various super-rich American patrons. But compared, for example, to Andy Warhol, Dali does, after all, have a certain consistency. He has never for one instant pretended to be a moralist.

He himself has written, on the subject of his own childhood and adolescence: "I was to become the prototype *par excellence* of the phenomenally retarded 'polymorphous perverse' having kept intact all the reminiscences of the nursling erogenic paradises; I clutched at pleasure with boundless, selfish eagerness and on the slightest provocation I would become dangerous." What he does claim to be is a genius: "If you play at genius, you become one."

The use of the word genius in this sense descends to us from the Renaissance. It was probably first used with the exact overtone we now give it by

younger contemporaries when referring to Michelangelo. But it is only in the 20th century that the need to be a genius, and provably so, has risen up to swamp the idea of fixed standards in art. The genius does not have to be "good" in some measurable way; he does have to step over a boundary and occupy territory which is not available to the common run of humanity.

Freudianism liberated Dali from conventional constraints, but the thirst for recognition as a genius drove him to new extravagances, new outrages.

His failure, perhaps, is that he tries too hard and too naïvely, not that he cynically exploits the public. Yet one must grant that many of his images—erotic crutches, soft watches, desert horizons and deliquescent limbs—have so firmly embedded themselves in the contemporary consciousness that probably nothing will ever efface them. That is an achievement in itself ●

A major exhibition of Salvador Dalí's work will be at the Tate Gallery from May 14 until June 29.



Top, *Forgotten Horizon*, 1936, oil on wood, $8\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; above, detail from *Autumnal Cannibalism*, 1936, oil on canvas, $25\frac{5}{8} \times 25\frac{5}{8}$ inches.

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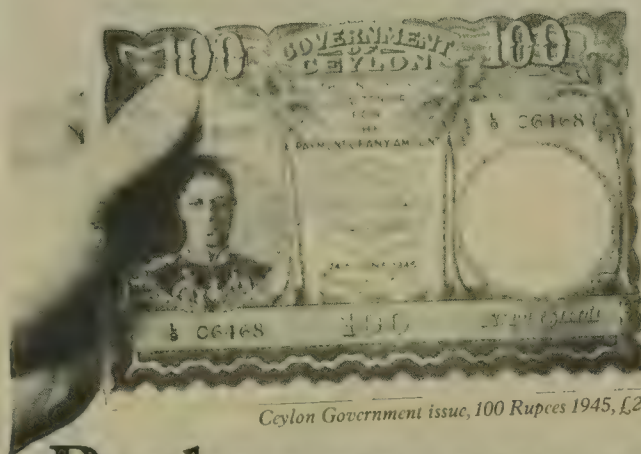
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Send for Winston

by Ronald Porter

Winston Churchill's succession to the office of Prime Minister in 1940 was by no means an assured one. Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, was the favoured candidate and it was only because he was, to use Lord Butler's words, "bent on self-abnegation" that Churchill was able to start "walking with destiny".

Neville Chamberlain resigned as Prime Minister on May 10, 1940. The blow which precipitated this course was the outcome of the critical House of Commons debate on the Norwegian campaign. Five days after the Germans attacked Norway the Government and Churchill had launched an expedition to seize Trondheim, but this failed and had to be withdrawn.

The debate on the Norwegian campaign started on May 7. The Labour Opposition put down a motion of censure, but at first the decision was taken not to press it to a division. However, one of the Liberal MPs, Clement Davies, played a crucial role by forming the opinion, after discussion with leading backbench Conservatives such as Leo Amery, that this was the moment for a demonstration of feeling by the whole House. He urged Clement Attlee and the Labour Opposition to demand a vote at the end of the debate. Attlee agreed with the idea, and with the assistance of the Deputy Leader, Herbert Morrison, he persuaded the rest of the Front Bench of the Labour Party. Morrison also told Lloyd George of the importance of the Parliamentary occasion and asked him to attend, which he decided to do.

The debate, which lasted for two days, was often extremely bitter. Lloyd George was only one of many to lash out at Chamberlain: "The Prime Minister should give an example of sacrifice, because there is nothing which can contribute more to victory in this war than that he should sacrifice the seals of office."

But it was probably the direct denunciation of Chamberlain by a former Conservative Cabinet Minister and one of Chamberlain's close friends, Leo Amery, which made the biggest impact. He quoted Cromwell's words to John Hampden: "Your troops are most of them old, decayed serving-men and tapsters and such kind of fellows"... He paused slightly, making a quick assessment of the mood of the Government benches. In looking up the Cromwell quotation he had come upon another. If he used it he might risk losing the sympathy he had with difficulty won, but his own rhetoric swept him on:

"I have quoted certain words of Oliver Cromwell. I will quote certain other words. I do it with great reluctance, because I am speaking of those who are old friends and associates of mine, but they are words which, I

think, are applicable to the present situation. This is what Cromwell said to the Long Parliament when he thought it was no longer fit to conduct the affairs of the nation: 'You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!'"

Churchill described Leo Amery's speech as "terrible words coming from a friend". He spoke in defence of the Government with all his characteristic pugnacity. He also made a strong plea for national unity: "Let party interest be ignored, let all our energies be harnessed, let the whole ability and forces of the nation be hurled into the struggle, and let all the strong horses be pulling on the collar."

Even in spite of Chamberlain's own appeal for support from his friends in the House ("and I have friends" he was to boast), the debate ended in humiliation for him. When the vote was finally taken some 100 Conservatives either abstained from voting or else voted with the Opposition. Chamberlain left the House of Commons to a chant of "Go! Go! Go!" Two MPs, one of them Harold Macmillan, sang "Rule Britannia". The Conservatives' overall majority, after the 1935 General Election, was 247. The voting after the Norway debate reduced this to 81. 281 votes were cast for the Government and 200 against.

On May 9 Churchill lunched with Kingsley Wood (Lord Privy Seal) and Anthony Eden (Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs). Kingsley Wood was a Cabinet Minister who had previously been extremely loyal to the Prime Minister. Even though Kingsley Wood lacked experience in military affairs himself, he did sense that Chamberlain was not a satisfactory war leader. An "extremely barometrical politician" was how the journalist Sir Colin Coote, who knew Kingsley Wood well at the time, has described him. Kingsley Wood was of the belief that Churchill had the requisite pugnacity and willpower to fill the part as Britain's war leader.

Kingsley Wood advised Churchill, when he was invited by Chamberlain to let him have his views on the suitability of Lord Halifax as Prime Minister, to keep silent and so refrain from giving any encouragement to the idea. Eden was shocked by Kingsley Wood's change of allegiance. However, Churchill was to follow that advice soon afterwards.

On the same afternoon that Churchill lunched with Kingsley Wood and Eden, Churchill was sent for by Chamberlain along with Captain David Margesson, the Chamberlain Government's Chief Whip, and Lord Halifax. When they met, Chamberlain announced that he would be resigning. He

asked Margesson to say whom he thought his successor should be. But Halifax claimed that Margesson had refused to make a choice between Churchill and himself. However, Lord Beaverbrook has claimed, following a conversation with Margesson in 1960, that Margesson said that the Conservative Party would have preferred Halifax. In 1963 Margesson commented that he must have told Chamberlain that "some Conservatives" would. After Margesson spoke there was a long silence. It seemed, Churchill, was to write later in his *Second World War*, longer than the two minutes' silence of Armistice Day. "Usually, I talk a great deal, but on this occasion I was silent." There was "a very long pause". This turned out to be the decisive moment: by refusing to offer to serve under Halifax, Churchill claimed the succession for himself. Then Halifax spoke. He said that as a peer it would be awkward for him to become Prime Minister. It was obvious that this was no more than an excuse. For it would have been possible, as George VI had suggested, to place his peerage in abeyance. Halifax simply did not want the job.

He realized that Churchill, with his strong personality, would be "running the war anyway" and that if he (Halifax) were to take the premiership he would soon be only a titular Prime Minister. Churchill then felt relieved: "I could tell that he had thrown in his hand", he was later to write.

All this, of course, was going on against the backdrop of war. The long-awaited German attack on the Western Front was about to begin. On the morning of May 10 the assault started. Holland was first, then France and Belgium. Because of the emergency, Chamberlain began to believe that he should continue at the helm and also that the priority that he had given to the Western Front had been justified by events. But Kingsley Wood took it upon himself to urge him to give way as quickly as possible. Chamberlain decided to wait for the formal reply from the leaders of the Labour Party, who had gone down to Bournemouth for their party conference, as to whether they would join in a coalition and, if so, under whose leadership. He did, however, try to make a last bid to get Halifax to agree to take the office of Prime Minister.

According to the diaries of Sir Henry Channon (Parliamentary Private Secretary to R. A. Butler at the Foreign Office) Chamberlain's Parliamentary Private Secretary, Lord Dunglass (later Lord Home), telephoned the Foreign Office to ask the Under-Secretary there, R. A. Butler (now Lord Butler), if he could persuade his chief to change his mind. But Butler could not do anything in the short time

which was available because "he found Halifax had slipped out to go to the dentist's without Rab seeing him—and Valentine Lawford, the rather Second Empire secretary, who neglected to tell Halifax that Rab was waiting, may well have played a decisively negative role in history. Rab came back "... angry and discouraged ..." wrote Channon. Curiously, neither Lord Home nor Lord Butler mention this incident in their autobiographies. But in a recent personal communication to the writer, dated November 14, 1978, Lord Butler corroborated Channon's account.

In the afternoon Attlee telephoned from Bournemouth where the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party had been in secret session at the Highcliffe Hotel. He told Chamberlain that Labour was prepared to join in a coalition but under a new Prime Minister whom they thought would command the support of the country. Hugh Dalton claimed, in his memoirs, that he himself insisted on a new Prime Minister because he wanted it made clear that the party was hostile to joining in with Chamberlain.

Chamberlain, following the telephone conversation, decided to resign. In the evening he went to Buckingham Palace to advise George VI to send for Churchill.

Halifax would certainly have been able to form an administration which would have commanded the confidence of both Houses of Parliament. There is no doubt that to the leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties, Attlee and Sinclair, Halifax would have been an acceptable leader of a coalition government. His support in the Conservative Party and among fellow Conservatives in both Houses was stronger than Churchill's. It was only because Halifax was "not enthusiastic" to take on the job that George VI accepted Chamberlain's advice to send for Churchill: "Then I knew that there was only one person whom I could send for to form a government who had the confidence of the country and that was Winston."

Churchill was duly summoned to the Palace. He described in his biography what happened next. George VI "looked at me searchingly and quizzically for some moments and then said, 'I suppose you don't know why I have sent for you?' Adopting this mood, I replied, 'Sir, I simply couldn't imagine why.' He laughed and said, 'I want to ask you to form a government.' I said, 'I will certainly do so.'" So he had done it at last: "I went to bed at about 3 am. I was conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last I had the authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if I were walking with destiny and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial..."

Beamish: the first ten years

by Kenneth Hudson

The North of England Open Air Museum at Beamish, between Durham and Newcastle, came into existence in 1970, after several years of preparation and political negotiation. Since then it has established a good claim to be the fastest growing and most profitable enterprise in the region, a source of great pride and encouragement to a part of Britain which in recent years has been badly hit by the fading away of its traditional industries, and which has suffered a serious fall in morale as a result. Supported and financed from its earliest days by a consortium of local authorities, both county and municipal, Beamish belongs to the remarkable trio of large post-war museums—the others are Ironbridge and the National Motor Museum at Beaulieu—which have learnt the art of combining good scholarship, imaginative showmanship and efficient business management in a way which makes it possible for them to grow steadily during a period of economic recession. Its tenth birthday seems a good time to discover why Beamish is so thriving and so optimistic in the midst of the general gloom and depression.

The main reason is not hard to find. Beamish has been planned and carried through by a single-minded genius—the word is not too strong—who knew exactly what he was aiming at. Frank Atkinson was born and brought up in the industrial north, and during his schooldays in Barnsley he came to the firm decision that his career was to be in museums. He has always worked in the north-east—Halifax, Barnard Castle and, since 1970, Beamish—and no one can talk to him for five minutes without becoming aware of his deep and informed love of the region, its people and its achievements. His aim at Beamish has been, in his own words, “to show how the people of the north-east lived and worked late last century, when the region was in the forefront of industrial development”. By never departing from this brief he has managed to avoid the pit into which so many directors of open-air museums, folk parks and exhibitions-with-a-purpose, both in Britain and overseas, have fallen in recent years. There is a cohesion and a style about Beamish. Nothing on its 200 acres is irrelevant to the main theme.

It happens, too, that, besides being an experienced museum man and a northerner to his marrow, Frank Atkinson has an excellent sense of public relations and a gift not possessed by many of us, the patience and the skill to persuade committees and representatives of local authorities to act as he wants them to act and to believe that all the good ideas are theirs, not his. It is difficult enough these days to



Visitors to Beamish Open Air Museum can ride in colliery wagons drawn by a replica of Stephenson's *Locomotion*.

induce one local authority to make proper provision for its museums; to keep nine authorities well disposed towards a big-budget museum year after year requires a special talent.

An interesting blend of public and private financing has been worked out at Beamish. Intelligently adapted, it could transform the museum situation elsewhere. Traditionally, it has proved far from easy to get counties and municipalities to agree to mingle their funds, decently and properly raised by rates and taxes, with that suspect commodity, “industrial money”. But the hard-bitten and often hard-pressed people of the north-east have always had a generous ration of common sense in their make-up and a sound instinct for recognizing money as money, no matter where it comes from. So what would be something of a miracle in the midlands or the south has been no more than a triumph at Beamish, where the mixed economy has been made to work, and work well.

But, without never-ending publicity and a sharp awareness of what attracts the attention and the pounds of the man in the street and what keeps the media awake and friendly, Beamish would have failed. The director is good with reporters and makes no secret of enjoying his frequent radio and television appearances, inside and outside the region. He is a cheerful, solid man, blessed with a fundamentally democratic and approachable nature and a prodigious amount of energy. He also has the useful knack of discovering colleagues with similar qualities. From top to bottom, the staff at Beamish are pleasant, friendly people. They work hard, they get on well together and, with rare exceptions, they stay put. The atmosphere of Beamish makes it a satisfying place to work. Conversations are about growth, development and opportunities, not about cuts, shut-downs and bureaucratic meanness and in-fighting. “When we need an extra

half-million pounds,” says Frank Atkinson, “we just raise it.”

In museum terms, what has been created at Beamish during the past ten years? The short answer is “Two hundred acres of urban and rural history, with everything a family needs for a satisfying day out”, and Beamish is justifiably proud of the fact that the social pattern of its visitors is exactly the same as for the north-east in general. All classes come, in their correct proportions and, even more important, they come again and again because there is always something new to see. The process of transferring Victorian structures to the site and of creating new attractions of all kinds is never-ending, so that an annual visit is well worth making. One can count on Beamish in 1980 being bigger and better than Beamish in 1979. As things stood when I paid my most recent visit the major exhibits included the home farm, with traditional local breeds of livestock and some excellent displays to illustrate the farming history of the region; a colliery; a drift-mine, complete with an old miner to guide one chattily through the workings; a row of miners' cottages, correctly furnished to the last detail and with fires burning in the grates; a railway layout, complete with station; a Co-operative store, the first arrival of a number of buildings which will be arranged in a group to give the impression of part of a northern town; a bandstand, where brass bands add sound and liveliness to the scene during the summer months; a working tramway; a full-sized replica of Stephenson's *Locomotion*, which pulls trucks up and down the line; a large transport collection; and a 100-ton steam excavator.

The headquarters of the museum, Beamish Hall itself, still looks much as it did five or six years ago. The director continues to use the same modest ground-floor office, filled from floor to cornice with shelves of evocative

objects, with views of the Hall's extensive lawns which are clothed, as Frank Atkinson proudly observes, with the largest molehills to be found in Britain—the north-east, he emphasizes, would never be content with ordinary hills. The library and the huge and well catalogued photographic archive—an important source of revenue to the museum—grow steadily and are much used by researchers of all kinds. The exceptionally neat and tidy store-rooms have window-walls, through which visitors are encouraged to peer at the treasures inside, a bright idea which has recently been repeated at the home farm for the reserve agricultural collections. The Bobby Shafto, conveniently close to the director's office, is operated, as it has been for years, as a traditional northern pub during normal licensing hours in the summer months.

This season, however, there is one important innovation at Beamish Hall which the public will not see. It symbolizes the close attention to modern management techniques which characterize the enterprise. A computer has been installed and run in during the quiet winter months. It provides, reliably, with minimum effort and whenever required, details of a great many aspects of the museum's activities and economics: the daily takings at the refreshment centres, the shop sales, the number of people taking tram-rides or going into the drift-mine, the total amount spent by each visitor and so on. What is particularly noteworthy about the Beamish computer is that the complicated programme needed to operate it has been written by Frank Atkinson himself. Two years ago he knew absolutely nothing about computers or computer programming, but he went to an extra-mural class on the subject, read the right books and then worked out the programme he needed. He did it in the evenings and at weekends. The museum itself takes all his normal working hours ●

Energetic royal invalid

by Robert Blake

Queen Anne

by Edward Gregg

Routledge & Kegan Paul, £17.50

The last Stuart monarch was in many ways a tragic figure, but she was not the weak, irresolute nonentity dominated by favourites depicted by so many historians. Her reign saw the union with Scotland and the emergence of England as a major power for at least 200 years. Her personal role was crucial. The contrary version which dies hard stems from a highly partial memoir by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough published nearly 30 years after Queen Anne's death. Professor Gregg describes it as "the first of the 'inside' political autobiographies".

Experience in our own times teaches us how unreliable such documents can be even if they do not come from a rabid partisan. This one came from a Whig partisan who had long believed that she could twist the Queen round her little finger, who presumed far too much on the Mrs Morley-Mrs Freeman relationship, and whose fury knew no bounds when she was finally dismissed from all her offices and replaced in her sovereign's affections by a poor cousin of her own, Abigail Hill, Mrs Masham.

In her rage Sarah actually wrote to the Queen alleging a lesbian relationship, not apparently thinking that the same charge might be levelled at her, too. But accusations of this sort seem to have been the small change of Court gossip in those days. William III was accused of having as his lovers first Bentinck Earl of Portland and then Keppel Earl of Albemarle; and Sarah, again writing to the Queen, went so far as to allege an improper relationship between the Queen's husband, Prince George of Denmark, and Marlborough's younger brother Admiral George Churchill. It is impossible to prove a negative, but the likelihood of these charges being true is remote.

Princess Anne did not have a happy upbringing. The marriage between the Duke of York and her mother, Anne Hyde, performed in secrecy only seven weeks before she gave birth to a son who soon died, was regarded in royal circles, especially among the Stuarts' Continental connexions, as disgraceful. Sir Edward Hyde, later created Earl of Clarendon, by no means belonged to the first rank of English families. The Princess had poor health, perhaps inherited from her parents. Her grandmother, aunt and mother all died when she was between four and a half and six years old—an experience that gave her a lasting sense of insecurity reflected in taciturnity and bashfulness. Her childhood was made more difficult because her mother and father became

converts to Rome and the latter put every pressure on Anne and her elder sister, Mary, to do likewise. Anne under the powerful influence of Henry Compton, the aristocratic Bishop of London, would do no such thing. To the end of her days she remained one of the staunchest supporters of the Church of England. She firmly refused to witness the birth of her half-brother, the Roman Catholic heir to James II and Mary of Modena, and participated in spreading the warming-pan legend.

The glorious revolution created a problem for her. If the Old Pretender really was spurious and if James II had really abdicated the order of succession would be Mary, who had no children; Anne, who also had none, followed by William of Orange, their first cousin. But William, who was married to Mary and had engineered the invasion that overthrew James, insisted on joint sovereignty with his wife and succession to the survivor. To her credit Anne accepted this arrangement which meant accepting a parliamentary not a hereditary succession. She knew well enough that the Old Pretender's claim which preceded all the others was indefeasible on grounds of heredity. Professor Gregg fully demonstrates that Queen Anne never had any intention of trying to rig the succession in favour of her half-brother, even if he had become a Protestant. It suited her for political ends—she was a Machiavellian figure in many ways—to encourage the notion to divide her enemies and confuse the Jacobites but she approved of the Act of Settlement and was prepared to accept the aged Electress Sophia or her son George as her successor. The one thing she was not going to do was to have any of them in the country while she was alive.

Her marriage was happy in the sense that she and Prince George of Denmark were devoted to each other, but she was pregnant 18 times and only one of her children, the Duke of Gloucester, survived infancy. When he died in 1700 at the age of 11 she was in despair. She succeeded two years later on the death of William III, whom she hated—"Mr Caliban" in her correspondence. Professor Gregg, whose scholarship is of the highest order, pilots us through the kaleidoscopic internal affairs of the period, and makes them as clear as anyone can, though I must admit my impression is slightly blurred. He shows that she got her way a great deal more than is generally believed and, despite being a virtual invalid for the whole of her reign, worked with remarkable energy for this purpose. Professor Gregg also deals with the intricacies of foreign policy, basing his narrative on numerous foreign archives. The Queen's complicated relations with Godolphin, Marlborough, Harley, Bolingbroke and that *deus ex machina*, the Duke of Shrewsbury, are admirably described. We are not likely to see a more authoritative biography in the foreseeable future.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Kingdom Come

by Melvyn Bragg

Secker & Warburg, £6.50

Jailbird

by Kurt Vonnegut

Cape, £5.50

The Night of the Funny Hats

by Elspeth Davie

Hamish Hamilton, £6.50

If you are inclined to be wary of a novel described as panoramic, ambitious and set in the late 1970s it is because it threatens to be slickly opportunistic in its instant feedback from the contemporary scene and instant delineation of character or lifestyle. The versatile and industrious Melvyn Bragg has worked so hard on the central characters of *Kingdom Come* that an impression of colourful superficiality about subsidiary ones is unavoidable. Mr Bragg is into everything—television, the film world, journalism, the eccentricities of pop stars, local (Cumbrian) politics and picketing and corrupt bookies. He puts it all in.

But the novel is more solidly based in its account of four generations of a Cumbrian family, the Tallentires. Mr Bragg senses the distance between the generations as well as the impulse to draw together. Betty, surrounded by adult sons and a young grandson discussing football, basks briefly in the warmth of family feeling but is exhausted by the tension, with Douglas and her daughter-in-law Mary talking of separating. Her husband Joseph looks back on a life in which there has been no time to think about things, and she feels him reaching out to her for a companionship long obscured by the business of living. In London the story centres on Douglas, a talented film and television writer, and his cousin Lester, a born loser out of his depth even on the edge of London's underworld, always dreaming of the big break, unscrupulous with women and commanding loyalty only from Emma, the vicar's daughter who has a child by him. Despite the breadth of his canvas the author strives for depth in his treatment of Douglas's marital failure and the tormenting treadmill of recrimination, remorse, despair and resolution on which he, his wife Mary (with whom his BBC producer friend Wainwright is having an affair) and his mistress Hilda are caught. This is heavy going: there is nothing false about it nor are there any particularly sharp insights.

We should not expect from the author of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Kurt Vonnegut, any ambivalence, other than satirical, in a fable about the failures of the American economic and political system. Fable, or absurdist nightmare, the shock value of *Jailbird* lies in Vonnegut's unremitting pressing of his

theme despite kaleidoscopic changes in mood from the humorous and farcical to the poignant and tragic. The framework of the novel is the story Walter F. Starbuck tells of his own life. He was the son of Stanislaus Stankiewicz, bodyguard and chauffeur to the Cleveland multimillionaire Alexander McCone, whose father's fortune as an industrialist was founded in the 19th century on the brutal treatment of workers as well as his own brilliance as an engineer. McCone money sends Starbuck to Harvard. In government service after 1945 he is interrogated by a Richard Nixon in hot pursuit of suspected communists: when Nixon becomes President, Starbuck is appointed special adviser on youth affairs, a harmless non-job which nevertheless lands him in prison with other Watergate conspirators.

The fantasy is at its strongest when, after his release, Starbuck returns to Manhattan where he meets Leland Clewes, a friend whom he had implicated during the anti-communist witch-hunt. Clewes went to prison but now forgives him everything. Of the four women he had once loved he meets Mary O'Looney, long an opponent of the American system but now secretly in control of the RAMJAC Corporation which owns 19 per cent of the country. Her identity is Starbuck's secret and, although RAMJAC is destined to be swallowed up by other, remoter, conglomerates he swims briefly to the top as vice-president of one of its divisions. *Jailbird* displays fully Vonnegut's satiric verve and incisiveness but his vision of a world that is mad, bad and very sad is stamped on it early by Starbuck's Austrian wife, Ruth. A survivor of Nazi savagery, her tragic vision is expressed in the conviction that a concentration camp was a place God would never go near. The Nazis knew how to keep Him away.

Reading Elspeth Davie's short stories is like looking at pictures of commonplace scenes—people at work, or travelling, or convalescing. They are generally well observed and you respond to the reassuring effect of recognition. There is a two-dimensional flatness about them that is relieved, as in the best of this collection, by a sense of the organic growth in the relationship between the central character and the world around him. Enigma and climactic drama rather obscure the effect of the title story about a long bus ride across Australia, but the author's miniaturist art works to perfection in stories like "The Time-Keeper." Here a middle-aged man who guides visitors around Edinburgh becomes obsessed by the amount of time this occupation demands, grudging the tourists every minute of his ebbing life. The gentle mockery of a Scandinavian girl, who has detected his compulsive clock-watching, shows him how life and habits have got the better of him. This story is a model of precision, apt imagery and sympathetic insight.



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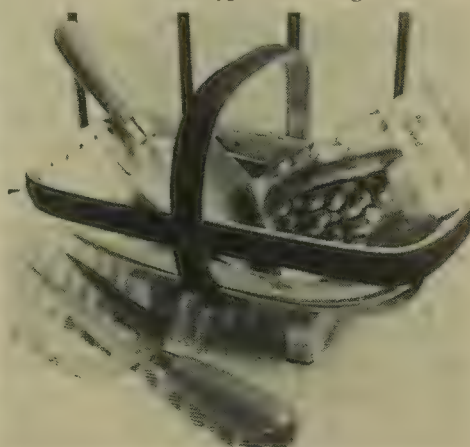
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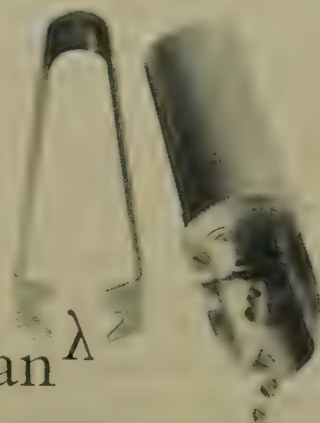


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Autumn in the Auvergne

by David Tennant

"Welcome to Clermont-Ferrand, capital of the Auvergne," said our smiling host at the airport after the smooth 90-minute jet flight by Dan-Air from Gatwick. "I'm sorry you have come on what is often the wettest weekend of the year." At that moment it looked as if his comment would be fully justified as a drizzle was descending. But although we did have our share of rain we also enjoyed brilliant late autumn sunshine, which highlighted the seasonal colours, crystal clear air and enough warmth to enable us to have our morning coffee out of doors.

The ancient province of the Auvergne is in the heart of France, where the Massif Central provides an impressive range of scenic grandeur from peaks reaching to more than 5,500 feet to deep wooded valleys spreading out from the much-dissected plateau. Its outstanding characteristic is the largest concentration in Europe of extinct volcanoes (about 110 of them) with their distinctive *puy*s creating an almost moonlike terrain above the tree line. Of these Puy-de-Dôme, rising to around 4,800 feet, only a few miles west of Clermont, is the most famous. It obviously impressed the Gallo-Romans for they built a temple to Mercury there, part of which remains. But the highest of these volcanoes is Puy-de-Sancy, some 25 miles south-west of Clermont. A cable car carries you almost to the top of its 6,220-foot summit and the views from it on a clear day are magnificent.

This former volcanic activity is the geological basis for the region's numerous spas: there are more here than in any other part of curative-conscious France, making full use of the mineral-rich waters. Le Mont-Dore is one of the largest, although no more than a small town, and attractively set in a wooded valley on the upper reaches of the Dordogne river. And it was to this spa that I made my way from Clermont, travelling south along an excellent if somewhat twisting highway.

A stop *en route* at the village of Orcival enabled me to see the great church there, an excellent example of French Romanesque architecture with a beautiful choir and large crypt. About a mile or so to the north stands one of the area's many great houses, the Château de Cordés, which has romantic conical towers, massive stone walls and deep-set windows. The elegant dining hall and the private chapel are the best of the interior, while in the grounds are formal gardens with 7,000 rose trees and magnificent beech hedges. It is open most days to the public for a small entry fee.

Le Mont-Dore has that air of *passé* elegance that you find in so many French spas and which rather appeals



Saint-Nectaire, 14 miles from Clermont-Ferrand, is one of the Auvergne's many spas. Besides its curative waters it also has a fine Romanesque church.

to me. Favoured by the Romans and given the royal stamp of approval by Louis XIV, it reached its zenith in the early years of this century and has managed to hold on to its high position through two major wars and changing fashions. Its waters are considered to be among the most successfully curative in France for respiratory diseases and rheumatism. The great thermal baths, whose architecture looks like a cross between a Parisian railway terminus and the Baths of Caracalla in classical Rome, attract a large clientele, especially during the main season from May 22 to September 30.

The town itself is pleasant and facilities include a casino, a golf-course, horse-riding, fishing in the lake or river, an elegant tennis club and a couple of cinemas. It makes an excellent touring centre for a large part of the Auvergne, especially the south-west. There are 75 hotels in Le Mont-Dore or within easy reach of the town, ranging from several of the rather grander establishments usually associated with spas to a selection of simpler, family-run hostels, in one of which I stayed the night.

This was La Crémallière, close to the thermal baths and with parking facilities a few yards away, a great advantage in this town of narrow streets and fairly dense traffic. The hotel has about 20 bedrooms, some with shower only, others with bathroom. The bedrooms though small

were comfortable with cheerful wallpaper, and the central heating was most welcome on a rather chilly autumn evening. I liked the wooden-beamed restaurant with real flowers on the table where we had an enjoyable dinner, including some of the powerful Bleu d'Auvergne cheese, all served with smiling efficiency. An overnight stay costs around £7 to £11 a head with Continental breakfast and a *prix fixe* dinner (with choice) at around £5 plus wine at current exchange rates—good value all round and typical of many such hotels in the region.

If you prefer a larger place as a touring base then the city of Clermont-Ferrand is undoubtedly the answer. Although it is an industrial centre (Michelin are located here) the old city is filled with interest. Narrow streets lined with a jumble of houses are tightly packed between the great cathedral, built in black lava stone and containing some superb stained glass, and Notre Dame du Port, the city's other great church. I would recommend the modern Hotel Gallieni on the Rue Bonnabaud, within walking distance of the old town but close to the ring road surrounding the city. All rooms have private bathroom and La Charade restaurant is now one of the city's best eating places. And the hotel has a great bonus: its own easily accessible garage. Rates are around £15 single and £20 double for the room only. It is officially

three star but I would certainly give it four, not least for its helpful staff.

It was from this hotel that I made another foray into the lovely countryside, travelling south-east this time, stopping briefly in the little township of Billom with its typical Auvergnais houses huddled together and a stream rushing through the middle of the town. Lunch was at one of the many country restaurants in the province, the Moulin de Rouade, just outside the village of St-Amant-Roche-Savine, about 5 miles west of Ambert. And it really was an old mill, with a stream dammed to keep fresh the locally caught trout. Lunch here was leisurely and abundant, with rich, home-made terrine, trout grilled with olive oil and chopped bacon (a local speciality), potatoes thinly sliced and cooked in a large iron pot with lard, onions and cheese (delicious if all too fattening), salad, blackberries and fresh cream, all washed down with a local rosé, a real discovery, and followed by cheese (seven varieties) and a most palatable local red wine. At around £5 a head with the wine at no more than £1.50 a bottle it was the gastronomic bargain of the entire visit.

It might seem presumptuous to wax lyrical about the Auvergne after what was only a long weekend. But I had visited the area many years ago and was delighted to find that its appeal had increased. It is unquestionably one of the most attractive regions of France for an easy-going car holiday.

If you do not want to take your own car you can fly by Dan-Air from Gatwick direct to Clermont-Ferrand, where several companies have car hiring facilities at the airport. The current standard excursion air fare is £128 for a minimum stay of six days. Advance booking (30 days) excursion costs £92.50 off-season and £105.50 in July-August, all returns. Romanic Tours operate two eight-day tours to the Auvergne visiting the main attractions by private coach from Clermont. The cost from Gatwick with *demi-pension*, including all travel and excursions, is £240-£282. There are two departures, on June 16 and October 6.

Car Holidays Abroad have introduced a week-long (though extensions are available) "planned" tour using your own car to cover both the Auvergne and the Dordogne. A flexible package with a choice of routes and ferries costs from around £200 upwards for two people with ferry fare, two nights with bed and breakfast, guide-book, maps and insurance. The tour is available at any time, with any size of car.

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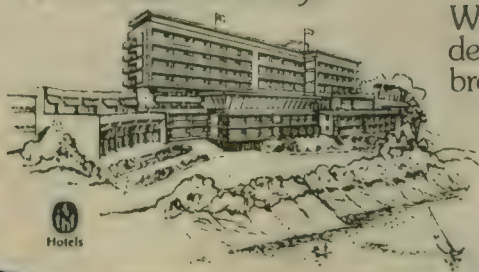
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In the valley of the Dordogne

by Arthur Eperon

Jean Lurçat was the odd man out among modern French artists. While friends and contemporaries such as Picasso, Chagall and Braque painted their way to immortality, he turned mostly to ceramics and to bringing back to life the ancient art of tapestry. You can spot his magnificent work, with its firm, bright blues and reds and stark white, often on a black background. His tapestries are found in surprising places—such as covering a vast wall in the city hall of medieval Rocamadour, “First tourist site of France”, or in the bar of a hotel in Sesimbra in Portugal.

There should be one over my fireplace. He promised a long time ago to design me one for just £100, but never got around to it. At the present value of his works I should have needed a security guard on the back door. I have to content myself with looking at the display of his work around the walls of my favourite little art gallery, the Casino Bar in the town of St Céré. Here, wine in hand, I can study every detail of some of his tapestries and ceramic plates and tiles.

Lurçat lived in a hilltop castle overlooking this delightful little town and he is already part of local legend, though he died only in 1966. I, too, could live happily in St Céré. Old, alive but not too lively, it is pretty in the correct sense of that word and has the Bave river running right through it, between old houses touching the water. Castles guard the surrounding hilltops, with views over a countryside of steep, wooded hills and lush, narrow valleys.

Britons call the area from Périgord to Quercy the Dordogne. St Céré is technically in Lot, but it is a mere 10 kilometres from a spectacular stretch of the Dordogne river where the Bave and the Cère meet it. Standing guard over this wide valley is the enormous feudal castle of Castelnaud, 3 miles round and built of red limestone, so that on sunny days it seems to be on fire. That is symbolic, because the castle survived wars of medieval barons, the 100 Years' War, the French Revolution and later the French Resistance battles against the Nazis, although fire nearly destroyed it in 1851 and part was rebuilt. Once, its barons had to pay an annual fief to the Lords of Turenne: one egg, carried to Turenne with ceremony in a decorated cart pulled by four matching oxen. Treasures inside Castelnaud include some fine old Aubusson and Beauvais tapestries and impressive Romanesque windows.

But drive about a mile away and you meet hardly anyone, which is not least of the appeal of this area. Other than in towns and acknowledged tourist spots you come across few people except farmers—totally dif-



Lurçat's inspiration: the steep, wooded hills and lush, narrow valleys which characterize the Dordogne region.

ferent from the busy ambience of Sarlat, Périgueux and Rocamadour to the west. One Sunday morning last summer I parked my car beneath some splendid oaks and chestnuts in a narrow lane looking across to Castelnaud and sat for nearly four hours hearing nothing but church bells, birds and humming crickets.

Equally quiet and even less populated, across the Bave river, is the rocky peak capped by the old fortified town of Loubressac. From the terrace of its castle beside a pointed watchtower are magnificent views to the cliffs of Autoire and to the roofs and spire of St Céré to the south and across the Dordogne valley to the north. In some of the woods and fields nearby you can spend a whole day without seeing another living soul.

About 4 kilometres from St Céré is the Château Montal, romantic in appearance and in its unique history. This lovely Renaissance castle was literally reborn: it was built in the early 15th century, using the talents of some of the finest craftsmen in France, for Jeanne de Balsac. Her eldest son went off to fight in Italy and she sat at a high window in the château to await his return. But only his mortal remains came back and in bitter sadness she

had the window blocked up. Underneath in medieval French she had carved: “Hope no more”.

More than 100 years ago a 19th-century version of an asset stripper bought the place. He sold about 120 tons of carved stone for Parisian villas and many of the château's treasures went to museums and private collections around the world. But in 1908 a new owner of what was left started to buy back the Montal treasures at ransom prices and re-create the whole structure. He succeeded miraculously in buying everything except one gable, which was and still is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and so he got a friend to make a copy. That friend was the sculptor Rodin!

But St Céré has more than castles and antiquities. Among its other assets are an open-air swimming pool, a small casino, a selection of attractive shops and a well run camping site that has the added advantage of being blissfully quiet. The town is an ideal centre for walking or cycling as well as leisurely motoring. And it has the Hôtel du Parc. *Fin de siècle* in décor, it has pleasant, comfortable bedrooms and a cosy dining-room used in winter or on chillier days in summer. But on balmy days or evenings you can sit outside in

the flower garden under creepers or umbrellas and enjoy the splendid food cooked by young Joel Malvaud with a preponderance of local ingredients: pâté with truffles (try the duck), fish soufflé, chicken in heavy Cahors wine or in crayfish sauce, local trout with almonds. For dessert there is a delicious table of gateaux and fresh local fruit. And in attendance is Joel's wife running more swiftly even than her staff to keep you served.

When I first knew him Joel was chef at the Grand Hôtel Palladium at Alviçnac, a few miles from Rocamadour, that incredible little city built on a sheer cliff-face. The Palladium is another notable place at which to eat, indeed to stay as a welcome relief from the great hordes of tourists who flock to this area. The hotel is in the country, has its own attractive swimming pool and charming bedrooms, and is presided over by Madame Vayssouze, one of the best hotelkeepers in middle-France.

Here on the walls you will find the original cartoons drawn by Jean Lurçat from which his best tapestries were woven. The hotel was one of his favourite places for eating and drinking. He was an excellent judge of a hostelry as well as a gifted artist ●

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"Help them grow old with dignity"

What makes a sports car

by Stuart Marshall

Once it was so easy to define a sports car. It was low-slung, open, noisy and hard riding. All creature comforts were sacrificed to performance, road-holding and handling. Sports cars and family cars were as different as chalk from cheese. It is not so today. The boundaries have become so blurred that what is a family car to one motorist is a sports car to another.

Consider the Volkswagen Golf, for example. The cheaper Golfs are just family hatchbacks; the Golf GTi looks the same and in all important respects is the same car. But its fuel-injected engine has twice the power of the lesser versions, giving it a top speed of well over 100 mph and acceleration that will leave behind many a far larger-engined executive saloon. On its modified suspension and fatter tyres it can be thrown around safely with abandon. Yet it still has four (or at a pinch, five) seats, lots of luggage space, a comfortable ride and the docility required of a family car that will be used for shopping as well as long journeys.

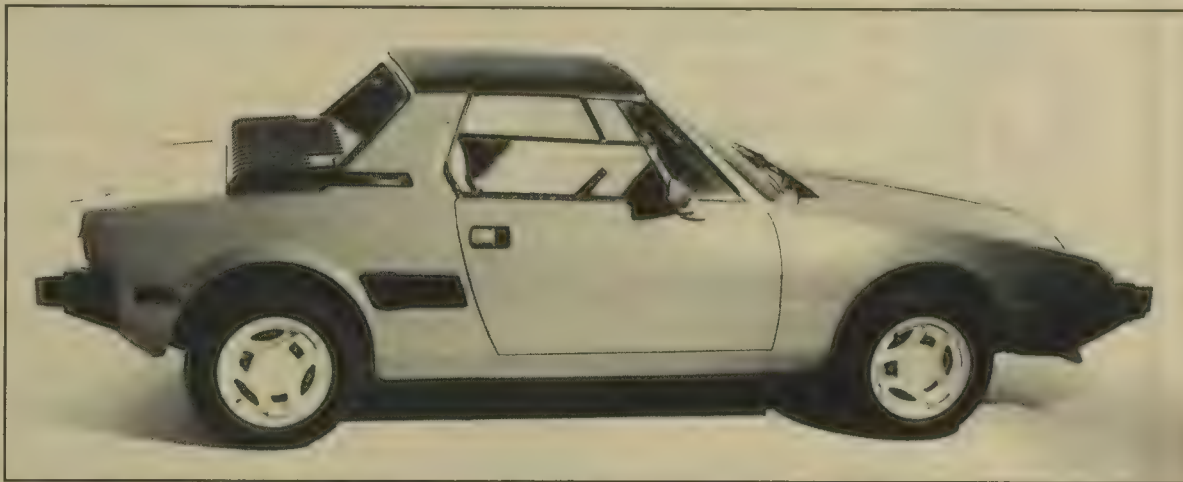
The traditional sports car was a machine in which driving was an end in itself and to which everything was subordinated. Today's sports cars, with but a handful of exceptions, combine performance that would have astounded the driver of an early postwar MG with luxury that he could not have imagined. Perhaps the best way of defining a 1980 sports car is to say it is one in which its owner will continue to enjoy driving for its own sake and that the only sacrifice he may have to make is to tolerate a lack of interior space.

Within this definition sports cars can be found that cost anything between £5,000 (the Lancia Beta 1300 coupé) to more than £30,000 (Ferrari 512BB). Nearly all sports cars are now hard-tops because the open car is really not suitable for long-distance motorway driving. Convertibles tend to be driven quite slowly with their hoods down.

Open sports cars do survive but they are a diminishing band. This year the MG Midget and MGB and the Triumph Spitfire seem likely to disappear. That will really leave only Morgan as provider of an off-the-peg range of prewar type open sports cars that one pulls on like a hair shirt and which provide a special kind of motor-ing thrill for drivers who cannot enjoy themselves unless they suffer a little.

In a single article it is impossible to deal with all the sports cars on sale in Britain. So I shall confine myself to a few I have especially enjoyed recently.

Alfa Romeo's Alfasud Sprint Veloce 1.5 is a delicious little car, a four-seat coupé with limited rear accommodation but razor-sharp steering and perfect balance under acceleration, cornering and braking. Its five-speed gear-



The Porsche 924 Turbo, top, gives 140 mph from its 2 litre engine. Above, the Fiat X1/9—like a baby Ferrari.

box and turbine-smooth horizontally-opposed four-cylinder engine are ideally matched. Top speed is not all that high at 105 mph but maximum speeds are irrelevant on cross-country journeys where the Alfasud Sprint Veloce excels. It costs about £5,500.

BMW's 635Si coupé leaves little change out of £19,000 and is perhaps more of a supercar than just a sports car. The Germans, with their autobahns a derestricted oasis in a speed-limited world, understand the requirements of the fast driver. The big BMW coupé is quiet enough at three-figure cruising speeds for the radio to be enjoyed, tigerish under full throttle, tractable in town and surprisingly economical in high overdrive fifth gear.

For me the best of all Ferraris is the least expensive—the Dino 308 GT4 2+2. The rear seats are notional, not practical, and it is not a particularly happy car in rush-hour traffic. But its instant responses, its V6 engine eagerly howling up to very high revolutions, quick gearshift and superb brakes make you hope that a journey on little used A and B roads can be never-ending. No car for any driver with reason to be fearful of the totting up regulations, it costs around £17,500.

At a much more down-to-earth price (£5,533) Fiat's X1/9, mid-engined and with a detachable though rigid roof

panel, is rather like a Ferrari Dino in miniature. It is strictly a two-seater, though with ample luggage accommodation. Its engine comes from the Fiat Strada and provides either a maximum speed of well over 100 mph or better than 30 mpg on a long run, depending on the driver's mood. The suspension is softly comfortable, the steering ultra light and precise. The X1/9 offers most of the pleasure of a supercar at a fraction of its cost. Another enjoyable, though totally different, Fiat is the Mirafiori Sport. This four-seat saloon with a large boot is a spiritual successor to the Lotus Cortina of the 1960s, and at about £5,450 a good proposition for the fast-driving family man.

Lancia's Beta coupé is another modestly priced (£5,051 upwards) sports car. Even the 1.3-engined model is surprisingly muscular and, despite its modern styling, has an agreeably traditional feel about it. The massive gearshift could have come from a Lancia of 40 years ago, except that the box it controls has excellent synchromesh on all five speeds.

Lotus's Ecstacy and Esprit have eluded me, though I recall the thoroughbred handling and high performance of the £16,200 Elite—a sports-car-cum-executive-express—with great pleasure.

Porsche recently brought the 924 Turbo to Britain. This 140 mph two-

plus-two has electrifying performance and, by Porsche standards, is modestly priced at £13,629. The Porsche V8-engined 928, especially with automatic transmission, has much the same performance as the 924 Turbo but feels far more relaxed, especially in town. It flatters most drivers because its unique rear suspension compensates for slight errors of judgment in fast corners! Not for the masses at £21,827 upwards, but I rate it possibly the best car I have ever driven.

The Triumph TR7 with the five-speed gearbox from the Rover SD-1 is one of BL's best products. This sporty two-seater—now available as a convertible—is a car of which any manufacturer could be proud. TVR, a small, independent manufacturer in the north-west, drops a Ford V6 engine into its short but excitingly stylish Taimar two-seater. I am always rather suspicious of "cottage industry" products, but this one was a delight to drive and appeared to have been carefully built.

Finally, Volkswagen again. Their Scirocco, based on Golf mechanicals, is fast (especially with the fuel-injected engine) and nervously responsive. If you fancy but cannot afford a Porsche 924, consider a VW Scirocco GLi at £6,680 or the smarter Storm at £7,176. The VWs really do not suffer much by comparison ●

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"He can never forget he used to run his own business"

Equity & Law

Building society security

by John Gaselee

As anyone who has been trying to obtain a mortgage will know all too well, building societies have been struggling for the past few years to secure more funds from investors to meet the demands made by house purchasers.

Most building societies have been rationing their funds, and lending less than borrowers would have liked. Consequently many have encouraged insurance companies to offer "top up" mortgages, to increase the amount which the societies can offer to house purchasers.

In difficult times, such as those we have been experiencing, most building societies restrict their lending to existing investing members. The moral, therefore, for anyone expecting to need a house purchase loan in the future is to start saving with a building society as soon as possible. Anyone who already has a mortgage should not assume that on moving house (for any reason) the building society will necessarily provide a fresh mortgage.

Even if you have had an investment with a building society for some years it does not guarantee that a mortgage will be made available when needed. A society will still operate its normal rules regarding income status and the type of house to be bought. It could, therefore, be sensible to spread your investment over two building societies.

It is worth finding out a society's rules about preferential treatment for investing members. Merely investing £50 a few months before a loan is required is unlikely to have the desired result. Some societies give branch managers discretion but in other cases fairly strict rules may apply. The Bristol & West building society has been saying that a person must have had 10 per cent of the purchase price invested for one year, or 5 per cent over a two-year period, to qualify for preferential treatment.

While a person who will need a house purchase loan is virtually obliged to save with a building society, anyone else can consider this type of investment on its merits compared with other organizations. The main point in favour of building society investment is that money can be withdrawn virtually whenever it is needed, without any loss. With most societies a reasonable amount can be withdrawn over the counter, larger amounts being available in a matter of days. Interest is paid on a daily basis. It is not surprising, therefore, that an increasing number of people are using a building society where previously they would have used a bank. Not only does this incur no charges, but a good rate of interest will be paid on the money invested.

Interest paid by a building society is free from standard rate tax. This means

that to compare it with the rate quoted by a bank for money on deposit, or the National Savings Bank, a deduction should be made from the bank's quoted rate equivalent to the standard rate of tax. Investing with a building society is not a good idea for anyone who does not pay income tax since no recovery of tax can be made. For higher-rate taxpayers a building society's interest is grossed up at the standard rate of tax to discover the higher rate tax, less standard rate tax, which is payable.

For someone who is self-employed, a building society can be a useful form of saving to accumulate money to pay tax or VAT, and it may be sensible to make regular payments each month. A number of societies offer a higher rate of interest when regular saving is made, but there are restrictions on the number of withdrawals.

One of the disadvantages under which building societies have laboured for years has been the fact that they have lent money on a long-term basis (although, in practice, most mortgages are redeemed well before the end of their respective terms), but have been borrowing short—allowing investors to withdraw money virtually on demand. There has, therefore, been a move to create greater stability, mainly by introducing term shares. Here, if you commit your money for a fixed period the society undertakes to increase the interest on a paid-up share account by a fixed differential. Normally the longer the term of commitment, the higher is the differential.

While the higher rate of interest may look attractive, by investing in a term share you are forgoing one of the great advantages of building society investment: the facility of virtually instant withdrawal. Money is tied up and there is not even any certainty about the rate of interest which will be paid in the future, since it will fluctuate in line with the basic interest rate applicable to a paid-up share account.

A better arrangement, particularly when interest rates are high, is to buy a short-dated gilt-edged security. If stock on the National Savings Register is bought (details available from a Post Office) the interest will be paid gross, although tax will still have to be paid on it. The advantage of a gilt-edged security is that the initial yield is guaranteed until redemption, when the capital value is guaranteed. Any capital gain will be free from capital gains tax provided the stock has been held for at least 12 months.

Provided withdrawal can be made easily, an investment with a building society is a fine way of keeping a nest-egg readily available for an emergency. But it is unwise to have too much money invested in this way in view of the variation in interest rates which can be expected, and the fact that there is no scope for capital appreciation.

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A powerful elegy

by Ursula Robertshaw

The most important event of the spring ballet season was the premiere of a major work by Kenneth MacMillan at the Royal Opera House: *Gloria*, danced to Poulenc's magnificent *Gloria* in G major, with the solos beautifully sung by Teresa Cahill.

The programme notes are prefaced by a poem by Vera Brittain called "The War Generation: Ave", written in 1932. The poem is, however, not so much a "Hail" as a "Farewell" to those whose lives were ended or left maimed by the First World War, and the ballet's mood also is valedictory—not angry, or anguished, but resigned, as if sorrow were remembered from far off.

This mood is enormously aided by the brilliant and imaginative designs by Andy Klunder in his first professional engagement. The set is a dun-coloured rake set upstage, from behind which the cast appear as figures conjured from the past; there is a slight indication that the evocation might have a literary origin in a skeletal structure superimposed on the ramp, which might be taken to delineate the contours of a room, perhaps a study. The men's costumes are a kind of battle dress, coloured and cut to evoke mud and blood and decomposition, worn with "steel" helmets. The girls wear grey, tattered dresses reminiscent of cerements, their silvery pale make-up further implying death, and their head-dresses of silver coiled hair worn in ear-phones nicely set the period.

The powerful and inventive choreography is devised for three principals—Jennifer Penney, Wayne Eagling and Julian Hosking—plus another leading girl—Wendy Ellis—and supporting corps. Many images linger in the memory: Penney being passed, limp and collapsed as if with grief, from partner to partner; figures lying on the ramp like memorial bronzes—asleep? dead?—silent witnesses of the action on stage; dancers caught in twisted, contorted attitudes, sometimes with necks bent and faces pressed into the boards; the three principals being raised high, from a crouching position, like Christ and the two thieves on the crosses, in *Qui sedes*; the fast, joyful runs and spins of *Laudamus te*, marred only by Ellis's fixed and inappropriate dentifrice simper. And finally, at the end of the ballet, that wonderful exit for Eagling when, having circled the empty stage as one taking a final leave of the world, he speeds away to plunge from sight behind the rake.

This is a powerful, deeply felt work and it must be assumed that the utter anomaly it presents with the ecstatic and radiant music was deliberate. I can only report that for me, at first viewing, the two did not come together and that I was torn between watching and listen-

ing, unable to reconcile the two. Presumably the contrast between the paeon of praise and tranquillity which is the *Gloria* and MacMillan's aching elegy was ironic. I long to see the ballet again and see if fusion will come.

London Festival Ballet's 30th birthday season at the London Coliseum included one novelty, Glen Tetley's *Sphinx*, set to Bohuslav Martinu's Concerto for two string orchestras, piano and timpani. This was Tetley's version of the Oedipus legend based on Cocteau's *La Machine Infernale* and the choreography was for three characters, the Sphinx, danced by Eva Evdokimova, Oedipus, danced by Jonas Kage, and Anubis, danced by Jay Jolley. Evdokimova was presented with a fine chance, well taken, to prove that she is a wonderful executant of modern-classical; but Tetley is not at his best in narrative ballet which leads us to believe that we are going to witness characterization. As proof of this one could adduce that unless Anubis were provided with his jackal headdress by the designer (Rouben Ter-Arutunian), which he was discovered wearing at the outset, soon discarded and resumed for a few minutes towards the end of the ballet, we would have been hard put to tell if he were the god of death or Oedipus, vehicle of desire. Similarly there was no differentiation between the Sphinx Immortal and the Sphinx who has lost all for love. The result was that despite some spectacular and complicated lifts and balances the work seemed overlong.

This is a fault often found in Tetley's work, to my mind. *Field Figures*, for example, excellent though it is, would be even better if it were cut by a third. And *The Tempest*, which opened Ballet Rambert's season at Sadler's Wells, still seems to go on for days rather than hours, and exhibits again Tetley's weakness in characterization through movement. Would we really be sure from his choreography which of the personages was Ariel and which Ferdinand? *The Tempest* still seems too long, too internal, too intellectualized.

Ballet Rambert's novelty of the season was Richard Alston's *Bell High*, an abstract work of considerable distinction for the company. Plenty of shape here, with fine, flowing movement, good groupings and excellent use of space, all of which were given new perspectives by the ingenious set. At the beginning a kind of bare studio with checkered floor and high window, it changes half way through and the "window" becomes a mirror which reflects the dancers at an angle from above. I wish I could say that the music, if that is the definition we are going to accept, did anything for me; but I found Peter Maxwell Davies's "Stedman Doubles" and "Hymnos" unmelodic and largely without obvious rhythmic structure.

Collectors' items

by Margaret Davies

While this year's Camden Festival offered another crop of enticing rarities the Royal Opera dangled an even juicier plum before its patrons in the form of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* with Dame Joan Sutherland in the title role. It is a work that would have qualified for resuscitation by Camden, having been heard in London only in concert form in recent years and not staged at Covent Garden since 1888. The occasion of the revival was a royal gala in aid of the Royal Opera House Benevolent Fund, and the fact that the company finds itself seriously short of money to fulfil its plans for the current season meant that any kind of lavish staging was rejected in favour of an economy production using scenery, props and costumes from stock. If John Pascoe's sets suffered from a certain degree of anonymity—the same six pillars could be identified in various locations in Venice and Ferrara—Michael Stennett's scarlet, black and gold costumes created an illusion of wealth, and out of these relatively simple means the producer, John Copley, established the atmosphere of menace and intrigue which surrounded the hated person of "la Borgia".

The account of her infamy, which Donizetti's librettist, Felice Romani, took from a play by Victor Hugo, led the composer into clashes with the censor and caused the opera to be staged under disguised titles in the 1830s and 40s. Now the role of the woman who inadvertently poisoned her illegitimate son, along with five of his friends who had offended her by accusing her of doing away with various members of their families, is recognized for what it is—a superb vehicle for a *prima donna* with the technique to sustain it.

While not a natural actress, Joan Sutherland was able by the force of her presence to suggest a woman of determined, if unenviable, character, which ensured that the action revolved around her, and her singing of Donizetti's cascades of notes filled in the details. In a finely sustained account of the Prologue aria she revealed Lucrezia's redeeming feature—her love for her son Gennaro. The final aria, sung over his corpse, which was written by Donizetti at the insistence of the original Lucrezia, produced an impressive display of *coloratura* singing: agile, controlled and full-toned.

Stafford Dean, as Alfonso d'Este, sang with dark-toned authority and made a chilling figure of Lucrezia's fourth husband, whose suspicion that Gennaro is her lover generates an angry clash in the central act, here strongly sung by the soprano and bass; it was followed by a striking trio in

which they were joined by the tenor.

Gennaro was sung with meticulous musicianship by Alfredo Kraus who lent distinction of voice, manner and gesture to the character. Donizetti's tinkering with the score also produced an additional aria for Gennaro, only recently unearthed, and restored on this occasion, which drew from Mr Kraus a memorable display of *bel canto*.

The *travesti* role of Maffio Orsini was sympathetically sung and played by Anne Howells, though she could not match Mr Kraus's projection in their duet. Care had been taken in the casting of Gennaro's friends and the agents of Lucrezia and Alfonso, all of whom are important to the action. The conductor was Richard Bonyng, who gave the singers good support, produced some well-knit, rhythmic ensembles and focussed attention on the music's invention and dramatic force.

In apt contrast Camden offered farce and a fairy tale for its two staged performances. *The Italian Straw Hat*, which was given for the first time in Britain, is based on the play by Eugène Labiche with music by Nino Rota, a composer best known for his film music. His ability to sustain a mood was apparent in this bustling, well-crafted assembly of tunes more derivative than memorable. One ensemble which owed a distinct debt to Rossini was set to the words "I'm positively thunderstruck, I'm thoroughly confused." Confusion was, in fact, the keynote to the action, but it was well handled in Anthony Besch's production for the New Opera Company. Outstanding performances came from Stuart Kale as the distraught bridegroom, Sandra Dugdale as his bewildered bride, Anne Collins as a hostess voracious for culture and Anne Pashley as the lady whose hat caused all the trouble. The racy romp was conducted by James Judd.

Grétry's *Zémire and Azor* was a favourite work of Sir Thomas Beecham's—it was he who conducted its last performance, at the 1955 Bath Festival—and it was his edition of this 18th-century score which Phoenix Opera used for their revival. The story is one of the many variations on *Beauty and the Beast*, set in Persia, which gave Peter Rice the opportunity to base his attractive scenic designs on illuminated manuscripts; they in turn provided a suitably formal background to Anthony Besch's unforced production of the touching, almost understated story of the gentle Beast transformed by unselfish love. *Zémire* was tenderly portrayed by Kate Flowers, Ian Caley was the pitiable Azor, and there was good support from Richard Jackson and Bernard Dickerson as Sander and Ali. It is a work of charm and subtlety and, with due deference to Beecham, it would be agreeable to hear it again scored as the composer intended.

One not to miss

by Michael Billington

I notice that the excellent *Kramer vs Kramer*, written and directed by Robert Benton, has been getting a lot of flak from feminists. However, this says more about their limitations than those of the film. They seem to find it unacceptable that a man should be shown as capable of bringing up a six-year-old child with moderate success. But the whole point of this affirmative and life-enhancing film is that it puts a bomb under the notion of conventional sexual roles. As Dustin Hoffman crucially asks in the court-room battle over custody, "What law makes a mother a better parent?"

As everyone must know by now, the film stars Dustin Hoffman as a Madison Avenue whizz kid, Justin Henry as the young son he is forced to bring up for 18 months and Meryl Streep as the wife who walks out on her family in order to find herself and who then returns seeking custody of the child. In the end, however (and this is one of the film's major strengths), there are no goodies or baddies. Hoffman typifies the kind of over-achiever who slots his family into whatever spare time is left over from his career; Streep plays a woman who has always been daughter, wife or mother and who simply longs to find out what she is capable of. That is why the feminists are so off target: it is a fierce attack on a pigeon-holing society that says men must go out into the world while women must be cooks and bottle-washers.

I have also seen it described as "soap-opera" (a much-abused word). But what makes it so much more than that is the sheer accuracy of detail. The scenes between Hoffman and Henry, for instance, bubble over with recognizable truth: the sullen silences at breakfast, the child's attempt to see how far he can push his father, the fierce complaint from Justin Henry when Hoffman is late collecting him from a party that "All the other mothers were there before you." This sense of detail also makes something ruefully comic out of the episode in which Hoffman, fired from his top-drawer job, seeks a minor post with a lesser agency one Christmas Eve. He sits silently among the drunken revelry waiting to hear if he has got the post: a perfectly observed scene.

Just because the detail is so strong, it makes it all the more irksome when the film trips up. You cannot believe that Hoffman would not have got a housekeeper or farmed the child out to parents and relatives occasionally. Bringing up a kid, after all, need not be quite such a relentless solo occupation. But for most of its length the film grips you with its sheer emotional truth: particularly in the court-room battle for



The Kramers: Meryl Streep and Dustin Hoffman as the estranged parents, with Justin Henry as their son.

custody where Hoffman and Streep are drawn closer together by the lies their lawyers are forced to tell about each other's incapacity as parents and marriage partners. "Did you have to be so rough on her?" Hoffman whispers to his counsel. "You want custody don't you?" comes the reply. And you suddenly see the awfulness of a legal system that requires the creation of stereotype, cardboard villains in order to decide the future of a child.

Do not be put off by the inevitable anti-Kramer backlash: just go and see the movie. You certainly will not encounter any better acting in the cinema this year. Justin Henry looks like a real kid rather than the usual manufactured celluloid waif. Meryl Streep quite brilliantly creates a whole history of impending crack-up in the opening sequences and at the climax movingly veers between silent determination and wan regret. And Hoffman has never been better: a cocky success when we first see him with his feet up on the table, a playful father to whom the whole thing is a giant game when he is initially left to bring up his son and finally a much sadder, wiser, more mature human being. Occasionally the cinema, so often a painless time-killer, comes up with a movie that helps one to understand life better: *Kramer vs Kramer* falls into that rare category.

Time was when we looked to the

French cinema for such illumination. But although today it is enviably productive, the Gallic movies we see in Britain are rarely earth-shakers. The latest is Bertrand Blier's *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* (*Préparez vos Mouchoirs*) which picked up a Hollywood Oscar as Best Foreign Language film and which had a huge success in the States. It is lively, funny and well worth catching; but it does drift around from one theme to another with a whimsical jokeyness.

It stars Gérard Depardieu as a loving husband who cannot understand the sulky taciturnity of his wife (the beautiful Carole Laure). So one day he approaches a total stranger (Patrick Dewaere) in a restaurant to see if he can shake her out of her somnolent lethargy. Eventually the two men share her, but she still goes on knitting, scrubbing and moodily staring ("Is it possible," Dewaere suddenly asks, "that she's just plain dumb?"). Then at a summer camp this bizarre trio meets up with a 13-year-old infant prodigy who is being teased and taunted by the other kids. Mlle Laure first becomes maternally protective and then takes the boy into her bed. Result: the boy is happy, she is happy and the two men are left unhappily in the cold.

I presume Blier's point is that the buddy-buddy heroes do not really understand women and that that is the source of their friendship. But the film is also based on the very French idea that sex between a young boy and an older woman is the path to maturity. I recall Edwige Feuillère years ago in *Le Blé en Herbe* initiating a teenager in the course of a summer vacation and in Louis Malle's *Murmurs of the Heart* mother and son achieved joyful consummation. But what Blier's film never

explains is how a society that condones the mating of boy-and-woman can produce older men who are such chumps with the opposite sex.

Still it is a very sprightly and engaging movie. I like the way Dewaere protests, when Depardieu offers him his wife, that his meal has been interrupted: "But I ordered mussels," he vainly shrieks. Blier also captures accurately a certain kind of prim, bachelor life-style. When Dewaere first shows the shared heroine his apartment he proudly points to his 5,000 paperbacks all arranged in alphabetical order and carefully numbered. I would not call it a major French film, but it is excellently acted (not least by Riton as the Mozartian prodigy) and keeps one amused by its unpredictability.

In contrast, a deathly predictability is the undoing of *North Sea Hijack*, an action-adventure movie directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. It stars Roger Moore as an underwater-expert who foils a dastardly plot involving the hijacking of an oil production platform in exchange for a £25 million ransom from the British Government. The dialogue is on the lines of, "One false move and I'll blow your ears off" and everyone goes through his familiar paces: Mr Moore is heroically imperturbable, Anthony Perkins is twitchy and manic as the chief hi-jacker and James Mason is stoic as Admiral of the Fleet. This is the kind of movie that makes Alistair MacLean look like a story-teller of genius.

Finally, a brief report on two American movies, seen recently in New York, that will, I hope, soon be winging their way across the Atlantic. John Carpenter (who made *Assault on Precinct 13* and *Halloween*) has come up with a real depth-charge frightener in *The Fog*. It is the story of six drowned lepers, shipwrecked off a Californian coastal village 100 years previously, who return to extract their revenge on a half-dozen of the resort's present inhabitants. Everywhere they go they are accompanied by swirls of sinister mist and the close-up of their faces, alive with worms, gives one a nasty turn. Admittedly while watching the movie I felt that Carpenter, here working for the first time on a bigish budget, had scattered his effects a bit too widely. But for the two nights after I saw the film I slept with the light on.

I had no such ill-effects after seeing *Chapter Two*, directed by Robert Moore and based by Neil Simon on his hit play about a widowed novelist who stumbles into a too-sudden second marriage. Simon is often dismissed as a mere joke-vending machine; in fact, his best work has a core of emotional truth. And even though James Caan is wildly miscast as the witty but not overpoweringly attractive writer the film hits off the splendours and miseries of married love with great accuracy.

Listening to Scofield

by J. C. Trewin

Othello fetches his life and being "from men of royal siege". He is of "a constant, loving, noble nature". Cassio's epitaph on him is, simply: "He was great of heart." Put these together and add the response of a man of Othello's temperament who cannot understand what disloyalty and dishonour mean. Think of the part spoken in the grave beauty of Paul Scofield's voice, one that, as I wrote without hyperbole years ago, can bring an image of light diffused and fretted across a broken classic column, and you will have some idea of the excitement gained from listening to, and watching, his performance at the Olivier Theatre.

Scofield is, with much else—as his colleagues in the theatre will testify—among the most modest and gentle English actors of his time. No one is less prone to any kind of futile personal display. Doubtless that very modesty, his refusal to force, may be held against his performance of Othello in the later scenes. I would not agree for a moment. But then, from his early days, I have admired his wisdom and command. He is as affecting a player as we know on the English stage, as well as one of the most poised and graceful. He speaks from the heart—"the pity of it, Iago!" I can imagine that his refusal to keep away from emptily theatrical effect may baffle some spectators who look for the sensational, and who say, in effect, with Fanny Squeers: "I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention rather and I hope will excuse mistakes."

Let that be. I know that all who are experienced in English Shakespearian acting, and who have knowledge of Scofield's special qualities, will not begin to undervalue his Othello, a performance dignified in mind and breeding and utterly free from any sort of cheapness; rather, they will remember that here is an unaffected master of the spoken word who, again and again, gets us to hear a line freshly. He keeps the splendour of the great passages, and none will forget a sudden, startling, agonized fury at "Whip me, you devils" when Othello sees too clearly too late.

The most elementary demand on an Othello is that he should be recognizably a soldier. We can take that for granted with Scofield; and he gives us everything else in the part except, perhaps, a clinical rendering of the second epileptic fit which is always desperately difficult.

Sir Peter Hall's sober, full-text production dulls not device by coldness and delay; as resolutely without exhibitionism as Scofield's performance, it has a splendid core. The other man in the tragic partnership, the fomenting of two forms of jealousy, is the Iago of



Michael Bryant as Iago with Paul Scofield as Othello. Left, Tom Courtenay in Ronald Harwood's *The Dresser*.

Michael Bryant, as intelligent as we would expect, a ruthless, perpetually smiling gnome who never relaxes his smile even when Lodovico is saying that torture will make him open his lips. Felicity Kendal's quiet Desdemona, Basil Henson's Brabantio and Michael Gambon's unexaggerated Roderigo are in an ensemble to be prized.

I imagine that the veteran actor who shares the main partnership in Ronald Harwood's *The Dresser* would probably have been an embarrassing Othello. We see him only as Lear, on the last night of his life and then in a third-rate provincial theatre, battling with both the storm on the heath and a wartime air raid. The play is a subtly wrought study of the association between employer and employee, the old actor and the much younger man, his dresser, constant, possessive, and at the last sadly ignored. Tom Courtenay plays this part with an exasperated protective loyalty that is wholly sure and matched perfectly to Freddie Jones's veteran, one of a breed of actor-managers that, for all its deficiencies, did so much for the classical theatre in the provinces. This, with its underlying *Lear* analogy, is Harwood's best play. Let me say immediately that the actor is not Donald Wolfit, though there are easily recognizable Wolfit touches: in bits of the internal curtain speech, for example, and in an excited cry to Shakespeare, as Lear comes off in the wings, that echoes another cry—to Marlowe after the Old Vic *Tamburlaine*. But, I repeat, the figure is not

Wolfit. Harwood, who was his dresser and wrote the fine biography of his old chief, has offered a mosaic, a synthesis, of those now legendary actor-managers between the wars and earlier: the part is in the fabric of a piece, directed by Michael Elliott, that is always truthful, expertly composed and bristling with memories for anyone alert to those dinosaurs of the road.

The play at the Cottesloe, more than five hours of it, is work for a powerfully manoeuvred group of actors: Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*. By no means a great dramatist, O'Neill was certainly persistent, and by sheer persistence he gets us to accept his narrative; its bunch of wastrels in a downtown boarding-house in New York; the effort—bound to fail—of a travelling salesman to start them into action; the realization that this man is, in effect, a salesman of death; and the return to old ways as the night drifts on. It is, no doubt, a compliment to O'Neill that we do want to hear the end of the piece again, however often we have met it. Our main regret is that, unlike the wise thrush, the dramatist sings his song not twice over but many times. Certainly the Cottesloe company, under Bill Bryden, is apt enough to prevent us from rising to flourish a blue pencil.

In *Rose* (Duke of York's) a single performance controls the night, Glenda Jackson's as a Midland primary school teacher whose world is out of joint but who goes forward with a wry acceptance. *Rose*, in the actress's treatment and the text by Andrew Davies, is beautifully shaded and keenly observed.

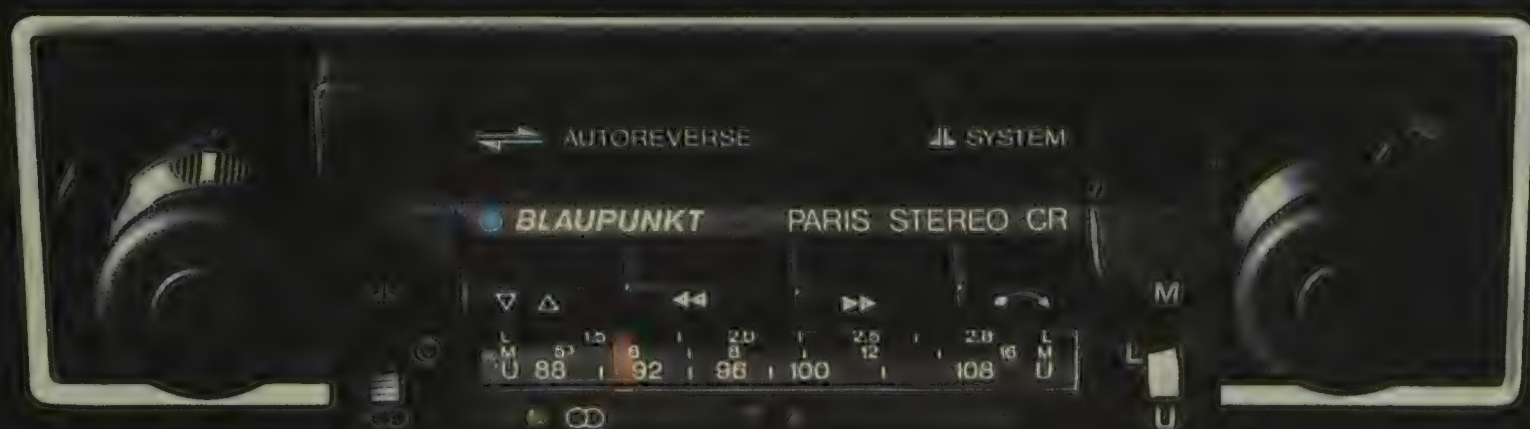
Down in the Haymarket we have another two partnerships, one at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, itself. There, in *Reflections*, Dorothy Tutin and Donald Pleasence battle with a cardboard Madame du Barry and an English renegade—Old Etonian, surprisingly, and Northumbrian—who

controls the estate of Louveciennes to which, so unwarily, the du Barry returns from England during the storm of the Terror. The drama, by John Peacock, continues to promise what it never pays: little happens that we do not already guess.

Across the road, at Her Majesty's, everything imaginable appears to be happening *On the Twentieth Century*. That is the title of a Broadway musical about the luxury train that used to run between Chicago and New York. The principal partnership is that of Julia McKenzie, as an actress refusing to be involved with a flamboyant personage who first brought her to the stage, and Keith Michell as the man who is invariably searching for one superfluous disguise or another. The entire Adolph Green-Betty Comden narrative takes place in the train: I doubt whether all journeys were quite so prolific in incident. Though I cannot recall much about Cy Coleman's music, I do remember the cheerful swoop-and-rush of a production by Peter Coe and the grand playing and singing of Julia McKenzie who—for many of us a natural leading actress—establishes herself now, and without argument, as a star.

An entire family, mother, father and two daughters, provides the constellations of *Before the Party* (Queen's). This returns to us a dramatist, Rodney Ackland, too long absent from the theatre, with a revival of his 30-year-old play suggested by Somerset Maugham's short story. He occupies its first half with the original idea—confusion when the widowed daughter, back from the Gold Coast, announces that after all she had murdered her husband—and then carries on the tale with a second half after the party; more alarums all round. An astringent satire on a conventional, snobbish world, it has Jane Asher as the defiant widow and Michael Gough as her intolerably pompous father; they help to show that 30 years have not rusted Ackland's wit and care.

I suppose that the main partnership in Michael Frayn's *Make and Break* (Lyric, Hammersmith), directed by Michael Blakemore, is between a businessman, wildly obsessed, and a secretary, mildly prim, who are part of the set-up of an English company at a Frankfurt trade fair. Not an especially striking play about some unprofitable types, it had a first-night performance that seemed to be aimed primarily at the stalls. Sitting at the side of the dress circle I missed line after undertoned line. Though it seemed obvious that Leonard Rossiter was giving a relishingly detailed portrait of single-mindedness, I began to pine, halfway through the night, for the sheer sound of Othello's "mortal engines whose wide throats The immortal Jove's great clamour counterfeit" ●



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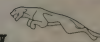
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Climbing fireworks

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

If little space is given to climbing plants in garden literature this is only because there are relatively few of them. They are essential for screening and decoration and for the way they pull a garden together. Evergreens give you a year-round show but most British gardens are so dark in winter that deciduous climbers, which let in more light, are often best. Of these perhaps the most beautiful is the clematis.

All plants are different but clematis are more different than others. In the first place the triple-ribbed "petals" are really parts of an enlarged, decorative and coloured calyx, the part which usually protects the bud and then forms a neat, leafy setting behind the opened bloom. They persist longer than the petals of most flowers. Second, clematis cling not by stems or tendrils but by the leaf-stalks which, when young, quickly twist round anything they meet, gripping so tightly that they can rarely be detached without damage.

In gardens clematis may grow as in nature, climbing trees, scrambling over shrubs or rocks or trailing flat on the ground as ground cover, or they may be artificially supported on walls, fences, pergolas or trellis. The last is

often valuable in a small garden when used to raise the height of a wall. If you try to grow clematis up wires it often concertinas and slides down, while wire netting is too reminiscent of a chicken run. I am now using a plastic clematis support called Netlon, brown against dark surfaces and white against light, which can be cut to shape and used only where needed. It is unobtrusive and disappears when the leaves come out. Clematis like to have their roots in the shade and their heads in the sun, and they grow well on chalk.

There are two kinds of clematis: the big-flowered hybrids and the wild species. I like to grow some of each. Many clematis species are native to Europe and all of these have small flowers, including our British *Clematis vitalba*, named Traveller's Joy by John Gerard in his herbal of 1597 and, because of its fluffy seed heads, popularly known as Old Man's Beard. Other European species include the lovely *C. alpina*, with four-petalled, violet-blue, bell-like flowers; autumn-flowering *C. flammula*, with masses of pure white flowers in 12 inch panicles; and winter-flowering, evergreen *C. cirrhosa* and its cut-leaved var. *balearica* (*C. calycina*). *C. viticella*, from Spain, has produced a race of vigorous climbers with masses of flowers from July to September.

The real excitement started when clematis came in from the Far East and we gained two charming yellow-bellied species: *C. tangutica* and *C. orientalis*, the orange-peel clematis. Rampant *C. montana* came from the Himalayas and has proved an invaluable garden smotherer. *C. rehderiana* has tiny primrose bells and a sweet scent, and *C. chrysocoma* has long gold stamens. One of the last to arrive was early-flowering *C. macropetala* from Siberia, 1910, with nodding lavender-blue flowers, and its sport "Markham's Pink". White-flowered *C. armandii* blooms early and has evergreen leaves. All our large-flowered, star-shaped hybrids derive from the June-October flowering Oriental species: *C. lanuginosa*, with flowers 4-6 inches wide, and *C. florida*, which flowers June-July, both from China; and *C. patens*, May-June flowering, from Japan.

The pruning of clematis always seems difficult. The key lies in their three types of ancestors. The first group comprises the early-flowering kinds which bloom between April and June: alpinas, macropetalas, montanas and some large-flowering hybrids which bloom early, such as "Nelly Moser", "Lasurstern" and "Vyvian Pennel". These all flower on the previous year's wood and so should not be pruned in

spring. If these hybrids become very untidy they can be cut back hard in winter and will flower later in the summer. The wild species rarely need pruning but may be cut back immediately after flowering in early June to give them time to make new wood for next year. Next come Jackmanii and viticella hybrids which flower on the young wood only, such as "Comtesse de Bouchard", "Madame Edouard André" and "Perle d'Azur", which should be cut right down to the base in winter but not later than the end of February. Finally there are the lanuginosa varieties—"Henryi", "Romona", "Mrs Cholmondeley" etc—which bloom on both young and old wood. Jim Fisk of Fisk's Clematis Nursery, Westleton, near Saxmundham, Suffolk, says that you can get the best of both worlds by leaving them unpruned for a few years.

It is unnerving when whole stems of apparently healthy young plants suddenly collapse with clematis wilt but as this does not attack the roots the plant usually recovers. You can guard against wilt by spraying with a systemic fungicide, by planting deeply with a few inches of stem beneath the soil, and by layering every possible shoot. Remove and burn all wilted stems, and feed and water well.



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Sparkling alternatives

by Peta Fordham

"Champagne"—no other sparkling wine may use the word in its name or description, a regulation that is jealously and legally protected, not without past struggles. Champagne's attraction for the connoisseur is its star quality, ensured by rigorous control. Regional limits, grape varieties, method of vinification, maturation and all else are subject to the rules of its governing body and the consumer can be sure of what he is buying.

Prices are high and are rising ever more so, labour costs and the price of grapes being among the main causes. The result is a growing market for "near-champagne" (or more politely, sparkling wine), which has become one of the economic facts of life and is here to stay.

Sparkling wine can be very good, good, acceptable, poor or awful. It is not the wine for impulse-buying, though one-bottle experiments are always useful in gaining experience of any wine. "Dry" can mean horribly acid, "medium-sweet" cloying. A well made wine from a good maker can be an acceptable alternative to (though not a substitute for) champagne, and one sparkling wine can fool even the expert;

but it is unlikely to be found, except on the table of the maker himself. A sparkling Chablis, made from the Chardonnay, the same grape used for champagne *blanc de blancs*, by *méthode champenoise*, can be virtually indistinguishable from champagne. This is not surprising as the soil is the same, being only a few kilometres away from the champagne-producing vineyards of the Aube, and the micro-climate is similar; the grape therefore has the same characteristics.

A common difference between champagne and sparkling wine is the *mousse*, the size of the bubbles and the time they last. Champagne has minute bubbles and a long finish—the better the wine, the longer the finish. Most sparkling wines have bigger bubbles which do not tease the palate so agreeably, and the finish is much shorter and often a little acidic. The long, slow maturation of the *méthode champenoise*, where the second fermentation takes place in the bottle, slowly revolved, makes for a much more disciplined *pétilllement* and a correspondingly longer life. But for parties and mixed drinks some of the *cuve close* wines are perfectly acceptable.

Many houses have their own brand and no survey can do more than skim the surface of the lists; taste, moreover,

is highly subjective. But there are a number of wines which are recognizably good. One of the best—arguably the best—is the Spanish Codorniu. This wine (the medium-priced Non Plus Ultra for preference) is incredibly like some of the fuller champagnes on the palate (less so on the nose) and has the rare property of actually improving with a bit of bottle-age.

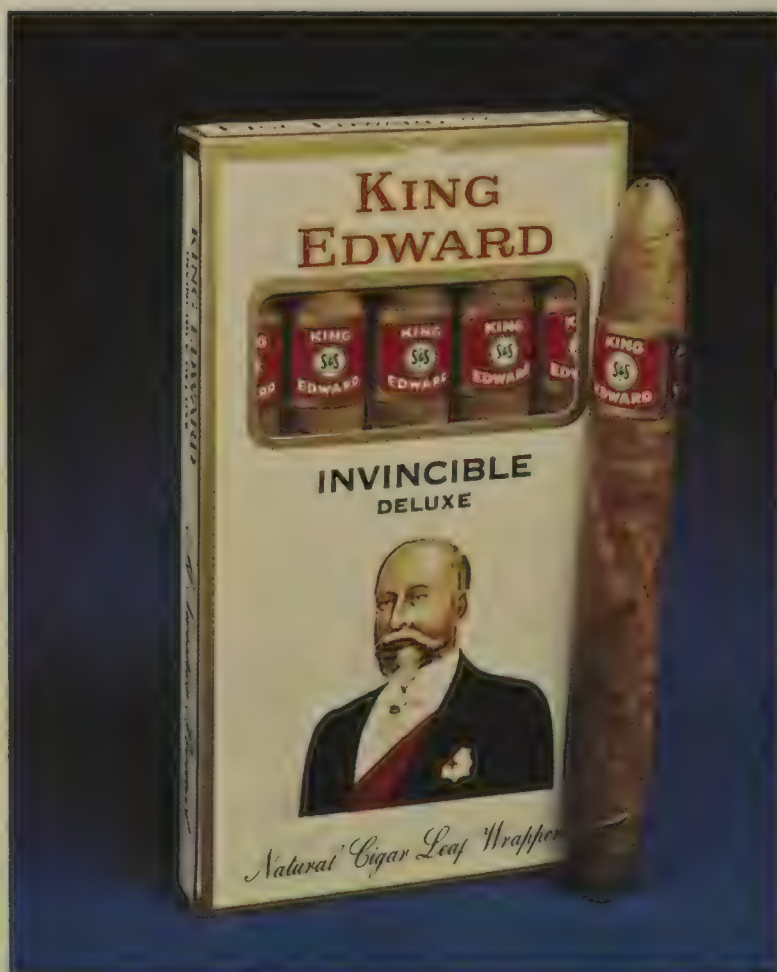
Much lighter and much less *pétillant*, but a delicious wine in its own right, is Victoria Wine's Blanc Foussy from Touraine, very dry and rightly described as elegant. Both these are made by *méthode champenoise*; as is another quality wine, Corney & Barrow's sparkling Blanc de Blancs, delicate on the nose and palate. Tanners of Shrewsbury have two reliable wines, a *grande marque* from Burgundy and a Saumur, Gratien & Meyer's Soleil, which has a particularly good name. Rawlings Voigt have Sablant Brut, a Cremant de Loire, with less *mousse* than the orthodox sparkling wine. Krier (*cuve close*) is very popular and widely obtainable, and another wine well above *cuve close* standards is Gancia Brut, one of its virtues being its amiability as a mixer.

I am not, on the whole, fond of the German Sekt but many people are, and Deinhard, Peter Dominic and City

Vintagers all have good ones, while Sparkling Blue Nun and Hallgarten's sparkling Schloss Rheingarten are liked by the young. Sales of Sekt are rising, so obviously some people like the suggestion of sugar. In the midst of writing this article, a rather charming Luxembourger, Charles le Roi, arrived for tasting—a *méthode champenoise* with some minor difference, I am told. It is an interesting wine which makes a good aperitif: it has a shortish finish and is rather expensive but is well worth a try.

One of the main reasons non-champagne sparkling wines are bought is for making champagne cocktails—Black Velvet, Buck's Fizz and the rest; and what a hangover can result from unwise mixing and over-enjoyment! The true superiority of a good champagne is its clean aftermath.

There is an orange liqueur—Mandarine Napoleon—only recently known in England, which, mixed with Gancia Brut, makes one of the best cocktails I have tasted, probably because the liqueur in question is itself made with a well-known cognac. It occurred to me, rather shamefully, that if one should have made a poorish buy in sparklers, a bottle of Mandarine Napoleon in the house might not be a bad idea! ●



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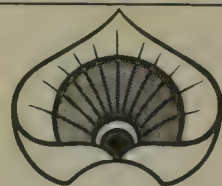
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FOOD

Beginning in luxury

by Nicholas de Jongh

As this column is now occupied by a different palate and digestive system, I feel I ought to declare a few passions and fads. I shall cater for moderate gluttons of all persuasions—for the sweet-toothed and the salty; and for those who use their pound notes thoughtfully and who care not only what reaches their mouths but also about a restaurant's ambience.

Where better to begin than in rare luxury? Le Caspia (formerly the more plebeianly named Caviar Restaurant) is a haze of grey lighting and green ferns, rather as though you were eating in a dream: plants are in abundance—hanging in the air and depicted on the wallpaper—and a small red rose floats in a glass on each table. Le Caspia is a fish restaurant, with caviar its starting point. Perversely I chose the *Bisque de homard* (£2.30) which is the most aesthetic way of consuming lobster, and my companion tried the *Mousse de saumon fumé* (£2.90). Each retained the rare, tangy flavour of the fish in the smoothest possible fashion. My *Filets de sole à la planchette* (£6.75) decorated with *Brocoli Hollandaise* (80p) was velvet fresh and the half bottle of Bollinger champagne (£4.80) provided a glow, though I was worried by a cheese sauce on the spinach which tasted a suspicion rancid and quite submerged the taste of the vegetable. My companion's *Soufflé de homard* (an awesome £9 and looking too golden and too plumply succulent to disturb) was light but not airborne—you remained still grounded by the piquancy. Strawberries flown in, I was told, from Florida, and tasting like a premature burst of summer, and an Israeli orange, with coffee percolated in the old French style completed the meal.

Frederick's has a similar, lushly rarified atmosphere, though for different reasons. We ate in what looks and feels like a giant greenhouse. Our meal for two, with service charge, came to £30.35 but, apart from a £10.50 bottle of Chablis the meal did not inspire in the Caspia style. Rich, creamy sauce seemed to swathe all the main courses until you could imagine yourself reaching a cholesterol danger level. As the one way out of all that I chose a *poussin* in mustard sauce. Such deceptively simple dishes present a challenge to the chef; that delicate balance between sauce and meat always threatens to collapse so that you might be left, here, with the sensation you were consuming delicate mustard with chicken flavouring. But in fact the balance was ideal and my companion's salmon trout was just as sharply delicious. Our *hors d'oeuvre* (£2.60 for two) from the intimidatingly large selection did not match this standard. A smoked chicken with lime

seemed to have had some of the flavour coaxed away from the meat, and my onion soup, served with soggy white bread, had lost contact with onions, leaving cheese to overwhelm. But with the good main courses (at £9.15 for two) and a strong conclusion of fruits (salad with oranges, walnuts and dates) early doubts faltered.

It was Sandro, the relatively humble and unornate Italian restaurant which proved, if proof were needed, that taste is more important than mere decorative aesthetics. Here is an unadorned Italian restaurant with a memorable standard of Italian cooking. It is in one of those Baker Street backwaters which are frequented only by the cognoscenti. The sea food *hors d'oeuvre* at £2.40 was a meal in itself, and although my companion (an Australian actor with far from rough tastes) thought his Parma ham with pear (£2.50) was faulted by overripe fruit, he could not contain his raptures over a grilled baby chicken with rosemary, garlic and spices (£3.30). "It's like a Sardinian tandoori," he said. And all the spices were transparently fresh rather than long dried. My own meat, an *entrecôte* steak in tomato, garlic and aromatic herbs (£3.50) enjoyed the same advantages. And our spinach and broccoli (85p each) needed no additional flavouring.

The sweets were crowned with a rapturous Strawberry Romanoff and a *Crema al caramello* whose "reassuring burnt bottom" proved that it had been made at the restaurant and not imported. A bottle of Soave did no outrage to my red meat and complemented the chicken.

I had hoped to be able to travel happily down-market and down in price after these meals, but found the journey discomfiting. Joe Allen's is based on the brash, theatrical restaurants of the same name in America and France. The menus are hamburger and American with a reasonable standard of satisfaction, though the huge turnover means that you have to take the food as it comes, and it arrives a little rough and ready. However, it is always good fun and the vast salads (at little more than £2.50) into which goes everything the hard-pressed chef can pile, and the custard and banana pie (a scrumptiously rich combination of pastry and bananas) at little more than £1 are worth the journey and the wait (if you are foolish enough to arrive without booking) ●

Le Caspia, Knightsbridge Green, 22 Brompton Road, London SW1 (tel 01-589 8722).

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Creating with a camera

by Julian Calder and John Garrett

With modern 35mm cameras it is within everybody's capabilities to take a perfectly exposed and technically acceptable picture and with practice and an understanding of the camera photography becomes an absorbing hobby.

Putting the Instamatic and Polaroid type of photography aside we can concentrate on 35mm cameras. There is a range of miniature, fixed-lens 35mm cameras with built-in meters, such as the Olympus Trip or the Rollei. Cameras of this type are ideal as visual notebooks and for putting in handbag or pocket but they are not really for people who are seriously concerned with making pictures.

For this higher standard the aspiring photographer has to consider the 35mm single-lens reflex camera systems. Usually when buying a camera, the dealer will sell the body and a 50mm lens together as a complete unit. First consider the body alone. It should preferably be automatic with manual override (as most of them are nowadays).

Now for the lens. My suggestions are based on picture-taking performance and the distinctive visual character that a lens gives a picture. The lens usually sold with the body, the 50mm, is considered the normal or standard

type. It conforms near enough to the vision of the human eye. But for everyday use it is not wide enough, does not take in enough, nor is it telescopic enough; it cannot pick out a detail in a landscape, nor does it have a micro facility allowing it to be focussed very close to the subject.

The normal lens for the 35mm photographer should be the 35mm lens. Its angle of view and minimal distortion allows more compositional possibilities than the "standard" lens. Thinking in terms of building up a system, the next lens to buy would be a zoom lens in the 80-200mm range. This allows the photographer apparently to move in close or pull back for a wide shot without physically moving. Another lens would be a 24mm wide-angle which enables the photographer to stand back to get a group in frame, but maintain close contact with the subject. A further lens depends on the subject interest of the photographer. Close-up photography is becoming more popular. The 55mm micro lens is good value and the best quality images are produced with it. This lens should be considered essential for most people. Even if you are interested only in a camera and one lens, the micro lens with its close-focussing ability could be more

useful than the usual 50mm. One thing that the standard lens does offer is extremely wide apertures—the widest of any lens range and an essential characteristic when working in poor light.

Before investing in a telescopic lens, try out the x2 converter. This doubles the focal length of the lens and a 105mm becomes a 210mm. The quality of these converters has improved markedly in the last few years.

Now that we have acquired all our basic equipment how best can we use it? Consistently good results depend largely on good habits. For instance, rewind the used film immediately. Check that the ASA scale on the camera meter corresponds with the film actually being used. Check that all batteries are good; always carry spares. Check that the exposure reading in the camera view-finder is realistic.

Photography is to do with light—understanding it and correctly using it. The application of the information provided by the meter is essential if you are to gain control of the picture. God's light is best; daylight is the raw material of photography. It has an infinite range of effects of which the serious photographer must be aware, so take note of the light at different times of day and seasons. An old rule of photography stated that the sun should always be on the photographer's back. But with modern lenses this no longer applies,

and with the correct use of the through-the-lens meter pictures can be taken regardless of the sun's position.

Bracketing is one of the professionals' trade secrets. In general take a frame half an *f* stop either side of the reading indicated by the meter. Although the meter is giving the correct reading, it has no artistic taste and a darker or lighter transparency may be more in keeping with the way the photographer sees the picture. Although film is expensive it is worth taking five or six frames of one subject if it is a really important picture.

More and more people are taking photographs all the year round—not just on holiday. Even so, travel accounts for a large percentage of pictures taken. Don't buy a new camera or lens just before going on holiday. You must be experienced with all your equipment before leaving. Read about a place before visiting it; a knowledge of local customs, main features and interesting events is helpful. Sometimes it is best to choose a location and wait for the action to come to you. Carry a camera at all times. Don't be put off by unfavourable weather conditions; you may get a unique picture of a location that has been photographed many times before. When visiting a place for the first time buy the main postcards; they will suggest a good angle from which to photograph a subject.

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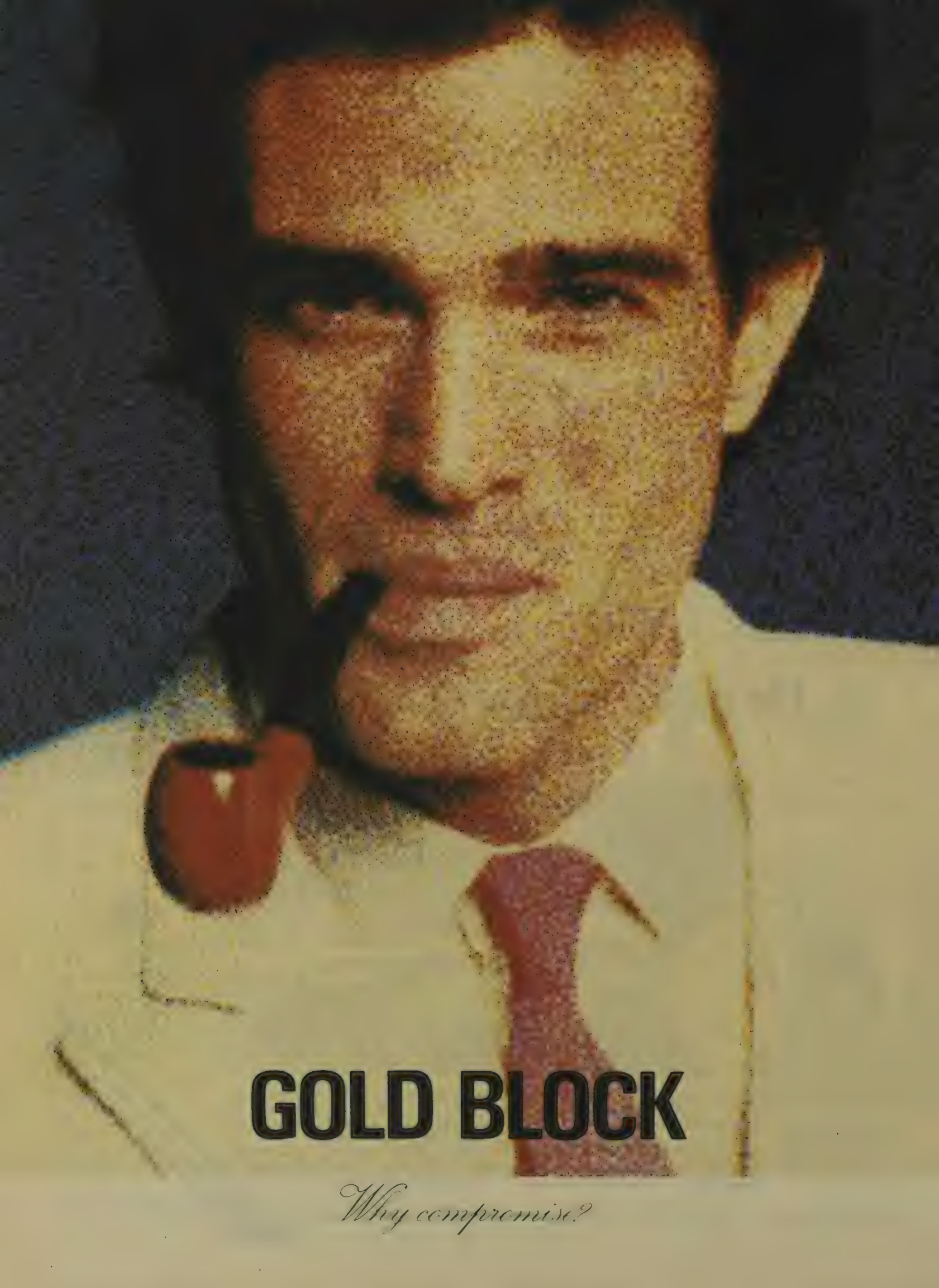
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GOLD BLOCK

Why compromise?

Mishaps analysed

by Jack Marx

During a particular session South's current form was noticeably below par and this seemed to have an exacerbating effect on his partner's usually equable temperament. The level of South's performance in its turn was scarcely being raised by its being assiduously pointed out exactly where he had gone wrong. On the hand below, North's suggested alternative play for South would have worked as the cards were actually divided, though with a rather different lay-out it could have been just the way to go down. However, South by this time was too depressed to notice this and meekly accepted the criticism.

♠ Q J 7 3	Dealer South
♥ Q 5 3	Game All
♦ K Q 9 2	
♣ K J	
♠ A K 5	♠ 2
♥ 8 6 2	♥ 10 9 7
♦ J 8	♦ 7 6 4 3
♣ Q 6 5 4 3	♣ A 10 9 7 2
♠ 10 9 8 6 4	
♥ A K J 4	
♦ A 10 5	
♣ 8	

The North-South bidding had been simple and unopposed, South's opening One Spade having been raised to Four Spades by North. South recognized West's lead of Diamond Jack clearly as either a singleton or doubleton, and to him the best way of countering a threatened ruff was an immediate assault on the enemy trumps. But on winning the first trump West persisted with diamonds, and after the second trump led a small club to dummy's King and East's Ace to obtain a diamond ruff.

After South had conceded one down, North expressed pained surprise that he should have overlooked a classical instance of the "Scissors" coup. This title is derived from the notion of snipping off a communicating link between defenders before they can utilize it to best advantage. Here, declared North, all South had to do was to play dummy's Club King at trick two, and now West with a doubleton rather than a singleton diamond would be deprived of his ruff.

Only after brooding for some hours on his ill-starred performance did it dawn on South that his partner's reproach on this hand was quite undeserved. East's singleton trump could equally well have been an honour, with West holding the Ace of Clubs. In which case the Scissors coup, so far from being "classical", would have been suicidal. The hand that follows was fortunately the last of this dismal series of mishaps and misjudgments. South himself was not slow to recognize that a too hasty play from dummy at the first trick caused his minus score.

♠ 9 8 3	Dealer South
♥ K Q 7 2	Game All
♦ A K 5 2	
♣ K 6	
♠ Q J 10 6 5 4	♠ Void
♥ 10 3	♥ J 9 8 6
♦ 9 7	♦ J 10 8 3
♣ 10 8 4	♣ J 9 7 5 2
♠ A K 7 2	
♥ A 5 4	
♦ Q 6 4	
♣ A Q 3	

At Six No-trumps, South won West's lead of Spade Queen, East pitching a small club. South cashed the top hearts, diamonds and clubs. West's hand could be exactly counted, so at the 11th trick South led a small spade away from his remaining honour. This successfully end-played West, who with the Jack and Six of Spades alone remaining, could only lead away from them to South's King Seven. South unhappily became aware that he could take no advantage of this favourable position, for he had omitted to unblock either Nine or Eight of Spades at trick one.

At long last South did something noticeably right, or at least bright, for he contrived to give his opponents an understandable chance to go wrong, which they duly seized.

♠ 9 6 4	Dealer West
♥ K Q 3	East-West Game
♦ K 8 3	
♣ K Q J 5	
♠ A K J	♠ 10 5 2
♥ 10 9 2	♥ 6
♦ Q J 9 2	♦ 10 7 5 4
♣ 8 4 3	♣ A 10 9 6 2
♠ Q 8 7 3	
♥ A J 8 7 5 4	
♦ A 6	
♣ 7	

West passed as dealer and this was the unopposed North-South bidding:
North INT (12-14) 2♦ No
South 2♣ (Stayman) 4♠

West led Spade King and, when all played low, switched to Diamond Queen. South's mind had recovered its alertness and, without apparent prolonged thought or hesitation, he proceeded to duck in both hands. Whatever West's suspicions, at trick three he continued with the Two of Diamonds. However confusing the situation may have been for West it was crystal clear to South. Possession of Ace of Clubs certainly lay with East, for holding it West would not have passed as dealer in addition to his other cards. South had to conclude that if the play was allowed to take its natural course he was bound to go down, losing a club and three spades. As he had now contrived it, after Ace of Diamonds he was able to play Ace of Hearts, a small heart to dummy's King, Diamond King, pitching club, followed by ruffing finesse through East's Club Ace that would provide him with two spade discards on dummy's clubs ●



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CHESS

The English challenge

by John Nunn

The results of the European Team Championship held in Sweden during January confirm once again the advances made by English chess in recent years. This event ranks second in importance only to the biennial Olympiads among team competitions; indeed the average standard is much higher. The last time the event was held, in 1977, England finished in last place, but this time it was a different story. Starting with a 4-4 draw against Russia and continuing later with a 6-2 win against Yugoslavia, England was always challenging for a high place and the eventual bronze medals (behind Russia and Hungary) were a just reflection of the performance of the English side. Thanks are due to Duncan Lawrie Ltd for their financial support of the team in this event. The high point of the draw with Russia was the following win by Tony Miles against the reigning world champion.

Birmingham Defence(?)

Karpov Miles
White Black

1 P-K4 P-QR3

An eccentric opening played occasionally by Basman, this move seems to contradict the normal principles of opening play. But it has the advantages of being better than it looks and of tempting Karpov to play aggressively, which is quite foreign to his usual style.

2 P-Q4 P-QN4
3 N-KB3 B-N2
4 B-Q3 N-KB3
5 Q-K2 P-K3
6 P-QR4 P-B4?

A pawn sacrifice...

7 QPxB BxP
8 QN-Q2

... which Karpov declines. 8 P-K5 N-Q4 (8... N-N5 9 O-O is good for White) 9 PxP PxP 10 RxR BxR 11 BxP was more challenging since, although Black has active pieces, it is far from clear that he has enough compensation for the pawn.

8 ... P-N5

9 P-K5 N-Q4

10 N-K4 B-K2

11 O-O?

This must be bad. 11 B-N5 gaining control of Q6 for the knight was more natural although White must still be careful, for example 11 B-N5 O-O (11... P-B3? 12 PxP PxP 13 N-K5! O-O 14 Q-R5! PxP 15 N-Q6 N-KB3 16 BxPch! NxP 17 Q-N6ch and mates) 12 P-KR4?! (12 BxB QxB 13 Q-Q2 is better) P-B3 13 PxP PxP 14 B-R6 R-B2 15 R-KR3 K-R1 and White's attack has reached a dead end.

11 ... N-QB3

12 B-Q2 Q-B2

13 P-B4 PxPe.p.

14 NxP NxN

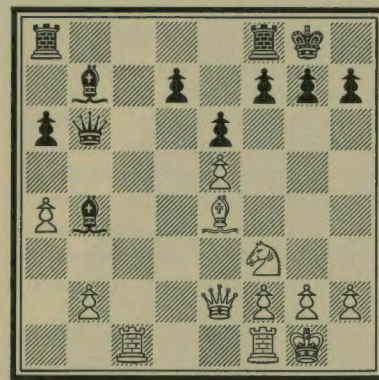
15 BxN N-N5!

Eliminating a dangerous bishop.

16 BxN BxB
17 QR-B1 Q-N3
18 B-K4

Also after 18 N-N5 B-K2 19 NxP P-N3 20 N-B6ch BxN 21 PxP Q-Q5 Black has a good game since 22 R-B7? loses to 22... Q-KB5.

18 ... O-O



19 N-N5

19 BxPch KxB 20 N-N5ch K-N3 21 Q-N4 can be answered by 21... P-B4 22 Q-N3 Q-Q5 followed by 23... Q-KN5.

19 ... P-R3

20 B-R7ch K-R1

21 B-N1 B-K2

White's attack has vanished, since after 22 Q-Q3 P-N3 he must retreat the knight. In the resulting position he is left with weak pawns while Black has a powerful bishop pair.

22 N-K4 QR-B1

23 Q-Q3?

Just losing a pawn, for the threat to KR7 never materializes.

23 ... RxR

24 RxR QxNP

25 R-K1?!

A further error, since now the capture on K5 pins the knight. However, White was losing anyway.

25 ... QxP

With an extra pawn and the better position the rest was easy:

26 QxQP B-N5

27 R-K3 Q-Q4

28 QxQ BxQ

29 N-B3 R-B1

30 N-K2 P-N4

31 P-R4 K-N2

32 PxP PxP

33 B-Q3 P-R4

34 R-N3 K-B3

35 R-N4 B-Q3

36 K-B1 B-K4

37 K-K1 R-KR1

38 P-B4 PxP

39 NxP B-B3

40 N-K2 R-R8ch

41 K-Q2 R-R7

42 P-N3 B-KB6

43 R-N8 R-N7

44 K-K1 BxN

45 BxB RxP

46 R-QR8 B-B2

47 Resigns ●

We regret that in the April issue the chess board was printed in reverse.

With acknowledgements to the creative genius of H. M. Bateman



THE GUEST WHO MADE HIMSELF AT HOME
WITH THE LAST OF THE BISQUIT COGNAC.

Bisquit

COGNAC FOR THOSE IN THE KNOW





SF093A

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH